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THE MAN AT ARMS.

By E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield.

I.

Blazon from the Palace of the Podesta at Pistoia.

IN the earlier middle ages every man was his own soldier; our ancestors, and every untonsured man of the time, could and did strike with lance, sword, or club according to their degree. There was no functionary paid to kill and to defend—leaving the civilian to litigation and arbitration for the settlement of private quarrel; but sword and shield hung at hand for the outgoer, who, though he had little news from the outside world, could generalize from experience that, once over his threshold, there was peril and chance of blows. The dark centuries which followed the fall of Rome were lightened only by the flash of weapons. The ship of the Church, indeed, made its way over troubled waters to the civilization of the barbarian; but in the agitated sea which gradually beat Europe into the shapes of mediæval geography every wave-crest was tipped with steel. He who would use the keys of Peter had to wield the sword of Paul; and it was often the argument of the white steel that enforced the worship of "the white Christ." Undoubtedly there were brains within the helmet now and then, and behind the walls of the city there was evolution of law and order in consiglio, witenagemote, and parliament, till the mediæval peoples became nations; but powerful as were Church and State, they called in the sword to cut the Gordian knot; and if we would know the man of the early times we must know him under helmet and shield. It is thus that we must see the makers of Europe in their "'prentice garb," butchers maybe, but they carved provinces and kingdoms. We can find them from the princes of the Holy Roman Empire to the hosiers of Ghent. Popes rode fully armed, bishops in mitred helmets fell fighting; patriots like Montfort at Evesham—poets like Dante at Campaldino—artists like Michael Angelo, all classes of men knew the life of the camp. Thus the development of armor becomes a long portrait-gallery of the heroes of history and romance.

The armors of antiquity, the elegance of the Greek, the severity of the Roman, the richness of Egyptian and As-

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syrian harness, would require a separate article. The purpose of this paper is to treat of the man at arms from Charlemagne to the disuse of armor.* The earlier time may, for convenience, be divided into the epochs of Charlemagne, of the conquest of England, and of the crusades. The one hundred years' war between France and England followed, with the changes from chain-mail harness to the perfected armor of plate. Then came the period of the Reformation and wars of religion, during which the use of gunpowder first modified and eventually did away with armor, its last expression being found in the New England forests as a protection against the imperfect weapons of the savage. Through all this we can trace the gradual extinction of feudalism and heavy cavalry, the rise of infantry and of the commons.

I., *a*.—Armor of 800. Time of Charlemagne.

(Plates riveted on leather coat; tunic, pleated leather; steel casque; leather crest; leather hood, rimmed with steel; breeches and straps round leg of leather; mantle of wool; shoes, leather.)

b.—Armor of 950. Time of Hugh Capet.

(Trellised coat and hood; casque, steel; breeches, gloves, shoes, leather.)

N. B.—In most cases shields will not be specified, as all in the series are of wood covered with painted leather, and generally shod with metal.

From the ninth to the fourteenth century the warrior was a horseman, like his ancestors who had ridden over the Ural and out of the German forests. Infantry, the strength of the Roman, is useful only when acting as a disciplined unit; and the rush and weight of the horse overmatched the undisciplined mediæval foot-soldier. In the armors of the eighth century antique memories were strong, memories of kilted legionaries on cenotaphs in Gallo-Roman cemeteries, of laminated thorax and the head-piece with jugulars, and though the sword had grown longer (for the "riders of tall horses" struck with long blades to reach their enemies), the knights of Charlemagne, the Rolands and Olivers and Ganelons as we see them in the famous chessmen of St. Denis, seem like clumsy souvenirs of Pharsalia or Philippi (I., *a*).† When the grandson of the mayor of the Merovingian palace came back from Rome Carolus Magnus and Emperor of the West, he brought with him the tradition of the Roman in armor and weapons; and the harness of those iron-clad (*fer vestu*) soldiers whom the monk of St. Gall saw from the walls of Pavia advancing like a river of steel through the rich Lombard plain was modelled on that of the cohorts of Trajan.

This Roman influence, based on tradition, soon declined in the dismemberment of the empire which followed, as the battered imperial crown was trundled over the battle-field from German to Frank, and back again. In the chaos of the iron century only one figure stood out clearly—that of the Norseman, the sea-wolf in his painted snaker, and, above the clash of weapons, the saga was heard. These ships of Rolf the Ganger, or Canute the Dane, or any other "land thief and sea thief" "from over the swan's bath," heathen pirate and typical hero of the time, brought nothing Roman

* The term armor is used here and throughout this paper in a general and popular sense. It can only be correctly applied to the war-harness composed entirely of plates, that is, of pieces of forged iron or steel fastened or riveted together; technically, therefore, it should not be used in describing any equipment earlier than that of the fifteenth century. The chain mail of early times and the mixture of plates and chain mail worn during the fourteenth century were known only as harness.

† Most of the illustrations to this paper are based upon the unique collection of "military manikins" in the Paris Museum of Artillery, made by Colonel Leclerc, and continued by Colonel Robert. Others are from specimens in European collections—from manuscripts and old prints. The letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., refer to the armed figures as counted from left to right in each illustration; and wherever a distinct historical name is given in the caption the original armor from which the drawing was made has been reconstructed after the seal, tombal effigy, portrait, or actual armor of the person named.

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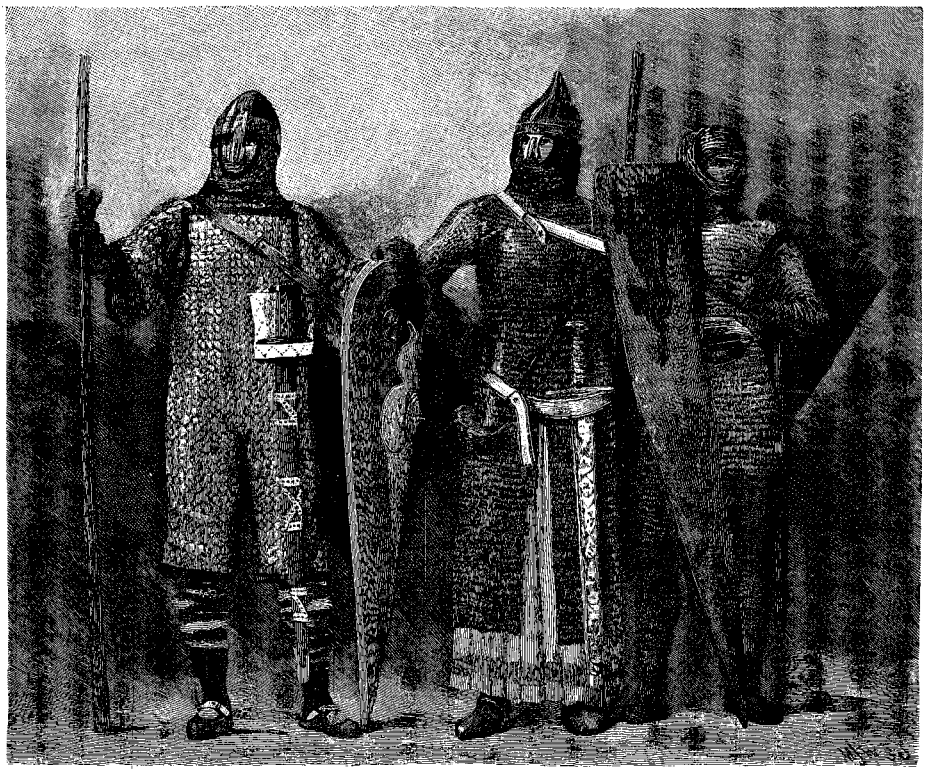
with them. Before this new and living force from the North, southern tradition vanished, and the knights who followed Otho the Great and Hugh Capet to battle (I., *b*) no longer suggested the Roman legionary. The bull's hide that covered the old Goths again took the place of the Roman plates, and became the trellised or latticed coat of leather, crossed with a checker of thongs studded with iron rivets. Rude as was their armor, these knights saw the dawn of chivalry, established its code and ceremonial, and laid the foundations of the stronghold of feudalism which has not yet crumbled away.

After these founders of feudalism came the knights, who (II., *a*) so enlarged its field in the eleventh century by conquests in the South and West of Europe. Like their predecessors, they wore the leather coat, but in II., *b*, it is covered with metal rings—sewn upon it, and touching at their circumferences, not interlaced as afterward in chain mail. The shield, made, like all the others in the series, of wood covered with painted leather and shod with iron or brass, was almond-shaped, concave, gay with decorative figures, and covered nearly the whole man. The sword was broad, straight, and with a simple cross-hilt.

With the end of the eleventh century, wild time as it was, there were glimpses of an on-coming civilization. The monk in the North and the burgher in the South began to teach the knight some love of beauty; great cathedrals rose in Italy, abbeys in the North, where Matilda with



II., *a*.—Armor of 1066. Time of William the Conqueror.

(Coat and breeches one piece, sewn with metal rings; flap at breast to admit the wearer; casque steel, gilded and painted; shoes and gloves, leather; legs, sheep-skin with leather straps.)

b.—Armor of 1130. Figure of Geoffrey Plantagenet.

(Hauberk or mail shirt; casque, painted steel; shield, boss gilded iron; wristlets, red leather; leather shoes, shod with iron; hood, cloth on leather; tunic, wool.)

c.—Armor of 1200.

(Complete suit of mail with hood.)

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her ladies worked the precious Bayeux tapestry that shows us, in ship, in battle, and in camp, those rough pioneers of civilization, blood-letters in the diseased frame that was to become healthy through struggle. The work even of the needle was rude then, and, had we only the tapestry, we should hardly distinguish trellis from rings, or armor from saddle-cloth. But many manuscripts of the time have been preserved, and in the carefully wrought Goliaths and Maccabees and Herods of the illuminators we can see, to-day, the men who rode at Stannford Brigg, and defended the Dragon standard at Hastings; Walthorf Siwardsson, "the thief of slaughter," in whose veins, according to the Norse legend, ran the blood of the Fairy Bear, holding the gate of York with his single axe against a Norman army; Harold Hardraade and his comrades; Varangian guards of the Emperor of Constantinople, whose handwriting we find today on the flanks of the Greek lion in the Arsenal at Venice; or Harold's earlier countrymen landing from their snakers on the coast of that Vineland of the chronicles, which has afforded picturesque conjecture about the mill at Newport. Here, too, we may find one of the twelve sons of Hauteville, who went, all but one, from their Norman farm to win eleven kingly or ducal crowns in Italy; or see William the Conqueror, and note the fastenings that he ripped away in tearing off his casque at Hastings, and riding bareheaded that his men might see him alive and unwounded. In the same harness fought Hereward, the last of the English, hero of Richard of Ely's chronicle and Kingsley's fine romance. But Hereward's enchanted shirt was not of plates or rings, sewn upon leather like those common to his time; it was the coat of linked mail which Torfrida's ancestor won from the heathen emir at Montmajour. Many an enchanted armor, honestly accredited in song and chronicle of the early middle ages, was undoubtedly, like Hereward's, simply the product of the cunning Eastern smiths who made Damascus and Toledo famous for just such blades as Hereward's "Brain-biter," and the strangely inscribed little axe which the mad Martin Lightfoot caressed and loved.

III.—Armor of 1346.

Linked mail was used in a rough form quite early in the North. An eleventh century MS. mentions "a lorica wholly of metal and without tissue," and Anna Comnena, daughter of Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople, states, in her memoirs of the early twelfth century, that the coat of chain mail was unknown in Byzantium, and worn only by the knights of the North of Europe. It was perfected after the second crusade, and the long hauberk may be seen upon (II., *b*) Geoffrey Plantagenet, son-in-law of Henry I. and ancestor of a line of English kings. His shield, with its great gilded boss, is the largest in the series, his baldric and shield-strap are rich with precious stones, and from his neck hangs the olifaunt, or carved ivory horn, a distinctive sign of nobility. Geoffrey is a type of the stately long-gowned knights, fighting only from the saddle, who entered Jerusalem with Godfrey, founded kingdoms in the Holy Land, built classic temples into their castles of the Greek mainland, and became lords of the isles in the Mediterranean. In this cumbrous harness fought the crusaders Bohemond, Tancred, the Count of Paris, and the rude bedizened knights whom Anna Comnena saw in her father's palace. In it we may see Henry I. of England, statesman and lawgiver, and Frederick Barbarossa, marching down into Italy to punish the rebellious free cities, revenging himself upon razed Milan, until, a little later, at Legnano the soldiers of the Lombard League, Milanese of the Cohort of Death, captured from the same Frederick just such a huge shield as Geoffrey wears in the picture, and drove back the Cæsar tributeless across the Alps again. In this costume, too, the knights of the Arthurian and Carlovingian cycles, the

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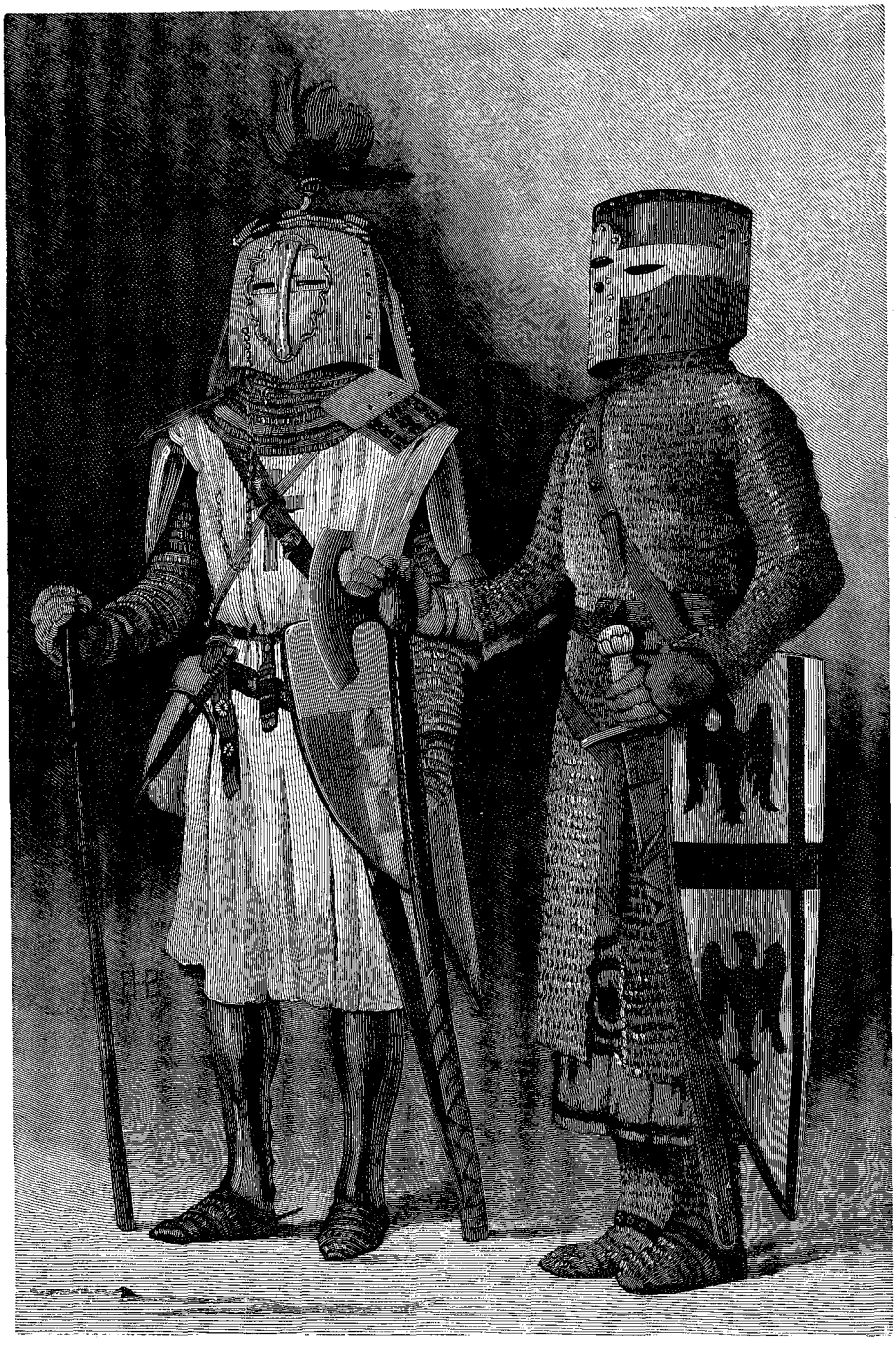

IV., *a*.—Armor of 1295 to 1312. From the Seal of Hugh of Chatillon.
(Broigne; steel winglets at shoulders; steel plates at tibia and upper arm; helmet with visor screwed on, surmounted by garlands and lambrequin.)

b.—Armor of 1190. From Seal of Count of Montmorenci.
(Chain hauberk and hose; great steel helmet and battle-axe.)

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Arthurs and Percivals, the Rolands and Turpins, rode through men's minds and fancies; for in the twelfth century the poets began to sing of them—the poets who, one and all, were knights and nobles. Like the sculptor of the figures of Roland and Oliver at the door-way of the Veronese church, they clothed their heroes in the armor they saw in the actual life about them. Bards, trouvères, and minnesingers wore the harness they delight in describing, and studied the codes of the famous courts of love; so Roland, dying at Roncesvaux, in the famous song, wound his olifaunt and tendered his glove to God like a feudal vassal, and Galahad and Lancelot were learned in the knightly etiquette of the twelfth century.

In IV., *b*, we have the costume of the third and fourth crusades. With it we may arm Richard of England or Philip Augustus of France; it may serve for a knight at the "gentle and joyous passage of arms at Ashby," or the armor which Isaac of York furnished to Ivanhoe. Men so armed manned the walls of Front-de-Bœuf's castle, and wore the coats of Spanish proof of Bois Guilbert and De Bracy—work, again, of Eastern artificers in the forges of Spain. Hauberks and helmets of this fashion were reflected in Thames water by Runnymede—the helmets borne by esquires for the barons who had come, not to fight, but to see Magna Charta signed.

This huge iron-pot helmet, already used in the third crusade, was an admirable defence; and, with modifications, lasted into the fifteenth century. But it was very heavy, was put on only at the moment of charging, and many knights preferred to fight with the lighter open head-piece, or the Montauban hat (III.). Among the English it is frequently found with only a nose-piece instead of the usual visor. Underneath it the linked hood was wadded with a circlet, to keep the helmet firm and save the head from pressure. Such hoods (II., *c*) are on the heads of the knights who, with crossed feet and joined palms, lie in effigy in the Temple Church of London. And this complete suit of linked mail was distinctive of the crusades. Chain mail protected from cuts and from arrows, but a blow upon the links either broke the bones or caused crushing bruises, harder to heal than actual gashes, and necessitated a wadded undergarment, the gambeson. Its weight, too, was very great, so that a plate of metal or leather was worn under it on the breast to relieve the lungs from the pressure, and many preferred the trellised or ringed coats which are to be found contemporaneously with chain mail. Nevertheless the latter, as a complete defence, subsisted throughout the crusades, and appears upon (VI., *c*) a knight of the time of St. Louis, who wears, over a hauberk shorter than the preceding ones, a tunic as a protection against the effect of the

A Foot-soldier of the Time of Poitiers.

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V, *a*.—Armor of 1415. Prince Charles of Orleans.
(Complete armor of plates, except linked hood to bassinet; shoes, "à la poulaine.")

b.—Armor of 1370. The Dauphin, afterward Charles V.

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VI., *a*.—Armor of 1356.

(Coat, interlaced leather thongs; shoulder, elbow, and upper-arm pieces, steel; greaves and knee-pieces, leather overlaying steel; gauntlets and shoes, articulated steel; head-piece, a bassinet; skirt, woollen.)

b.—Armor of 1357. Stephen Marcel.

(Montauban hat; cuirass, a brigandine of steel plates under leather; shoes, leg, and arm pieces, leather studded with nails; gloves, knee, elbow, and shoulder pieces, steel; apron, steel.)

c.—Armor of 1226.

(Chain-mail suit; woollen tunic; steel helmet, gilded.)

sun upon the steel, and whose helmet is richly gilded and painted.

In the development of mediæval armor we may consider that the first phase embraced the times of the Carlovingians and early Capet kings in France, the Othos and Henrys in Germany, when the principal defence consisted of leather or quilted linen with small plates, round lozenges, or rings of metal sewn upon it. The second phase, that of interlaced chain mail, with hauberk or long shirt, mittens, and chain hose laced behind the legs, may for convenience be said to terminate with St. Louis and the last crusade. The head-coverings of these two phases were respectively the ovoidal or conical casque with nose-piece, and the great helmet worn over the linked hood.

Every age is more or less transitional, and already, in St. Louis's time, the barons were not decided as to what was the best armor. There were broignes among the hauberks, and men asked each other whether knights who had been disabled by a blow on knee or elbow might not have escaped by better defence of those delicate bones. If a steel cap protected the

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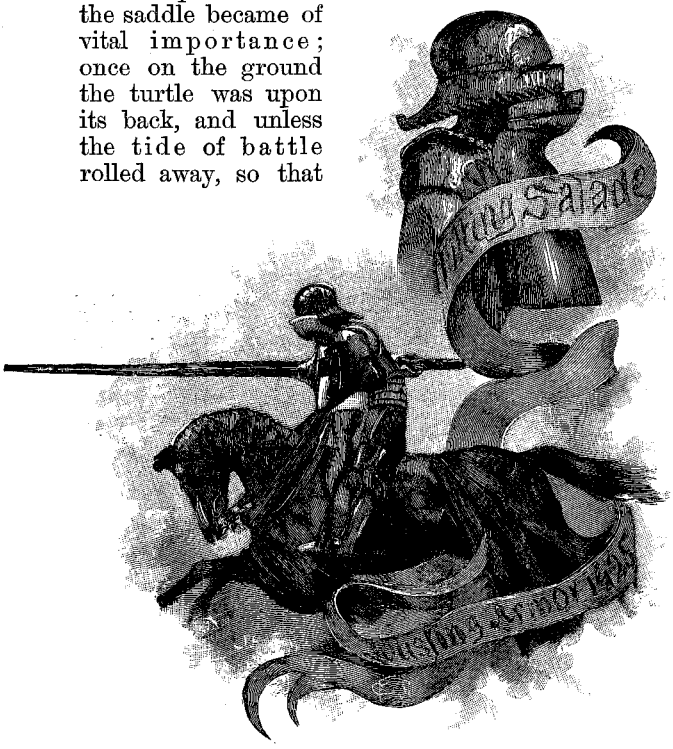
thin brain-case, why should not caps of metal cover elbow and knee-pan, and the armorers of Paris and Milan, adopting them, soon added straight plates of steel or hardened leather at shoulders, upper arm, and tibia (IV., *a*). The knight wears the broigne, a garment in which the rings of steel were strung upon cords of silk sewn upon leather. And he has the ailettes or winglets, rectangles of metal protections for the shoulder against a mace- or axe-blow upon the links, and used even earlier than the elbow-cap.

Armor was becoming heavy and complicated. Even a half-century earlier, the condition of the crusader must have been pitiable. Covered with tunic and undertunic, with wadded gambeson and mail hauberk blazing in the sun of Syria or Egypt, with the suffocating pot of iron on his head, it is a wonder that he accomplished as much as he did.

In IV., *a*, armor was more cumbrous still. Equilibrium in the saddle became of vital importance; once on the ground the turtle was upon its back, and unless the tide of battle rolled away, so that



he could be set on his legs again by esquire and varlets, the knight was a prisoner or a dead man. Sword, mace, and dagger, and even his helmet, were fastened to him, and he was such a tangle of chains and veil and scabbard and shield-straps, that only constant practice could have enabled him to fight at all. No wonder he often fell victim to the poorly armed footmen, who, hooking their halberds into his armor, pulled this mass of iron to the ground. The knights of that time seem at once ludicrous and terrible, but their appearance was useful as a terror to rebellious peasants. It was the heyday of blazons and grotesque monsters; and it took but a few men at arms, with their enormous dragon- or lion-crested helmets, to rout a hundred boors. The brilliant thirteenth century was drawing to a close, and ushering in an ominous time, in which these strange armors were seen against a background of flame in North and South. Philip the Fair, who rode in such a suit of steel up the nave of Notre Dame to the high altar, was burning the Templars upon the "island of the city;" the towns of the Albigenses were going up in fire and smoke; the Italy of that time, where Guelphs and Ghibellines were fighting fiercely, is still seen by us in the lurid pictures of Dante's "Inferno." We may watch the famous combatants in the battle of Campaldino,—Corso Donati sitting in his saddle at the head of the reserve, witnessing the repulse of his comrades, commanded under pain of death not to stir without orders, at last disregarding everything, charging, and winning the day. We may see, too, his enemy in mitred helmet, the brave, short-sighted Bishop of Arezzo, hear him asking, "What white wall is that before me," and being answered, "The Florentine bucklers." And with one of those white bucklers well up against his left shoulder, his lance down, his eager face uncovered, (for the Italians wore the heavy helmet less often than did the French and German knights),

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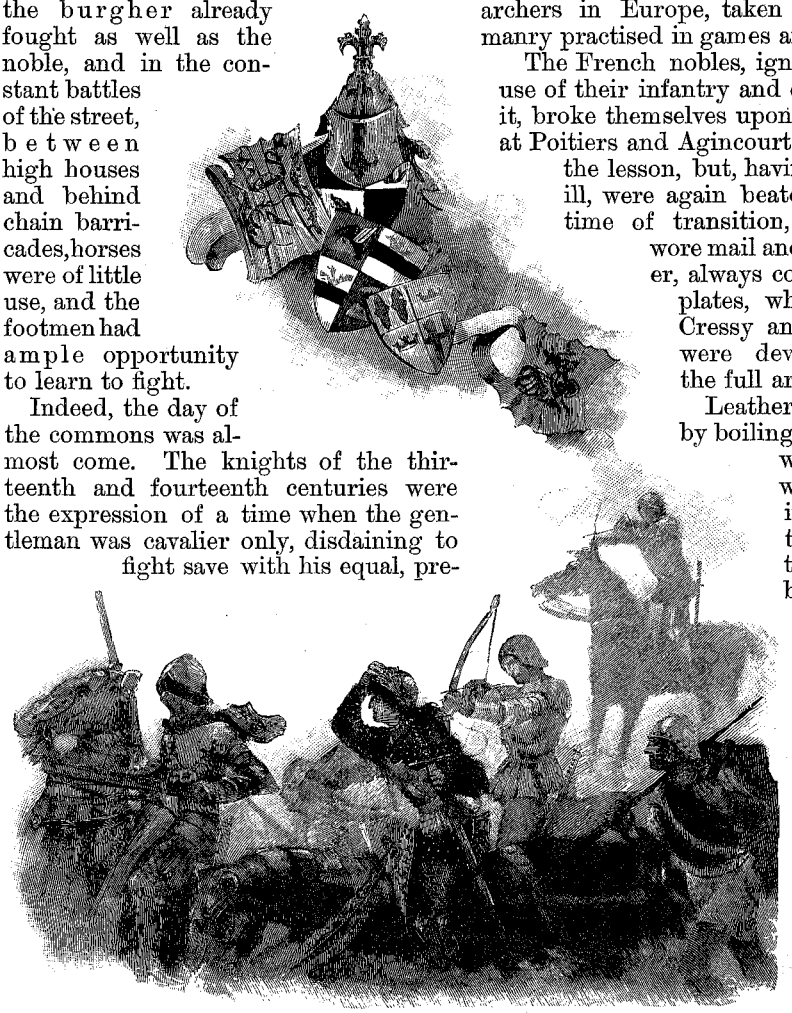
we may see Dante himself charging in the front rank of the Feditori, and having "at first much fear and afterward very great delight in the occurrences of the battle."

At Campaldino there was a foreshadowing of the importance of infantry, in the heavily armed footmen arranged in crescent-shaped order, and carrying long lances. In Italy the burgher already fought as well as the noble, and in the constant battles of the street, between high houses and behind chain barricades, horses were of little use, and the footmen had ample opportunity to learn to fight.

Indeed, the day of the commons was almost come. The knights of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the expression of a time when the gentleman was cavalier only, disdaining to fight save with his equal, preferring to be beaten rather than see his own footmen obtain the prestige of a success; and in their huge helmets, topped with every emblem—birds, beasts, fishes, skulls, and garlands—they stood upon the threshold of a new order of things in which the infantry-man emerged, and the commons laid upon public affairs an evertightening grasp. The infantry-man was first seen upon the plains of Flanders and in the mountains of Scotland; and the lesson taught by William Wallace to Edward I. was put in practice by the latter's grandson at Cressy and Poitiers. At Cressy the English nobles dismounted, and supported the best archers in Europe, taken from a yeomanry practised in games and the chase.

The French nobles, ignorant of the use of their infantry and disdainful of it, broke themselves upon the enemy; at Poitiers and Agincourt they copied the lesson, but, having learned it ill, were again beaten. It was a time of transition, when some wore mail and some leather, always combined with plates, which between Cressy and Agincourt were developed into the full armor.

Leather, toughened by boiling and studded with iron nails, was much used in the fourteenth century in combination with plates and chain, and was even worn over the plates, as in VI., *a*, where parts of the body are covered only by the hardened leather, while in other parts the latter overlays the steel. The small headpiece worn under the great helmet has here received articulated plates at the neck instead of the linked hood, and is gradually approaching to the bassinet, having a visor opening in two pieces from left to right, on hinges.



The Equipment of a Lance.

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VII.—Jousting Knight, 1450. The Constable de Richemont.

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Leather, again, almost composes the armor of VI., *b*, which might stand for Stephen Marcel, the famous Provost of Merchants of Paris, who, after the disaster of Poitiers, armed the burgesses—for among the flashing figures of the knights the burgesses had begun to appear, with their principles of economy and their laws of trade, and among the towers and castles there arose town-halls of French and Flemish cities, and belfries of Bruges and Ghent. The chivalry disdained these commons, even to the extent of galloping away from them in some pitched fields—for the hosiers of Ghent and the weavers of Arras rode armed cap-a-pie. Why should not the profits of loom and cutting-board buy their masters as good shells in Milan or in Paris as could be had by the lord for tax-moneys? And the burgesses not only had the sinews of war, they perfected certain engines neglected by the fashionable armorers, and with them brought down, at three hundred yards or more, horse and knight together, to the inexpressible contempt, grief, and shame of the latter.

In V., *b*, the brilliant armor of the Dauphin, afterward Charles V., we have the type of the three hundred gentlemen who charged up the fatal lane at Poitiers—to-day we see its tarnished, tattered likeness hanging above the tomb of the Black Prince in Canterbury Cathedral. Here is no more of the long gown, that "parement" which we have seen upon Étienne Marcel, and a step upon which in battle, Froissart tells us, cost the famous John Chandos his life. The Dauphin, his blazoned sleeveless surcoat laced tightly over the cuirass, is in trim for foot-fighting, and wears at the hips the jewelled girdle of knighthood, sometimes worth a whole manor, and a fine prize for the captor. Change the blazon, and we may put many a paladin into this armor. We may go with the boy Duguesclin, riding incognito to the lists and unhorsing every champion except his own father; we may see Doria standing on his deck, or against a background of the flashing oars of Venice and Genoa we may follow Vittore Pisani, carried in triumph from his prison to his ship. Rienzi may harangue us in full harness at the capitol. The Scaligers upon the pinnacles of their Veronese tombs may come to life, or English Hawkwood may ride before us, captain of the Florentine Republic and "first modern tactician."

In any consideration of armors the tilting harness must not be overlooked. In the early centuries the knight regarded himself as the only real soldier, considering all the others as "our superfluous lackeys and our peasants, who in unnecessary action swarm about our squares of battle." The management of his horse and of his heavy armor required special training, and this he found in the tilt-yard and at the tourneys. There his address could be exhibited under the eyes of ladies, honorable prizes could be won, and action and excitement found in time of peace.

Until the fourteenth century the same arms were used at the tourney and in the field, but after that those of the former became special. The tourney was a combat of equal numbers, having a complicated and splendid ceremonial, too elaborate to be followed in this paper. It embraced a pompous entry into the place where the tourney was held, a selection of judges, a vast showing of blazons and banners at the lodgings of the knights, banquets and speeches, hurryings to and fro of heralds, an inspection by the ladies of the knights' arms, hung for that purpose in a hall, and such etiquette and punctilio as delighted the soul of the meticulous King René of Provence, whose courts of love and honor were typical. The tourneying knights (IX.) wore armors which were heavier in front than behind, and bassinets with open-grated visors, on which rested the great tourney helms with their strange devices. They fought with "courteous arms," that is to say, "not outrageously weighty," the swords having no point and being too wide in the blade to enter the openings of the visor. The heaviest and most complete horse-armors were found at tourneys—chamfron, crinet, or neck-guard, poitrel for the breast, crupper-pieces, flanchards, and occasionally in Germany even leg-pieces were used. A double board-fence surrounded the lists, and between the fences stood men armed with poles, and ready to assist dismounted knights from

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VIII.—Armor of 1440; Best Epoch.

the field. On one side tribunes were erected, one for the judges and two for the ladies. A double cord stretched across the lists separated the parties, who faced each other, each knight with his mounted standard-bearer behind him. Four mounted axemen stood ready to cut the cords. As the trumpets blew the cords fell, the banner-bearers retired, and the fight began (see Frontispiece). The joust was a single combat with the lance. A low barrier running longitudinally to the charge separated the knights, and prevented the shock of the horses.

The tilting (VII.) armor was enormously heavy in front and light behind. The huge helmet, forged in two pieces, was riveted to the cuirass, and in order to see his opponent, even as far down as the waist, the knight had to bend forward his whole body from the hips up.

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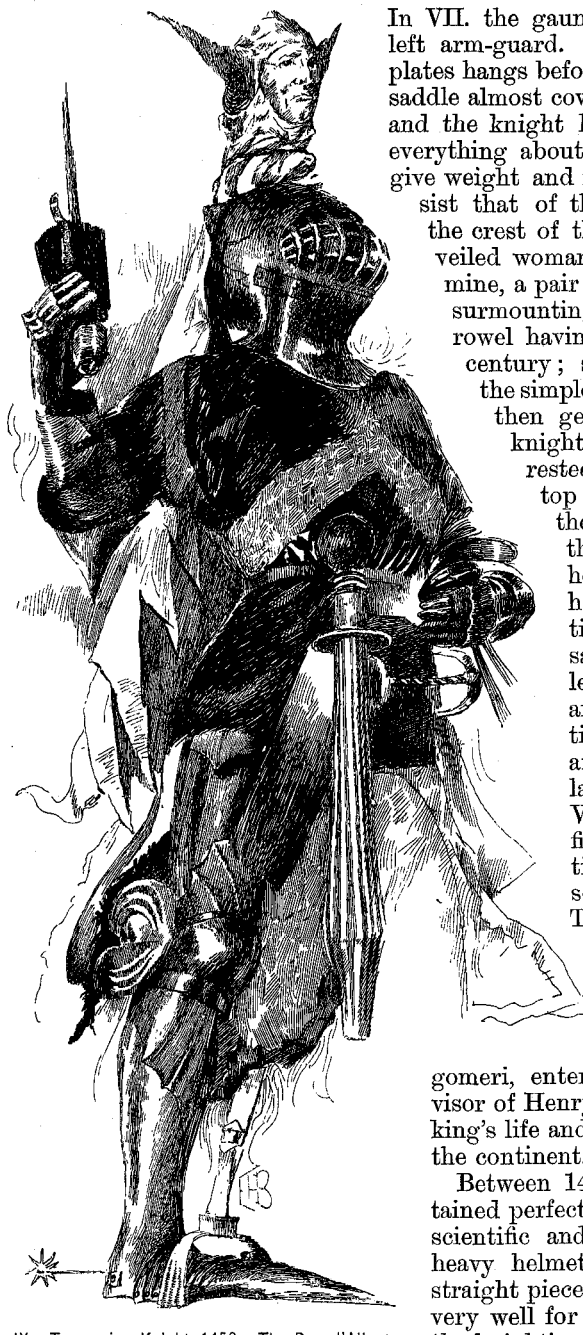

IX.—Tourneying Knight, 1450. The Duc d'Albret.

In VII. the gauntlet is in one piece with the left arm-guard. A target covered with ivory plates hangs before the left shoulder. The high saddle almost covers the lower part of the body, and the knight has become a mere projectile, everything about the armor being arranged to give weight and force to his shock and to resist that of the enemy's lance. He wears the crest of the Constable of Richemont, a veiled woman's head, with high hat of ermine, a pair of horns, and a stuffed ermine surmounting all. He has rowel spurs, the rowel having come in with the thirteenth century; spurs up to that time being of the simple, pointed kind, at first straight, then gently curved. In charging, the knight stood in the stirrups and rested his body slightly upon the top of the back of the saddle. If the aim was good on both sides the lances splintered, or else the horses were thrown upon their haunches, the riders being sometimes lifted bodily out of the saddle. Sometimes, as in Kingsley's "Hereward," all four, horses and men, found themselves sitting upon the ground in a row among the fragments of the lances. The jousting helm of VII. was often exchanged in the fifteenth century for the heavy tilting salade, with its chin-piece screwed to the cuirass (p. 11). The helmet was sometimes carried away, and great care was used in fastening it, but accidents happened, and in 1559 a splinter from the lance of the Count of Montgomeri, entering the narrow sight of the visor of Henry II., put an end at once to the king's life and to jousting in France, and on the continent.

Between 1400 and 1450 plate armor attained perfection, and became a triumph of scientific and artistic workmanship. The heavy helmet, knee- and elbow-caps, and straight pieces of iron on arms and legs, did very well for a horseman, but once on foot the knight's neck had to be protected from arrows without his freedom of action being impaired, and the plates had to be suited to every movement of the body. Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt were the real school of the armorers, and the talk of the camp after each battle afforded hints for the fending off of this or that upward or downward blow, and taught how the lance might be made to glance or the axes to turn. Here the horses had been stopped by the sharpened

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stakes planted in the ground, and the dismounted riders, too stiffly and heavily armed from the waist up, had fallen victims; or there the English light horse had charged them on their flank, or attacked them in the rear, and the French armorers had to supply back-plates and thigh-pieces to meet the new emergency. They studied the shells of crayfish just as the costumers cut their scallops upon every sort of contemporaneous garment. Systems of plates cunningly articulated played upon each other at the joints. The rounds at the armpit, which could be dislodged by a blow and where mortal wounds were most common, were replaced by admirably contrived shoulder-pieces; the bassinet and salade, distinctive head-dresses of the one hundred years' war, were improved, the linked hood of the former being replaced by plates, the latter receiving a chin-piece screwed to the cuirass, which was in two pieces before and two behind, articulated at the sides to admit the play of the hips. In VIII. the salade has developed into the armet, the best expression of the head-piece. V., *a*, shows one of the actors in the latter half of the one hundred years' war—knights and footmen. Such armors as V., *a*,* mounted to the breach of Harfleur with Henry V., or held the tired knights of Agincourt; such an armor, though bigger in the "pansière," haunted the sutler's tents and encased Falstaff; such covered the condottieri Braccio and Sforza, famous tacticians in the bloodless wars of the fifteenth century—Italian despots;† and in such a harness rode the most attractive of armed figures in history, the bare-headed, dark-haired girl, all in white steel, carrying her banner to the walls of Orleans. The soldiers who followed Jeanne d'Arc to battle were a motley army. The whole people rose "to wield old partizans" and every other weapon that chance or inheritance threw in their way,—for the English were upon all the roads of France, and the danger pressed.

The armorers could hardly furnish the regular troops, so the peasants and small country-gentlemen took the weapon from the hand of the dead English ruttier, or unhooked from the wall the mail shirt of the thirteenth century forerunner, rubbed into brightness the rusty dints of Cressy, fastened together the break in the links that had been made at Bouvines, and went to battle as they might. Practical science went hand in hand with enthusiasm, the citizens forged better cannon each year, and the national uprising triumphed even over the aristocratic madness of the nobles and the weakness of the king. Charles VII., profiting by the wisdom of the English, ordered the peasantry to practise with the long-bow. They soon became so expert that the nobles, fearing these serfs, persuaded the king to forbid such future exercise. In the corselets of these noble tyrants, who feared to have the peasants protect their own country, can we not see mirrored little prophetic pictures of the French Revolution?

X.—Arquebusier.

The finest armors were made from 1440 to 1460 (VIII.). They were marvels of suppleness, lightness, and elegance, the iron shell was modelled on the body beneath it, and followed every movement of the torso and limbs, protecting without confining them; the steel envelope had become individual, and was, like hose and jerkin, made for its wearer, instead of the clumsy greaves of the fourteenth century made to fit any man. In these leg-pieces, carefully articulated at the thigh and above the knee, personal peculiarities appear—legs slightly bowed and more or less heavily muscled at the calf; in the flexi-

* The linked hood under the bassinet seen in V., *a*, was sometimes replaced by the more perfect defense of an articulated steel collar, as in VI., *a*.

† In such guise fought La Hire, whose prayer, "Sire God, do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you were he God and you a captain-at-arms," is as famous as his exploits.

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ble corselet the body enjoyed comparative freedom; under the armet or round helmet the head turned easily; the pointed toes of the sollerets could be unfastened in a moment if the knight was obliged to dismount; the gauntlets were as supple as silk gloves, and the weight of the whole armor, composed of very thin plates of well-tempered steel, was so carefully distributed that it appeared comparatively light. This armor, moulded on the forms of the body beneath it, composed of polished steel, was the "white harness" so often mentioned by the chroniclers. In France it was worn without ornament, but the Italians decorated it with lions' heads and antique masks; a little later the armorers of Nuremberg, then very popular in France, introduced fluted steel—it was stronger, not heavier, and offered more resistance to lance-thrusts than the smooth metal. Many beautiful specimens remain of this Maximilian armor, as it was called.

No further progress was possible; comparative lightness, resistance, convenience, and elegance of form had been attained. After this time the shape of helmet and corselet was varied according to individual caprice or the latest fashion, and the steel was gilded and ornamented; but armor, having attained its complete development, steadily declined.

With slight changes we might fit the fine armor (VIII.) to any one of a host of fighting men—to Scanderbeg, so terrible to the Turks that after his death his enemies the janizaries dug up his bones for amulets; to Victor Hugo's Captain Phœbus at the head of his archers, and to the knights of those interminable fifteenth century romances who galloped through Don Quixote's brain; channel it with flutings, and it will do for that darling of the Germans, the golden-haired Maximilian the Moneyless; stain it with red reflections from Moorish massacres and Torquemada's autos-da-fé and it will serve Ferdinand the Catholic; dint and batter it, dim it with rust, and patch the visor, and Sancho may buckle it onto the noblest knight of romance—for Don Quixote, it must be remembered, wore his great-grandfather's armor. If we take this same armor, enlarge the arm-guards, decorate it with antique motives, and replace the armet by a late form of the old *barbuta* that left the face uncovered, we have a harness for the heroes of that Italian fairy-land, the "Orlando Innamorato," or, better still, we may find its likeness on the statue of Colleone, that glorifies the little square in Venice, or in the portraits of the baker's boy and hireling soldier, Gattamelata, who was twice blessed, in being modelled by Donatello and painted by Giorgione. No armor was so dear to the Italian painters. Overlaid with fantastic ornament or half-hidden under floating tunic, it was the panoply of the archangel Michael, of the mailed St. George, of the beautiful young warrior saints, Martin and Theodore and Liberale, and of the shining celestial host.

By the middle of the fifteenth century the armorers had perfected their work, and the result was briefly this: The knight seeking to make himself all-powerful practically ceased to exist. Not all at once, of course, and he was naturally the last to learn that nobody needed him any longer. In the earlier centuries, at Hastings, Bouvines, and in the Holy Land, the knights, clad in mail, heavy but supple, could wheel and manœuvre. They dashed upon the enemy in small bodies, circled about till the weak place was found, then rode in upon it. Thus cavalry did brilliant service—to attack was its natural province; in receiving it lost the advantage of impetus. The knight did not see so far. He said to himself, "If I am so terrible in chain mail, what shall I not be in the better defence of plate?" and, full of confidence in his improved armor, he was ready to ride down all that opposed him. But the armorer was unconsciously at variance with the tactician.

The knight had lost his essential qualities, speed and activity – down went the horses before the arrows, down went the human projectiles, half-stunned by the fall, obstacles for others to fall over, to be shelled in turn like lobsters by the daggers of the varlets. So went Cressy; at Poitiers the brave, slow-learning French nobles dismounted, as

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if merely being on two legs instead of four had made the English win, and in their heavy armors they were worse off than ever. After Agincourt they mounted again, but charged more intelligently and effectively in squadrons, often in a half-square, the angle toward the front. But between 1440 and 1500 the steel had been made so enormously heavy, to resist bullets, that weight struck a death-blow at armor, which was, however, still nearly two hundred years in dying. The shock of the squadron was terrible and decisive if successful, but it depended on so many chances and required such favorable ground that the charge of the heavily armed nobles was a supreme expedient, and at the end of the fifteenth century was rarely risked. This mass of iron once started could hardly be stopped or turned; a morass threw it into disorder, an unexpected hollow might destroy it, as the sunken road at Waterloo buried the French cuirassiers; and the light cavalry, falling upon its flank or rear, invariably had the better of it. Cannon contributed to this change.

By 1450 the simplest complete armor for horse and man cost about two thousand dollars of our money, a large sum for a single soldier. One shot might ruin all this, and knights, brave with their lives, hesitated to risk a property so valuable and so hard to replace. Thus the nobles retired to the rear of battle, and in the pay of the fifteenth century princes, half-armed light cavalry appeared, doing real service, but requiring time to obtain any prestige. The knights did not learn their lesson, but went on making armor heavier, to resist the effects of powder. They had a momentary success at Fornovo, but at Marignano and Ravenna the Swiss and Spanish infantry handled them roughly, while Pavia proved their inefficiency to all. It seemed to them terrible that such a knight as Bayard should have his back broken by a pinch of powder and a shot from a common soldier; but the change had to come. We find the buff boot on the gentlemen who charged at Ivry, and, in spite of Louis XIII., armor in his reign degenerated into a gala costume.

OUR LEADER.

By C. P. Cranch.

Toiling amid the fruitless desert-sand
And rugged rocks of theologic lore,
A doubtful view behind us and before—
Yet hoping still to reach the promised land
Of truth, which might inspire us and command
The soul's allegiance, and so more and more
Fill, warm, and penetrate its inmost core—
We heard at last your voice. We seemed to stand
Upon a mountain's brow. A new light shone.
While some recoiled and feared to break the bond
Of childhood's faith, our prospect opened free,
Until we cried aloud, "The sea—the sea!"
As when the joyous Greeks with Xenophon
Marched down to the Euxine shores and Trebizond.

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FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER I.

THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY.

IN the northeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, just where the long rise of the avenue begins, and vanishes in higher perspective like the stage of a theatre, its long slope always dotted with a multitude of yellow carriages, cabs, and dark-green private broughams, there stands a large brown-stone house of irreproachable respectability. The steps in front of the door are also of brown-stone; and the columns on either side terminate in the hollow globes of iron, painted green, common to a thousand other houses in New York. Upon the first floor above the basement are three windows and a door; in the second story are four windows, one above the door; and in the third, four others again. The windows are all of the same size; but those of the second and third stories are plain, while the lowest have above them an oval design with flowery, curved ornaments. What the original designer of these windows sought to express in them is not clear; but subsequent builders, not seeing the need of expressing anything in window-caps, but supposing some adornment proper in that place, have copied them without deviation, much as a lady ties a bow-knot on her lapdog's tail.

Yet, such as it is, this square brown box contains a flower of American civilization. No one would perhaps think that it, standing unadorned and unnoteworthy on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street, was so rare a possession, or contained in itself so much; that this square box, valued solely because of its proximity to other similar square boxes, represented the American social apotheosis—the pure spheres of perfect democratic joy, the acme, in this republic, of terrestrial success. Yet of the fact there can be no question. That little vertebral ridge named Fifth Avenue, with its one or two similar ridges, its few timid excursions and venturings in by-streets to the east and west, represents the flower and the crown of things; only those there live who can command at least wealth or power at will; neither blood nor brains nor breeding can maintain themselves upon that vantage-coign unaided and alone. So have we seen some bed of oysters, planted at just the proper level of the shoal, look down with superiority and scorn upon those below, cumbered with the sea-weed, and those above, left awash at low spring tides. Merely to own this house, and not to live in it; to own it only as some miser owns a picture or a rare gem, for the pleasure of possession—would cost, in interest and taxes, the labor of some score of able-bodied men each year. To live in it, with servants trained to feudal manners and address, with the necessary wines and equipage and flowers and feathers that attend so rare a gem, would cost the earnings of an army. Has the fortunate possessor of the house such an army at his call? Surely; else how could he keep it? We shall see them shortly. And what of the inside of the house?—is it suited to the high position of the inmates? Softly, my good madam; a stranger can hardly know how difficult it is to gain access to this mansion, and how exclusive is the set which Mrs. Gower leads.

For the pedestrians on the pavement look up to No. 2002 with an air of respect. Few of them but know the house as Mrs. Levison Gower's. And even the pedestrians on the pavement, in this select spot, are of a picked and chosen class. Many of them are young girls, robed for this winter (it is the fashion) in trailing gowns of deep-blue velvet; many more are young men, carrying their arms bow-leggedly, as it were, as if not satisfied with the

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natural stiffness of their starch and buckram, but adding the conscious poise of art, to make you note that they are dressed, not clothed alone. And not one of them that passes but knows and values at its due the house in which you take so little interest. This is the respectable quarter; and the great, ugly house stands insolently, as of social position assured.

But our great city is too great, too human, to show us much of this. Like most fecund mothers, like nature herself, her luxuriance is somewhat slatternly, her exuberance has burst its stays. Here and there our manners, our conventions, trim a hedge or two; but everywhere the forests, and even at our feet, the weeds, grow wild. Fifth Avenue, and its short purlieus, is the home of society; but elsewhere in the island of Manhattan humanity lives, unkempt, full of sap—that great humanity which has made Mrs. Gower, and which she so studiously avoids. For she lives *in* society; and perhaps has never thought that it is on humanity she lives. Let us walk from her great house down the side street in search of it.

For a block or two the houses will stand shoulder to shoulder like a well-drilled rank, well kept, well swept, and uniformed in the same non-committal, smug, respectable brown-stone, a very broadcloth of building. Then the houses begin to grow narrower, with thinner walls, though still they keep their facing on the street. Soon you pass stables, city stables; their stale, sour odor, puffing from the rarely opened windows, is very different from the sweet, healthy smells of a country farm-yard. Now the street is lined with long, low, blank-windowed warehouses, built cheaply of brick and studded with star-shaped iron clamps; you wonder what may be their use, for the windows, even when not curtained with blue paper, are impenetrable and do not avow their vocation; nor, usually, is there any sign, though the ugly walls are covered with advertisements of patent medicines, powders for making bread, powders for washing clothes, powders for feeding children, Giant Destroyers of moths, and the like. But soon this limbo is passed, and you come to the populated districts of humanity. Here the windows are no longer blank; the houses overflow with children; stout mothers sit nursing them in the door-ways, and gossip with their neighbors in the second story across the way; things in general are used too much, to keep their varnish from the shop. I am afraid Mrs. Gower would call it squalor.

The retail shops do a driving business in the avenue around the corner; on the curb, under a ragged locust-tree, is a canvas shed for horses, too busy to take their feed respectably in a stable; the brick police-station is the only building having pretension to respectability. An ice-cream vender sells his wares openly on the street, in front of a hospitable barber's—the processes of human life are open and avowed; great iron gas-retorts are seen above the roofs of the houses. There is a row of huge smelting-furnaces, with straight lines of stunted willow-trees shading them; and the air is full of the crash of hammered iron. The pedestrians on the sidewalks walk with the same bent arms as on Fifth Avenue; but the arms are bent with labor, and the hands are half clenched, with the curl of being but just released from some accustomed tool. Piles of Spanish-cedar logs on the street denote our approach to the wharves; and now the river, fretted with the traffic of a continent, lies before us.

But our business—Mrs. Gower's business—lies not among the wharves, but across the river and beyond. If the wind lies in the east, you may set your nose toward it and sniff the air—is there not already a faint smell perceptible, a smell other than that of the salt water, a smell artificial and complex? As we cross the river it increases. We thread our way among the tug-boats, the scows, the flat-ended ferry-boats and other land-lubber craft; passing all the great steamers of the lower town, and the lumber-wharves and water-gardens of the upper, and you may see ahead of you a series of long wharves, jutting far out into the stream. Behind them are many acres of long, low buildings, platforms, piles of barrels, and many huge and lofty towers of plated iron; the wharves themselves surrounded with attendant ships—fine ships, three-masted, with the natural beauty and symmetry that comes from adaptation to the free winds of heaven,

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and not to steam and man's contrivance. There are no steam-boats at the wharves, and you will wonder why; but, by this time, the rich and unctuous smell from the wharves proceeding will demand your whole attention.

You will perhaps read the long sign, painted in letters, as it were, life-size, displayed in long procession athwart the wharf's end, in square, plain, proper characters of black on white—

THE SILAS STARBUCK OIL COMPANY

—but the reading will be superfluous; for the pleasureless, painless perception of the eye but feebly supplements the pungent, will-arousing sensation of the other sense. It is the old battle of the idea and the will; and the will, as always, wins. And all the world is smell.

Many things grow clear to us as the smell grows stronger. While we mildly wonder that a sense so little cultivated in æsthetics can bring so strong a pain, we also perceive the reason for the absence of steamers; for petroleum is a dangerous blessing, fond of fire, and it takes fire to make water do its work—a lazy element, much like the human soul.

Is there a perfume called *mille fleurs?* A thousand odors woo our preference as we land among the great ships; but there is a certain agreeableness in some of them, as we get used to the worst and begin to discriminate. We can even understand the workmen growing fond of them, as they tell us that they do; that they are also conducive to long life seems more doubtful. All over the oil-yards are smells; as many in variety as the colors of aniline dye, from the first rather pleasant smell, like a cellar full of cider, barrels of cider with the bung-holes open, to the more fetid varieties. Many places have the sickening, capitive odor of ether, from the volatile surface-naphtha; this, being dangerous, has a peculiar fascination of its own. For naphtha is light, volatile, inflammable, impulsive, the aristocrat of oils; and its odor intoxicates.

But come—we must not dally with this naphtha, this *crême de la crême* of the upper crust—come to the receiving-tanks upon the hill. There is a lesson in the making of oil, as in most things. I make no doubt Mr. Frederic Harrison would find the process quite of a piece with the evolution of the soul. Here you see the crude oil as it came from its native earth, in the pipe-lines from the wells; it looks like greenish molasses, and smells of the devil. Natural depravity, we must suppose. But see it in the tail-house; or, rather, let us first look at the stills, those broad, black towers, under which the fire rages, like those in the city of Dis. Here is the burning and the broiling that throws off the grosser atoms from the pure oil of light; first, alas! first of all, our pleasant naphtha, our cream of oils; a short hour or two is enough for that, and it is gone. Here you see it, through the glass cover to the iron trough in the tail-house, the first "run" of all. What a strange liquid, as it breaks and dances in its flow—light, shining, mobile, broken into sharp facets and flashes like cut glass; a spirit, not an oil.

Flossie Starbuck used to fancy this was the water of the streams of hell. A great poet had had the same idea before, which is surely to the credit of Flossie's imagination; for she knew nothing of great poets, as a child.

This tail-house, or receiving-house, was a favorite haunt of hers, on half-holidays when her father would take her to the works, for a treat. It was pleasant, on a warm day, to stand at the window of the iron blower-house and watch the great fan whirl its four hundred revolutions in a minute, and feel the rush of cool air in through the open windows; but it was more interesting to sit in the tail-house and admire the "runs" of oil—the quick naphtha, dry and shining, with its etherous, heady fragrance, and then the duller, yellower oils, under which the flow of mixed water went in globules of a dirty blue. Florence could have told you as well as any workman when the naphtha-run had passed and it was time to turn the oil into the tanks, and whether it were Standard, Regular, or Water-White—the same discrimination that now she exercises upon humanity. Then, when the black, pitchy residuum began to show, she would get the superintendent to talk to her of the aniline, and of the lovely

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colors which the nasty, black stuff would make; and how the foul-smelling paraffine was made into chewing-gum "for young misses." Flossie never used chewing-gum; but later in life, when standing before Transatlantic Titians, it had come over her with a pang that she had once admired aniline dyes; cards of which, magentas, sea-greens, mauves, the superintendent used to give to her, and she to place upon her bureau.

Have you had enough of oil? There is no beauty, you say, not much of truth, and many bad smells. One moment; before we turn away let us glance into the spraying-house. This was always Flossie's *bonne-bouche*, and it shall be ours.

The spraying-tank is another great, round iron tower, rusted and dingy like the rest; but inside—have you seen the Alhambra? When Flossie first went into the Court of the Lions, passing in through the low gate in the ugly brick tower, to the green pool and the plashing fountain, and the sunlight streaming in from above upon the snowy columns of rosy marble and the rainbow-hued arabesques of those fairy vistas, the grouped columns changing, as she walked, like clusters of fair women holding converse in a garden—her first thought was of this. A fathom deep the oil lies in the central pool; and as we come in from the dark passage the spraying-fountain bursts upon us like a vision of glory. The great room would be dark, for there are no windows, but that an iron slide, high up above, is drawn back a quadrant of the circle of the wall; and through this a mighty shaft of sunlight pours downward into the whirl of golden spray. Here is the fountain of gold of the Arabian Nights.

Cool and still lies the oil in the amber pool, clear as some golden air; while above, the fountain whirls it in a million golden beads, spraying into spray as fine as water, falling a golden rain, but silent, without a splash, into the liquid rest of the basin, where it, fine as water, foams. Thence it is ever drawn back again, and forced through the fountain in the sun, until all commoner atoms are lost and the pure oil is sprayed to test. And the yellow drops run in steady curves and arches light as any lintel of the Moorish palace, and chase each other with a merry music till they fall in the amber pool; and there the full sun shines fair upon its surface in a gorgeous purple, green, and iridescent sheen. And so pure and beautiful the oil lies when the fountain is still, so clear, with the steam-pipes in the bottom keeping it warm lest it should grow cloudy! Here Flossie would sit and dream for hours, before she waked to the world and its real joys, watching the oil as it was sprayed to test.

And how do they know when it is pure enough to stand the test? The process is simple. An electric spark is applied, at the various degrees of heat, until the oil takes fire and flashes in the pan. Temptation is the test of all things in this world.

Yet many a fortune has been made in this place; and chief among them was, and still is, the fortune of Mr. Silas Starbuck, late of New York City, now of parts unknown, refiner of whale and sperm oils, deceased in 1872; half the income of which fortune, the corpus being vested in three testamentary trustees of prominence in the Presbyterian Church, and immense wealth of their own, is annually paid by said trustees (after deducting all necessary expenses of repairs, insurance, taxes, care and management of the property, their own commissions, and an annuity of $1,000 each to the American Bible Society and the Board of Foreign Missions) to the only daughter of the said testator—Florence, now wife of T. Levison Gower, Esq., whose elegant residence at No. 2002 Fifth Avenue we have already admired.

The question, how a man made his fortune, has in our days not only a commercial but a psychological interest. Society has never had any objection to the sale by gentlefolk of themselves; but it is only of late years that it has permitted them the sale of anything else. You could formerly predicate with much certainty that a gentleman who had money had either inherited it or married it; now the problem has become more complex. Society to-day graciously permits a man to make money; it is even not over-critical as to the means; and we may almost look forward to the time when a man

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who has gone down-town to make it will be able to go up-town and spend it himself, and not vicariously, by his grandchildren. This was not quite the case, however, when Silas Starbuck was alive; and this fact had a very important bearing on Mrs. Gower's life. Old Starbuck, as you know, made his money, not only by the refinement of oil, but also by selling his oil when refined—a fact society could hardly overlook.

Si Starbuck was generally thought the weakest, as he was the youngest, of the four sons of old Captain Starbuck, who commanded for many years the brig *Loan*, and then the ship *Fair Helen*, both clearing from Old Town in the island of Martha's Vineyard. Thaddeus, Obed, and Seth were all older brothers, who lived and grew to be captains in their day. Si was a lazy fellow in his youth, and unadventurous; he usually kept snug to the ship, and if he ever went aloft willingly, it was to get the five-dollar reward that the owners paid the man who first discovered a blow. Si was quick enough at seeing things, and was much cuffed by his brothers—perhaps more for this one excellence than for his many shortcomings. Silas commonly had to act as cook and general swabber-out; all the same, he managed to keep a sound skin to his body, and had more time for reading than the rest. At home, when the Starbuck family got together about the fire with the older men, *emeriti*, who stayed at home and swapped stories, Silas was the cynical listener to their yarns of risk of life and capital. Even when they told the history of the great three-thousand-barrel sperm take of '38, from Fairhaven, his eyes glistened more over the balance-sheet than at the stories of their doings in the Pacific when the whales were killed. So, naturally enough, when Silas got his time, he left the ship and drifted over to the continent, going first to New Bedford, where he began refining the materials which his brothers found.

The event justified his sagacity. None of his brothers made fortunes; Thaddeus was killed by a blackfish in the Northern Pacific, and Seth died of the scurvy in Hudson's Bay. When Silas began to be really successful in New York, he kept up little intercourse with his brothers. Mrs. Gower does not remember them at all; so, at all events, she tries to think, though she had one great scare. In '64, just as she was beginning to think of her coming out in society, her uncle Obed, then a hale, grizzled old fellow of sixty winters (most of which were Arctic ones), made himself very prominent by resisting a Confederate cruiser with harpoons and a couple of bomb-lance guns. This was a terrible event for pretty Miss Flossie, as it got into all the papers, making quite a hero of poor old uncle Obed; and several of her father's friends had no more *savoir faire* than to speak of the old whaleman as her father's brother at a dinner-party. However, uncle Obed never troubled them in New York; and shortly after her marriage (to which he had been invited by cards accidentally mailed only two days before the wedding) he died, to her inexpressible relief; whether childless or not, she never troubled herself to inquire. Now, however, Mrs. Gower speaks with much pride of her brave old seafaring ancestors.

Thus it came about that all the virtue of the race, as well as all their wealth, is now vested in Mrs. Gower and her brother, Howland Starbuck. The wealth has but gilded the wings on which she soared; her virtues were her own.

CHAPTER II.

FLOSSIE STARBUCK ASPIRES.

THERE was a time when Mrs. Gower was not fashionable. It is necessary, for our purpose, to go back to these dark ages. Her maidenhood was passed in unobtrusive splendor behind a frowning brown-stone front on a cross street only two doors from Fifth Avenue. This house was one of a thousand; nine hundred and ninety-nine other New York houses were just like it. Here old Silas Starbuck for his twenty last years, led an even life, torpid in his undigested gold. Here Miss Florence pressed her girlish nose against the window-pane to stare at the opposite houses and wonder who the inmates were, and

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whether their lives were like to hers; or she strained her large eyes sideways to reach the perspective of morning ash-barrels, reaching in either direction to the avenue beyond. She did not then even know that brown-stone fronts were expensive, when she looked and speculated so wearily upon them.

A little later she began to speculate upon the people in them, and wonder more particularly about them, as she saw them, when coming from church, meet each other on the avenue and bow. No one ever bowed to them; though sometimes an oldish man would stop and speak to her father. It was at this time that it occurred to her to read books; and she became romantic, and would dream, after the manner of democratic maidens, of some courtly suitor, some young prince, who would fall in love with her, and give her rare old family jewels and take her to court balls.

This era lasted but a short time with Florence Starbuck, for she was very clever and sensible, even as a girl. She soon learned to fix her ambitions on possible things. And, indeed, she had no envy for the impossible. She soon learned to covet only those goods which her neighbors possessed, according to our practical version of the commandment, that "thou shalt not hanker after the ideal." There was a certain clumsy accord of motive between old Starbuck and his daughter, but he was far from appreciating her refinement of desire, or fancying what high things went on in his daughter's pretty head when the weekly "Home" paper dropped from her idle hands, and she sat knitting her virginal white brow for longing of the world. He had really only known himself to be rich a short time; and the brown façade which kept him from the fashionable street still seemed to him the acme of earthly ambition, as the printed list of charitable benefactors did of heavenly. Wealth had come very suddenly when it did come; and he felt it hard that his wife, of whom he had been fond in a certain way, had not lived to enjoy it. He had married her in old New Bedford days; and she had died, shortly after Florence's birth, in the New York house. Mrs. Gower often thought, with something like a shudder, of what she might have been, had her mother lived. Mrs. Gower, like most of us, had thoughts that she admitted to others, thoughts she admitted to herself, and thoughts she admitted to no one, not even herself; and this was one of the last.—Do not think her hard-hearted; she is, with all her faults, one of the best-hearted people in the world, for one so clever. Satisfy her ambition, and she is good-nature itself; and she hates to do an ill-natured thing, even to her enemies. Florence, by the way, was a name she owed to the mercy of her mother; old Starbuck would have called her Nancy, as he had called her brother, Silas. Fortunately, in his case, Mrs. Starbuck got in the Howland from a maternal grandfather; and he is now S. Howland Starbuck, Esq., in the advertisements of companies—Mr. Howland Starbuck on his card.

Of course Flossie went to a fashionable school on Fifth Avenue, where she chose her friends judiciously, and it was at this time that she began to read books. She derived much profit from books, and has always owed much to them; even now she reads a little, as an old habit not quite outgrown. I don't know what it was fired her maidenly ambition; "Lucille" had not been written then, nor Ouida's works, but I doubt there was something similar. And it was certainly books that gave her her first inkling of a *beau monde*. She used to be very generous among the girls, her schoolmates, but never sought to take the lead among them, and was only known as a rather nice little thing from Eighteenth Street. She never even tried to make their brothers' acquaintance, which was duly ascribed on their part to her proper sense of the fitness of things. The brothers were more interested in her. Once she was asked to spend a week's vacation with Miss Brevier; but she never invited any of her school friends to her own house. If she had not been so clever, she might almost have become popular. As you see, Flossie learned much at school; but she took away more, and most of all she had carried thither with her.

In her maiden meditation, Miss Starbuck gave much and serious thought to

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what could be done with her father and brother. Silas, Jr., was a big, large-boned fellow with a heavy jaw; thick as to legs and head; in whom the family traits came out with peculiar coarseness, much as when you raise a mullein in a garden. The effect of wealth had been to produce him with greater luxuriance and less pruning, in more size and even coarser fibre. However false may be this analogy, there is no doubt that his brave old uncle, who had struggled with famine and the setting ice in Arctic seas, belonged to a much finer type of manhood. Fortunately, as Miss Flossie reflected, there were no ethics in the question. Fashion asks no awkward questions. Style, in the year 1868, in New York, of all the cardinal virtues, was perhaps the easiest to attain. They had the money—if she could screw it out of Mr. Starbuck.

There, however, came the first difficulty. Not that Mr. Starbuck did not fully sympathize with her aims, so far as he understood them; but it was difficult to make him understand them all. She soared in higher circles. For, remember, Flossie, like most New England girls, had a natural refinement of her own. And she was very pretty—*petite* in figure, then, with a most delicious little face, a face with a thousand lights and no definite expression. Her eyes though—her eyes were expressive; there was an archness, a directness, and a certain dewy softness.—Flossie soon learned that she must be careful of her eyes, and only use them on great occasions. It was one of her many studies, out of school, how to make them look demure; particularly before older women—older women, stout in figure, who would set their heads back on their comfortable shoulders and gaze at her, through double eye-glasses, with the liberty of age.—At such times Flossie used to drop a sort of curtain over those eyes of hers and look straight before her. She was secretly afraid of these older ladies; and this helped her, for she really became embarrassed.

But to return to Mr. Starbuck. He was willing to live in an expensive street, and even to keep a costly carriage, in an expensive stable, with a cobble-stone court-yard, at eight dollars the cobble-stone, and put his name in three figures on subscription-papers; but there his liberality stopped. This was all very well; and Flossie used the carriage to go to Stewart's and shop, and, on rainy Sabbaths, for the church. But old Starbuck, who spent the income of a hundred thousand in façade, would have thought himself a Sardanapalus if seventy-five cents a day had gone for a pint of claret. Frequently they even dined without soup; and all wines, in old Starbuck's mind, were grouped under the generic name of Rum. Mr. Starbuck had no æsthetic objection to rum—rather the contrary—but he thought it not respectable, and kept his tastes in that direction as a private sin. On days when the minister dined with them a decanter of pale sherry was brought out—a species of rum sanctified, as it were, by church use, and not expensive. Mr. Starbuck's evenings were devoted to slippers and snores. Certainly, no poor girl had ever more unpromising material to work on. Flossie felt that, at best, her father could be little more than a base of supplies; she could never use him for attack.

Improbable as it might seem, Miss Starbuck decided that her social salvation rested with her unlikely brother Silas. The discovery of the possible use of so clumsy an instrument, at her age, must be reckoned a master-stroke. An awkward schoolboy, he had met certain other youths whom Flossie felt she would like to know; with some of them had gone skating or played games in the streets. Flossie encouraged her father to give him plenty of pocket-money; he was only a year older than she, and she might be expected partially to fill her mother's place. It was to her that he owed his horse and buggy; this was before the days of dog-carts. Sometimes he would bring his friends home in the evening; she would discourage their coming to dinner, but would throw her influence with his to favor anything that could be reasonably accorded at other times; and Flossie would excuse it to her father when they stayed a little late, or would shut the doors between Si's upper-floor room and the library when they made too much noise. Sometimes, when Si

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lost too much at vingt-et-un, he borrowed of his sister; and she was not so much shocked as old Starbuck would have been. She knew that young men would be young men, and that Si must make friends, if at all, by his pleasant social vices rather than his father's business virtues. This sounds cynical; but she did not reason it out in such bald, unpleasant analysis—it all came from delicate feminine intuition, of which she had more than her share. She was a quick-witted girl, living in a great city, with nothing at home to attract her. What else could she think about? Her vision went no farther than her brownstone horizon. She was not romantic; her intellect quite over-balanced her emotional nature. And she had no Browning societies, and had never read Emerson nor Ruskin.

At nineteen she had been out of school a year, but had no definite launching in society. She looked much younger, being as immature in person as she was the contrary in mind. She saw hardly anyone except her schoolgirl friends, with two or three of whom she still remained intimate; they were kind to her, in a patronizing way, and invited her to their own parties; sometimes they would even send for her, at the last moment, to fill a vacant place at a dinner. A few of her friends' brothers, and all of her brother's friends, had been attracted by her; none of them knew her well, but they were in the habit of joking about her when alone. Most of her friends' brothers took little interest in her, and thought her slow. But then (said their sisters) she has seen so little of the world, poor thing! Flossie felt this, too; but, as her friends said, she was an unselfish little creature, and her mind was chiefly occupied with a sisterly solicitude for brother's future. She would have liked him to go to college; but he did not share his sister's wishes, and the father utterly disapproved of it. He considered the college-bred man, when successfully perfected, as a pretty poor article; and college itself as a place where young men learned to drink and smoke, and spent their money in buggy-hire and billiards, unbeknown to their fathers. He insisted on Si's going into the office; and Si, having finished school, did in fact spend a portion of his mornings in that nursery of millions, his afternoons in the park or elsewhere, and his evenings over cards or at Academy balls, or elsewhere again, all unbeknown to his father. It was at this time that Si picked up that fine knowledge of life which fitted him, as a man of the world, to take, afterward, so prominent a position in society.

There is no unlucky accident which an adroit person may not turn to happy advantage. Si might never have been a success in literary circles; but he began to develop quite a popularity among young men of a very good set. At this time it was by no means necessary for a New York fashionable to be liberally educated. And young Starbuck had several valuable accomplishments—he was a good whip, and soon became a tolerable 'vet and knew every jockey on the road; he played a capital hand at poker, and told stories and talked slang with a certain pungent humor of his own; and he could even thrum an accompaniment on a banjo. He was blessed with perfect health, large appetites, plenty of money; sparred well; was both stupid and good-natured, and had all the other elements of greatness. Fortunately, Flossie had no very clear idea of what Si did with his friends; and, secretly, her respect for him rose when he came home late at night and the next morning talked familiarly of the Duvals, and Lucie Gower, and "Van." ("Van" was Mr. Killian van Kull, of the Columbian and Piccadilly clubs.) It was at this period that Si, thanks partly to the intercession of his sister, attained to the ownership of a latch-key, and began to come home very late indeed, and talk mysteriously of French balls. Flossie had a very vague notion what these might be; and old Starbuck was not over-strict on that score. He would have thought wine-bibbing infinitely worse, and cards a shade more heinous than either. And, in fact, he was not insensible to Si's social successes. True, old Starbuck was on the same board of directors with T. L. Gower, Sr., and one of his co-trustees in a charity; but he secretly felt—all democrat in a democracy that he was—

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he secretly felt it a much greater triumph in his career that young Gower and his son should get drunk together. This is a coarse way of putting it; let us hasten through the beginnings of things and get out where we may see the stars once more.

CHAPTER III.

FLOSSIE STARBUCK ATTAINS.

T. Levison Gower, Jr., the Perseus to our Andromeda, that angel who was to take Flossie's hand and lift her with him to a higher sphere, was a pallid young man with a long nose, a short forehead, a thin neck, and a prominent Adam's apple. Large noses are aristocratic; and Gower valued his as typical of his pure Dutch blood. It was disappointing, though, after so fine a beginning, to find his brow retreat in a rapid little slope; and then, taking a quick round curve, to find your eye resting on the nape of his neck almost before you knew it. Horizontally lying across his forehead was a deep crease, perhaps three inches long, running half an inch below the line of the hair and half an inch above the abutment of his nose; this line did duty for determination and thought. The mouth and chin were large again. With this kind of face, Gower at twenty-two looked virile and worldly, and at five-and-thirty he looked twenty-two. What more can be said of him? His trousers never showed the impression of his knees, though his legs were long and thin; and there was more definite expression in the pattern of his colored shirt than of his face. This was before the fashion of scarf-pins; but he now wears—and would then have worn—a glass head of a bull-dog in a light-checked satin scarf. Gower's ideas hardly ever change, which is fortunate for his peace of mind, and his tastes never, which is fortunate for his wife. Yet, were you to introduce young Gower anywhere (in American society, of course), the answer would be wreathed in smiles—Mr. Gower, of New York, I suppose? And in Flossie Starbuck's mind these three words would have been fit climax for anything, from the caption of a tomb to a Newport hotel-register—*Levison Gower, of New York.* It was as Randolph of Roanoke. Crude as Flossie Starbuck's notions were, she was fortunate enough to aim high the first time.

Gower first knew her brother in Eighteenth Street, where they used to play games together Saturday afternoons. Si was physically stronger than young Gower, and, from the first, inspired him with respect. Gower had not at this time learned his own advantages, and Starbuck used to treat him quite cavalierly. This rough patronage produced a respectful affection which years could not efface; and when they next were thrown together, owing to a similarity of tastes in roads and equipages, Si was still fortunate enough to remain the passive member in the friendship. This intimacy was further cemented in ways before indicated; and very soon, Gower, finding Starbuck a pleasant companion at wine-suppers and popular at public balls, bethought himself of bringing him home to dinner and introducing him to his sisters. Si was too stolid to show embarrassment, and his physical presence carried him through anything. The Misses Gower rather liked him; here was a man who was rich and manly, and yet made them feel their own superiority. Even the great Killian van Kull, Gower's popular and accomplished cousin, took a fancy for Si. "Buck" Starbuck, as he dubbed him, began to be popular. Here was a man who could gamble and fight, who was ready for anything at night, and never ill-natured nor headachy the day after. Both Kill van Kull and Si had health, animal spirits, and a taste for dissipation; and little Lucie, as they were accustomed to call Levison in the intimacy of the trio, soon became their very admiring and submissive dependent. Thus Si had the luck to start in life with two of the most valuable friends a young man could have had; for Kill van Kull represented fashion and popularity, and Gower position and wealth. So he passed his first five years after leaving school, when he was supposed to be in business, and not wasting his time and money in college. Old Starbuck would have winced, had he known Si's true courses, had he even known as much as Flossie did; but, after all, young Starbuck was building better (in this world's way) than even his sister knew.

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For it often became necessary to send someone home to bring Si's clothes, or bear his excuses—he had gone up the Hudson to spend Sunday with the Duvals, or on a yachting-trip with Kill van Kull; and it was often inconvenient for him to leave Kill himself. No one was so convenient in these times as Lucie Gower; and he was good-natured, and could easily run back for an hour or two. Besides, if Si had gone, he might sometimes have met his father, and have been detained peremptorily. Thus Gower became a sort of male Iris, a messenger between pleasure and duty; and he was soon familiar with the high, empty house on Eighteenth Street. He usually saw Flossie at these times. There grew to be a sort of understanding between the two. She was so much cleverer than Gower was; and she knew exactly how to face old Mr. Starbuck. And Gower learned to have confidence in her, and often told "Buck" that his sister was a brick.

"Starbuck's pretty sister" was getting to be a little better known among the young men now, though not unpleasantly talked of. She kept very quiet; and the one or two girls that knew anything about her—Miss Brevier, for instance—spoke well of her. Meantime, Si was getting on with the fast set, that set which the Duvals and old Jake Einstein were timidly forming before they dared dominate—the set which carried the tastes of the French shopkeeper into society. They spent much money, and a few fashionable hangers-on, like Van Kull, found it pleasant to stand under the golden shower.

Now came a great event in Si's life. Van Kull and Gower found it tiresome to always go to a bar-room and sit on hard chairs with Si, when they wanted to drink and smoke after a theatre or a dance. It was proposed that Si should become a member of their club—the Piccadilly, of Madison Square. And in a few months or so Si had the pleasure of seeing his name, S. Howland Starbuck, printed in the blue book of that fashionable refuge for would-be solitary males.

It was a great event for Si, and possibly, also, for his father. Old Starbuck knew very well that, although old Mr. Gower was a member and colleague of his in church matters—affairs of the other world—he never would have gone sponsor for him, as he had for his son Silas, in a club election in this. Yet this knowledge did not offend him; he was glad to see his son Silas rise in the world, and bore no malice. Perhaps he was even pleased that his son could go where he could not. It was right that Si should make friends, and perhaps just as well that he had not gone much into the business, after all. For about this time the oil from Oil Creek began to attract attention in the markets. Long before—centuries before—the Indians had been used to dip their blankets along the creek's still surface until they were thoroughly saturated, and then to obtain the oil by the simple process of squeezing; for the oil was known to be "great medicine" and good for rheumatism, sores, and troubled souls. In the salt-wells near Pittsburg, on Saturday nights, when the brine was well pumped away, the miners were annoyed by the increasing flow of the green, bad-smelling stuff, which by Monday would have disappeared, pressed back by the new flow of brine into its deep crevices in the subterranean rock. But no one had thought of value for the stuff—except the few quack doctors or credulous ones who, trusting to the old Indian legend, skimmed a little oil from wooden cribs about the creek and sold it as a medicine of nature's patent, in the Philadelphia drug-stores, for one dollar the ounce. At this price the fluid was not a dangerous competitor with Mr. Starbuck's product; and even when one of these same Philadelphia druggists analyzed the oil, found its value, and made a contract for the output of one of the salt-wells, the only effect of his enterprise was to ruin its value as a medicine by making it free to anyone (like those other medicines of water, air, and outdoors), without rendering it as cheap as the coal-oil already made from cannel-coal. Still, the flow, once begun, did not cease; wells were sunk whose daily flow exceeded the capacity of many a whale; already, refining whale and sperm was not what it had been; and there was more competition in petroleum, and he was not so well situated for the raw

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material. Old Starbuck began to think it was time he sold out; the works had been very profitable, and the expense and hazard of changing machinery and *clientèle* made the future risky. Few of his competitors had the energy to make the change, the process of refining being so different, but went on filtering the diminished catch of whale and sperm, until the divine law of the survival of the fittest put a quietus to their struggles. By all this Starbuck profited, as was to be expected. The S. Starbuck Oil Company was formed; capital, Two Millions; Starbuck himself remaining one of the directors. The business and works were then supposed to be worth about $800,000. One-half the capital was paid up, and $800,000 of it paid to S. Starbuck, Esq., for the works, machinery, business, and good-will; besides this cash, Starbuck received $800,000 in stock of the new company at its face value. The stock was then considered worth par, and he was shrewd enough to keep it always well above eighty; in fact, he continued to manage the concern for a year or two, and was even so clever as to get it back to a healthy basis, although he had first watered and then milked it to the tune of a million and a quarter. When he had succeeded in this, he sold half of his remaining stock, all he could safely get rid of, and retired absolutely from business. Eight months after this, his work being satisfactorily finished, to himself, in this world, he left it, in October, 1872. In April, 1873, the engagement of Miss Starbuck and Mr. T. Levison Gower, Jr., was formally announced.

People were much surprised, but less so than if Lucie Gower had married someone of whom they knew something. Now they commonly knew nothing of Flossie, except that she was "Buck" Starbuck's sister. Things have changed since; and Si is Mrs. Levison Gower's brother now. Miss Brevier was delighted, and went about telling her friends that Flossie was a perfectly sweet girl. Silas Starbuck's friends commonly said "*By Jove!*" among themselves, and nothing when Si was present. Flossie was already twenty-four, and had been generally supposed, as much on account of this as of her retired life, not to be about to marry. Still, there were few ill-natured comments about it. Her modesty did her a good turn here. And no one much envied her young Gower, except for his wealth; and she had plenty of that.

The Gowers themselves looked more askance at the match. After all, it was their family that she was going to marry into. And she might have many relations. Only old Gower, seeing that she had the essentials, had the sense to accept the thing from the first. He knew that his social position was a rock on which a fair structure might be built with her money. Old Gower had come to New York about 1830 from one of the hill-towns in Northwestern Connecticut; and had first been known as engaged in the banking business, with one of the Lydams as his partner. It was a Miss Lydam whom he married. He was very rich, or had that reputation; and was a prominent magnate in one of the largest evangelical denominations. There he had met and known and appreciated old Starbuck. He was not sorry, however, that that gentleman was dead. Mr. Gower felt toward him much as a *ci-devant* marquis might have felt toward the rich farmer-general father of his daughter-in-law. Mr. Gower lived in the most democratic city of a democracy; but a democracy lends itself to sudden and extreme social distinctions. The imaginary line, drawn hap-hazard, must be drawn all the deeper to endure a decade. A society which has no Pyrenees must give an extra attention to the artificial forts of its boundaries. Old Mrs. Gower felt deeply these truths. She knew that Mr. Starbuck had been in oil; but she also said to herself that her son would raise Flossie to his own level. What that level was we have seen.

Meanwhile, the two lovers were very happy. Flossie allowed herself, by anticipation, a little more style in dress. She appeared with young Gower in his buggy in the park, radiant, and really very pretty. Lucie Gower's friends congratulated him boisterously, and called her Flower-de-Luce—a name which persisted ten years or so, until some savage wit changed the Flower to Fruit. She was then still slight; and, for the first time, dared to show how pretty she was. "How she has come out since her engagement!" was the common remark.

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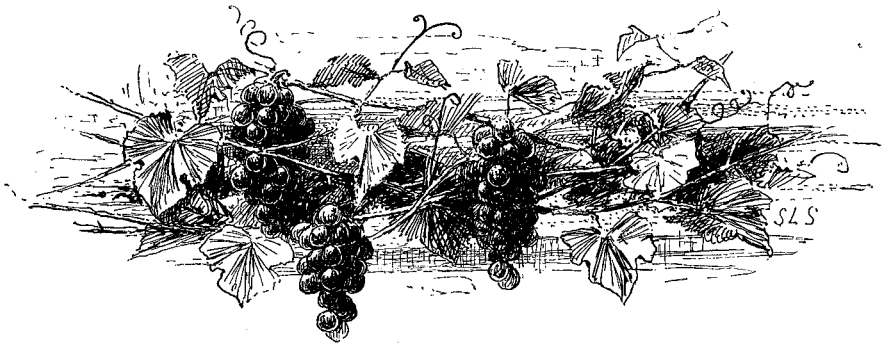
Indeed she had; she was very happy; she felt as if she had been born anew, into a world of which previously she had only seen the brown-stone front. Gower went to see her every day; and though these *tête-à-têtes* were rather long, she consoled herself with the idea that the marriage would soon be over. He, too, was impatient; and very proud of her. He secretly liked to have his friends dig him in the ribs—as they would do, with Gower. He had never possessed any girl, before, who had loved him solely for himself; for surely there was nothing else to attract Miss Starbuck?—he had little money. Lucie felt a flattering sense of ownership in this fair creature that was going to link her life with his. The simple fellow was touched by it; and he never really ceased to be in love with her, though too weak to resist temptation in any simple and attractive form. Si, too, was immensley delighted. He thought Lucie little better than a fool; but then, he was just the man to make a capital husband. And, on the whole, he would not be a disagreeable brother-in-law. However, after the first relief and contentment of the thing were over, and Flossie fairly disposed of, it no longer concerned Si very much.

Never was a marriage so happy, or the course of true love so smooth. There was a delicious excitement about it all to Gower; he felt as if he had multiplied himself by four. And Flossie—Flossie's feelings were more complex. She obtained Miss Brevier's services as a bridesmaid; and it was arranged that the newly-married couple should live on Fifth Avenue at the corner of Thirty-second Street. The old Starbuck house in Eighteenth Street was sold, and Si went into lodgings—as he had long desired.

The wedding-presents, though few in number, were very handsome; Flossie had the satisfaction of seeing her wedding under the head of "Fashionable Weddings" in the *New York Herald;* two clergymen performed the ceremony; and in the evening the bride and groom went to Boston. After a fortnight they returned and installed themselves in the Fifth Avenue house, which had been elaborately decorated and extravagantly furnished for their coming. Old Mrs. Gower gave a grand reception in their honor. And about the same time, young Gower began to find himself in his club-window, sucking his cane, and wondering what he should do with his afternoon, very much as usual. He puzzled much over a certain feeling he had, but was not clever enough at self-analysis to make it out. But it was as if the theatre had ended too early, and there were nothing to do with the rest of the evening.

Not so Mrs. Gower.



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WHITE EDITH.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

White Edith, reading in a Book of Queens,
Looked suddenly up across the printed page,
And asked me—then, not waiting for reply,
Let her eyes drop upon the text again—
"Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"

I thought me of that lady long ago
(I know not in what chronicle I read
The legend of that lady) who was crowned
Queen by mistake, and through an April day
Held court in her bright palace over-sea,
Gave gifts and pardons, and reached forth her hand
For kisses, and was worshipped; then, at dawn,
Upon a scaffold paid the price for it—
The roses from her cheeks; for he who claimed
The crown by right, a grasping sort of king,
Would take no less; so to the block needs go
The clustered ringlets and the slender throat.

A very grievous price it seemed and yet—
To rule the world between two sunny dawns,
Just to taste life one time at life's high best,
And then, with no foreshadowing of the doom,
To have the rose struck from one's cheek, and so
Escape the daggers that are set in crowns
As surely as the jewels; never to know
Ingratitude or treason, or false love,
Or any blackness of the human heart;
Never to know the pangs that women bear,
Being yet a woman to the finger-tips—
That were indeed to have a happy reign,
That were to be the very queen of queens.

And so, sweet old-world maiden, dead in truth,
Or dead in fiction only, sleep your sleep.
Full many a queen of other fate than yours,
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!

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I turned to Edith with her Book of Queens
At the warm hearth-side, while the treacherous March
Darkened the casement with swift whirling flakes—
White Edith, all too delicate for earth—
"Dear child," I said, "the humblest place is best.
I never read in history or rhyme
Of queen, save one, that had a happy reign,
And she—she reigned but for a single day."
And then I told the story of that one,
A flower that died upon the break of May,
With all its sweetness gathered undefiled;
And stooping over Edith's hand, to show
How courtiers stoop to kiss the hands of queens,
I suddenly could not see it for my tears—
The thin white hand that Death had touched, and claimed
Before the violet or the crocus came.

MUNICIPAL FINANCE.

By Clayton C. Hall.

DURING the last twenty years there has been witnessed an enormous increase in the amount of municipal indebtedness in this country. The aggregate amount, including under this head city, county, township, and school-district indebtedness, increased, according to the United States Census report, about sixty per cent. during the ten years intervening between 1870 and 1880. The actual figures, derived from the Census, are as follows:

Aggregate amount in 1870	$515,810,060
" " 1880	821,486,447
Increase in ten years	305,676,387

These figures cannot be depended upon for absolute accuracy, but the error involved is probably not very great. The Census returns for 1880 were much more complete and systematic than those obtained ten years before, and in the enumeration of indebtedness many small places were included at the later date which had been previously overlooked, or at least omitted, so that the increase in amount is partly to be ascribed to this fact. It may be safely concluded, also, that the aggregate amount of debt is somewhat understated in the Census, on account of the natural disposition on the part of financial officers of municipal corporations to make the most favorable showing possible in the construction of their returns. It was pointed out in *The Nation* of November 27, 1884, that, in the case of one or two municipalities of which the official reports were accessible, the indebtedness had been understated in the Census to the extent of millions, credit having been claimed, and deduction made, for sundry items of assets not properly admissible as offsets to indebtedness. But notwithstanding the defects due to omissions in the one case, and under-

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statements of indebtedness in, perhaps, many instances, it may reasonably be concluded that the actual increase in municipal indebtedness during the decade 1870 to 1880 did not materially differ from sixty per cent., as indicated by the Census.

A large increase in indebtedness of this class was to be anticipated, as the natural and perfectly legitimate result of the rapid growth of towns and cities, their no less rapid growth in wealth, and the necessary expenditures involved in the laying out and paving of streets, the construction of waterworks, systems of drainage and sewerage, the erection of adequate public schools, and of buildings,—such as town-halls and court-houses,—of a character in keeping with the increasing importance of the community.

An increase of municipal indebtedness in a growing and developing country is both natural and proper; but the facility with which appropriations of public money and public credit can be voted, by irresponsible boards of aldermen and common councils, leaves open a wide door to extravagance and abuse of trust, and consequently to a heavy increase in the burdens of local taxation.

The reckless incurring of debt in some instances, by municipal bodies, and its subsequent repudiation, in whole or in part, either directly or by an arbitrary reduction or "readjustment" of the rate of interest, has led, within the last twenty years, to the establishment, in most of the States, of constitutional or statutory limitations upon the power of municipalities to borrow money or create indebtedness.

In many of the States municipal corporations have been absolutely prohibited from lending either their money or their credit to works of internal improvement, such as railroad enterprises, and in a larger number a limit has been placed to the amount of indebtedness which such corporations shall be permitted to incur for any purposes, however legitimate they may be.

In Indiana this limit has been placed at two per cent. of the taxable basis; in Colorado at three per cent.; in Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Missouri, West Virginia, and Wisconsin, at five per cent.; in Georgia and Pennsylvania at seven per cent.; and in New York, for cities having a population of 100,000 and over, at ten per cent. In Maryland a different plan has been adopted. The city of Baltimore, in that State, is prohibited from incurring debt without first obtaining an enabling act for the specific purpose from the State Legislature, and the proposition must then be submitted to the voters of the city for ratification. This method secures, at least, publicity, and affords both time and opportunity for a thorough discussion of the proposed loan; but the practical effect is probably to discourage the advancement of propositions likely to provoke adverse criticism and invite defeat, rather than actually to secure an intelligent discrimination by the body of voters at the polls. Since the existence of these requirements for the legal authorization of a loan, but one or two propositions have been rejected by popular vote, and these were for loans of comparatively insignificant amounts.

It having been found necessary or expedient thus to limit in one way or another the amount of municipal indebtedness, measuring it as a percentage of the taxable basis or otherwise, the practical question presents itself to those charged with the administration of municipal finance, how to arrange the indebtedness so that, as the constitutional or legal limit is approached, the power of the corporation to borrow money for necessary purposes may not be barred. Obviously, when the limit is actually reached no new indebtedness can be legally contracted unless either the means be found for extinguishing some portion of the debt already in existence, or the increase in wealth, and consequently in the assessed value of taxable property, afford room for new indebtedness.

As it is quite possible for a stationary condition, or even a diminution, in the amount of the taxable basis to occur in the history of any community, it is evidently the duty of the financial officers of municipal bodies to adopt and carry out such plans in relation to the extinction of debts as will leave the community free to borrow in the future, even though there be not, at the time,

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an increase of wealth, and consequently of the ability to borrow.

In the practical consideration of municipal debts, a distinction suggests itself between those which are contracted for improvements or benefits which are permanent in their character, and which are to be enjoyed by future generations as well as by those in whose time they are first secured—such as public parks, water rights and privileges, and permanent reservoirs; and, on the other hand, those incurred for benefits of a more temporary character, but at the same time too costly to be provided for as an ordinary expense, out of the revenues of the year in which they are undertaken. Among the latter would be included debts contracted for street pavements, the best and most durable of which, on busy thoroughfares, become worn out and need to be renewed or replaced within a comparatively few years.

There appears, for instance, no equitable reason why a debt incurred for the purchase of a public park should be redeemed, so long as the park itself is held and used for the purposes intended. The interest on the debt created for such purchase may be regarded as of the nature of a rent for the property, which year by year is payable as the possession itself is enjoyed. There would seem to be no reasonable obligation upon one generation to burden itself with taxation in order that posterity might enjoy such a possession as a free gift. If bonds were issued, as municipal bonds frequently are, redeemable at the will of the corporation after a certain date, the rate of interest upon the debt could never be increased, and the power would be retained to decrease it by refunding from time to time at lower rates, whenever favorable conditions for so doing might exist.

On the other hand, considerations of equity would indicate that debts incurred for temporary benefits should be of temporary duration, just as annual expenses should be met out of the yearly revenues. The injustice would be apparent of leaving, as a legacy for a succeeding generation, an unpaid debt for street pavements which had been long before worn out and removed.

If this distinction could be completely and consistently carried out, an indication would be afforded as to the length of time for which different issues of bonds should properly run. The practical question, however, is how best to provide for the payment in either case, whether the period or term allowed be long or short. In some of the States it is required that any act creating a public debt must contain a provision for an annual tax sufficient to pay it in a limited and specified number of years. In such case a sum applicable to the payment of the principal of the debt must be included with the amount due for interest in the yearly tax-levy. The method usually relied upon for the accumulation of the amount required for the ultimate payment of the principal is that known by the familiar name of "sinking-fund."

The theory of a sinking-fund is simple and is well understood; but as in practical operation its essential principles are often overlooked or disregarded, it may be well to state them briefly, and especially with reference to some of the defects of the system itself.

When bonds are issued in the manner in which public debts are usually created in this country—that is to say, bearing interest for a specified term of years, at the end of which the principal sum becomes payable—it is necessary to provide by taxation a fund for the redemption of the bonds at maturity. The method usually pursued is the appropriation annually of a sum to be set aside and invested, so that by yearly accretions, from successive appropriations and from interest, the total amount required may gradually be accumulated. The fund so created constitutes what is called the sinking-fund; and, assuming the rate of interest at which it can be invested, it is easy to determine what the amount of the annual appropriation to the fund should be. The greater the number of years for which the bonds have to run, the less, obviously, will be the proportion required to be appropriated annually; and the lower the rate of interest at which the sinking-fund can be invested and improved, the greater must be the amount of the direct appropriations. For instance, in order to provide for the payment of a

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sum due in thirty years the yearly appropriation, if improved at six per cent. and reinvested annually, must be 1.265 per cent.; if improved at five per cent., 1.505 per cent. must be so set apart; if at four per cent., 1.783 per cent.; and if at three per cent., 2.107 per cent. will be required. Adding the amount so required to the rate of interest to be paid upon the bonds, it will be seen that, in order to provide for both principal and interest, the sum to be raised annually by taxation, provided the sinking-fund can be invested at the same rate of interest as is payable upon the loan, ranges from a little over $7\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for a six per cent. loan having thirty years to run, to a little less than $5\frac{1}{9}$ per cent. for a three per cent. loan.

The sinking-fund being in turn invested in bonds of the municipality, the interest on the bonds thus purchased and held by the corporation itself has still to be included in the tax-levy, for the interest on the investment of the sinking-fund is a most important factor in the accumulation of the fund itself. Bonds so held must remain a part of the public debt. They cannot be withdrawn or cancelled without defeating the operation of the whole system under consideration.

It is to be observed that a sinking-fund formed for the redemption of a bonded debt at a specified date is a perfectly definite thing, the proper amount of which can at any time be accurately determined by calculation; and in this respect it differs essentially from a bank-reserve. The latter is held against liabilities of which the amount is accurately known, but of which the time of payment is not fixed. Payment may be demanded, in the form of checks drawn against deposits, but experience has shown that, except in the case of a panic, such demands extend only to a limited portion of the whole amount of deposits. The amount of a bank-reserve is therefore ordinarily fixed by an arbitrary rule, either derived from established custom or prescribed by legal enactment, subject, however, to such modifications under special conditions as prudence and experience may dictate. A sinking-fund, on the contrary, is the reserve against liabilities of which both the amount and the date at which payment may be required are exactly known. The amount, therefore, which should be held in the sinking-fund at any given date can be definitely determined, and whether or not the fund under existing conditions is adequate can be ascertained with absolute accuracy.

It has been already remarked that the accumulation of interest upon the investment of the sinking-fund is a most important factor for its proper maintenance. A fund planned with what was intended to be prudent foresight, and administered with unswerving fidelity, may therefore prove inadequate, on account of a decline in the rate of interest below what was anticipated, and a consequent reduction in the earnings upon the investment of the fund.

During the last twenty years the rates yielded by investments in the bonds of American cities of which the credit is highest have declined from about six per cent. to about three per cent. A sinking-fund begun twenty years ago, upon the assumption that the former rate could be obtained, must necessarily fall very far short of attaining its object. When the bonds of such cities were being issued at six per cent., it was probably generally assumed that the sinking-fund could be invested at the same rate; but all experience has shown that, with the increase of wealth and of capital seeking investment, the tendency of interest is always toward a minimum—a tendency which is subject to temporary interruption only, during time of war, or from commercial or financial crises. This well-established fact has received ample confirmation during recent years.

Although a decline in the prevailing rates of interest is in fact gradual, a change in the rate of interest may be assumed, for simplicity of illustration, as occurring at intervals of ten years, so that a sinking-fund begun for the redemption of bonds issued at six per cent., and having thirty years to run, may be considered as improved for the first ten years at six per cent., for the second ten years at four and a half per cent., and for the third ten years at three per cent. If the issue of bonds be for one million dollars, and the annual appropriation for

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the sinking-fund fixed, according to the figures already given, at $12,650, the course of the fund will be as follows :

At the end of	ten	years	it will	amount to	$136,736
"	"	twenty	"	"	414,370
"	"	thirty	"	"	701,880

The total accumulation will then be but little more than seventy per cent. of the amount required to redeem the bonds at maturity.

Under circumstances like these, the sinking-fund can only be kept up to the proper amount by an increase in the annual appropriation to the fund from the tax-levy corresponding to the decrease in the rate of interest. But if this should be found impracticable, or at all events it is not done, a deficit such as is indicated above will be inevitable. It will then be impossible to redeem the bonds without impairing the integrity of the sinking-fund reserved for other issues of bonds, or otherwise encroaching upon funds not intended for this purpose. And if, as properly should be the case, a separate account is kept of the sinking-fund belonging to each issue of bonds for which the municipality is liable, and each one is regarded and held as a separate trust, it is evident that the simplest and most equitable way of meeting the deficit is by the issue of new bonds, at the lower rate of interest then prevailing, in renewal of such portion of the loan as cannot be paid out of the sinking-fund properly available for the purpose.

A decline in the rate of interest occasions a condition in which a sinking-fund faithfully and intelligently administered will fail of attaining the object intended unless it be supplemented and corrected by an increase of taxation.

But a source of danger to which such funds are equally exposed, and to which they are even more liable, arises from the tendency to laxity in their administration. When the accumulated fund becomes large, and the charge upon the tax-levy for interest upon bonds held in the sinking-fund becomes a considerable item, a strong temptation arises to reduce taxation, and at the same time make an apparent, though not a real, reduction of indebtedness by cancelling and retiring a portion of the bonds so held by the municipality. It needs no argument to show that such a course is not only contrary to the theory of a sinking-fund, but is absolutely fatal to its successful operation. No reduction of indebtedness results from such action. It is only the destruction of a part of the means set apart for meeting liabilities.

Supposing then that the amount of the original appropriation to a sinking-fund is in the first instance properly determined, with due regard to the conditions under which the fund must be accumulated, there remain two sources of danger to which such funds are exposed, one being an unforeseen decline in the rate of interest obtainable upon their investment, and the other a tampering with the principal sum itself, through ignorance or dishonesty on the part of those who have it in charge. For the successful administration of funds of this sort, which have to be preserved and accumulated during a long term of years, there is required, not only integrity and honesty of purpose, but also a thorough knowledge of the theory and principles of finance.

The defects and dangers of the sinking-fund system being such as have been indicated, a plan by which a public loan can be arranged, free from the necessity of maintaining such a fund, evidently possesses a certain advantage. Annuity-bonds, which are sometimes issued for public loans, possess precisely this advantage. Bonds of this sort provide for the payment of a certain sum per annum for a specified term of years, at the expiration of which all liability ceases. The annual payments must therefore be such as to provide both for the interest upon the sum borrowed, and for the return of the latter by means of yearly instalments. But it has been shown that in the usual form of bond an annual appropriation toward the gradual accumulation of the principal is required, so that the tax-rate ought properly, in either case, to include both items. Only in the case of the annuity-bond the annual payment stipulated for in the bond provides for the entire liability, both principal and interest, so that there is no more chance for a failure to discharge the principal of the debt than there is for default in the payment of

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interest; for both items are included in the same yearly (or half-yearly) payments. No new or additional obligation is imposed upon the borrowing corporation by the annuity-bond, but relief is afforded from the necessity of holding and investing a reserve for the redemption of the principal, as by each annual payment the principal of the debt is proportionately reduced, until by the last payment it is extinguished. The burden is then placed upon the lender, if it be proposed to preserve the original sum invested intact, to set apart and reinvest that proportion of the yearly payments which represent the return of principal; and the tax-rate of the indebted corporation is relieved of the amount required for interest on securities held in the sinking-fund, for the fund itself is no longer required. The lender then, and not the borrower, must take the risk of variations in the rate of interest, and the latter is also relieved of the other responsibilities belonging to the custody of a sinking-fund.

The British Government has for more than a century past availed of annuities as a form of the national debt, and has issued, not only such as were made for a definite term of years, but also annuities upon lives; and rates have from time to time been published at which bonds issued in perpetuity could be exchanged for annuities, so that the gradual extinction of the bonds so exchanged could be secured.

In this country, bonds of this sort have not met with general acceptance as a form for public securities, though loans have been successfully negotiated in this form by the Province of Ontario, in Canada. A small issue of annuity-bonds, having forty years to run, were awarded in June last by that Province (the annual value was $12,500, representing a loan of about one-quarter of a million), and the prices obtained, as the writer is informed through the courtesy of W. Grindlay, Esquire, manager of the Bank of British North America, in Toronto, were equivalent to the placing of the loan at four and one-quarter per cent. interest.

A corporation or government is evidently justified in allowing a somewhat higher rate of interest on bonds of this sort than upon other forms of indebtedness, as an offset to the relief secured from the obligations incident to the maintenance and custody of a sinking-fund.

A comparison of the operations of the two forms of loan is best seen by a brief illustration. Let a loan, for instance, be made for one million dollars, for thirty years, at three per cent. interest. Under the ordinary form, provision would have to be made for the payment of

Interest, $30,000 annually for thirty years	$900,000
And of the principal sum	1,000,900
Total	$1,900,000

Provision for the principal sum through a sinking-fund would, according to the figures already given, be actually made as follows:

By direct appropriation, $21,070 annually	$632,100
Interest thereon at three per cent.	367,900
Total	$1,000,000

If the loan were placed at four per cent. there would be required:

Interest, $40,000 annually for thirty years	$1,200,000
And the principal sum	1,000,000
Total	$2,200,000

In the latter case, if the sinking-fund could be invested at the same rate of interest, the principal sum would be made up as follows:

By direct appropriation, $17,830 annually	$534,900
Interest thereon at four per cent.	465,100
Total	$1,000,000

So that in the former case but a little over five-eighths, and in the latter case little more than one-half, of the principal sum would have to be provided by direct appropriation. The remainder would be derived from interest.

But if the same sum of $1,000,000 were raised by the sale of annuities having thirty years to run, the whole amount required for the extinction of the debt, both principal and interest, would amount only to the sum of the direct appropriations for these purposes required under the other system. The sinking-

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fund being no longer required, the large item of interest upon its investment would be entirely saved. If the annuities were negotiated at three per cent., payable yearly, the annual sum required upon $1,000,000 would be $51,070, amounting in thirty years to $1,532,100; and if issued at four per cent. the annual amount would be $57,830, representing a total in thirty years of $1,734,900. The payments due upon an annuity negotiated at three per cent. for the time named would be a little over five per cent. per annum, and upon a four per cent. annuity a little over five and three-quarters per cent., of the sum invested.

The differences of amounts and results under the two systems are, of course, represented and offset by differences in the dates of payment; but since the tax-payers and the bondholders are not, as a general rule, the same individuals, and at all events are to be regarded separately, any benefit that can be secured to the former class, in saving of interest by yearly payments upon the principal of a debt, is first to be considered.

More important, however, than this are the advantages, already referred to, arising from relief from the necessity of maintaining a sinking-fund.

The practical question naturally presents itself, whether or not bonds of the sort described would prove negotiable. It would perhaps be difficult to dispose of any very large amount of them at one time, but they would, on account of the greatly increased annual income to be derived from them, be sought by persons of the class to whom life-annuities offer a desirable form of investment, and would probably attract other classes of investors. Whenever low rates of interest are prevailing, annuities come into demand on the part of persons who are desirous of obtaining, for life, or for a limited term of years, from a certain amount of investment, the highest rate of income consistent with security, and who are willing for this purpose to sacrifice ultimately the principal sum invested. The experience of the Province of Ontario, already cited, though limited in extent, has proved that annuity-bonds can be placed upon favorable terms.

The advantages of the plan itself are such as to commend it when practicable, and to make it especially adapted for the management of comparatively small loans, for the complete extinction of which it is proposed to provide within a limited term of years.

Between bonds issued for a term of years and annuity-bonds, of which the principal is, in fact, payable by yearly instalments, there is, however, a wide margin. Within these limits loans have been made, such as those of the United States Government familiarly known as "five-twenties" and "ten-forties," in which the right of redemption was secured long before the date at which payment could be demanded, and similar bonds have been issued by private corporations. But bonds of which the date of payment is for so long a time at the option of the borrower require some compensation for this option to be given to the lender, either in the form of a discount at the time of purchase, or of a bonus if redeemed before maturity. The Government bonds referred to were redeemed in numerical order; in other cases the bonds to be redeemed before maturity have been determined by lot. An intermediate form might be devised, by which the total loan, and every bond representing it, could be reduced from time to time, *pro rata*, at stated periods, several years apart.

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CHRISTMAS EVE—GERMANY.

By Rennell Rodd.

Little mother, why must you go!
The children play by the white bed-side,
The world is merry for Christmastide,
And what would you do in the falling snow!

They sleep by now in the ember-glow
Hushed to dream in a child's delight,
For wonders happen on Christmas night:
Little mother, why must you go!

The still flakes fall and the night grows late,
Oh slender figure and small wet feet,
Where do you haste through the lamplit street,
And out and away by the fortress gate?

It is drear and chill where the dear lie dead,
Yet light enough with the snow to see,
But what would you do with that Christmas-tree
At the tiny mound that is baby's bed?

A Christmas-tree, with its tinsel gold!—
Oh, how should I not have a thought for thee
When the children sleep in their dream of glee,
Poor little grave but a twelve month old!

Little mother, your heart is brave,
You kiss the cross in the drifted snow,
Kneel for a moment, rise and go
And leave your tree by the tiny grave.

While the living slept by the warm fireside
And the flakes fell white on your Christmas toy,
I think that its angel wept for joy
Because you remembered the one that died.

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THE GREAT PYRAMID.

By Edward L. Wilson.

Statue of King Chephren in the Museum at Bûlâq.

Ever since the pages of history were opened, and ever since science began to plod, the mind of man has been puzzled by one unchanging query—"What is the meaning of the Great Pyramid?" History has been repeated; science continually explains the mighty wonders of nature; but that monster work of man still remains enfolded by the veil of mystery.

Its builder was King Cheops, of the fourth Egyptian dynasty. His choice of a site for the great structure must have been governed by his purpose in erecting it, but we have no certain knowledge as to what that purpose was. When first he visited the proposed spot with his architects, and pre-empted the needed space, it looked far more promising than it does to-day. For there were then at Gizeh, not only rolling hills and fertile valleys, but groves of trees, picturesque islands, canals, and well cultivated farms. Vast quarries existed close to the escarpments of her limestone hills, whose strata were so regular as to give one the idea of more than Cyclopean courses of masonry. The summits of the hills, which were craggy and picturesque, told their own history by the congeries of small shell-fish which formed them.

The traveller of to-day may yet find, within a few hundred feet of the Great Pyramid, nummulites and pebbles in abundance, with an occasional shark's tooth, all proving that once upon a time the sea rolled over the desert of Gizeh. Moreover, if the earnest explorer sinks a shaft in the sand to the depth of thirteen feet, a stratum of antique Nile mud is reached, while a few feet lower, good water is found. All the sand lying thereabouts to-day has been showered down from the west and southwest, long since the days of Cheops.

The site chosen for the massive structure was the hill farthest west of, and six miles away from, the Nile. It is ninety miles from the Mediterranean, and two hundred and fifteen feet above the sea-level. The labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years was required for the work. While some of the vast army were sent to the Mokkatam quarries on the east bank of the Nile for limestone and marble, and some far south to Syene for granite, others were despatched to the Mount Sinai region for stone of other varieties. Then a canal was dug from the Nile to the Gizeh hill, for conveying the quarried blocks to their place of transfer. From the western terminus of the canal to the pyramid base a wide causeway was constructed, for the further conveyance of material.

While all this was going on, the chosen hill itself was made ready to receive the enormous weight to be placed upon it. The general surface was lowered until good, solid, fissureless material was reached and a broad plateau formed, so firm and so extensive as to serve for the foundation. The naturally inclined strata were levelled to accommodate the courses of the building. Where

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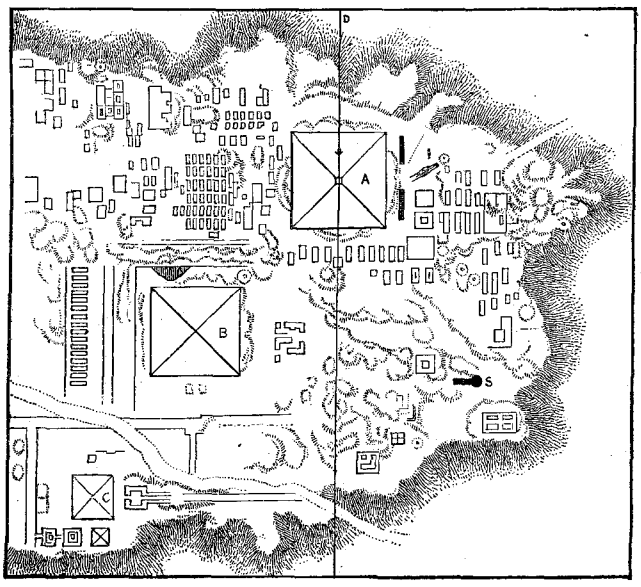

Map of the Pyramids of Gizeh.

A, the Great Pyramid; B, the Pyramid of Chephren; C, the Pyramid of Mencheres; S, the Sphinx, southeast of the tomb of Cheops; D, longitudinal meridian of the Great Pyramid. Tombs east, west, and south of the Great Pyramid.

it could be done, the lavish builder was yet economical enough to utilize the natural rock, for at the northeast corner the lowest course and part of another are formed of rock trimmed off square *in situ*. The natural rock may also be seen at one place in the entrance-passage, and again in the course of the "well;" but in no other place has there been found anything but well-built limestone or granite masonry.

The grand plateau being completed, the workmen were ready to receive the product of the quarries, and soon the stupendous structure began to rise. Tier after tier was placed, receding, one upon the other, until the two hundred and twentieth had been raised to its place. Finally the apex, a mammoth crystal, was set, and the inner elevation was ready for the more finished outside casing. How the work was done no one has been able to explain.

In one of the accompanying views (p. 43) six small pyramids are shown, in various stages of decay. From these and their larger neighbors, the interested student may gather some facts concerning pyramid building, by noting the progress of pyramid decay.

After the great mass had been erected "in the rough," it was encased in highly polished marble, which, at a short distance, gave it the appearance of a precise geometrical figure. And it was indeed precise. Undoubtedly it was planned entire, with all its internal intricacies, before a stone was quarried for its construction. The head that contrived it seems to have been equal to the task of completing his scheme in the most workmanlike manner. The commissary arrangements alone for the army of people engaged required able generalship. Did not the result of their labor stand there, the greatest structure in the world, we should be disposed to question the statement that any such body of workmen was ever engaged, under the will and direction of one man, in a single enterprise, and for so long a time. How little do we know about it, and how baffled are we when we attempt to solve the great problem! The benign-looking statue of its builder was found by Mariette in a neighboring tomb, and now sits in the Bûlâq museum, but it affords no information except as to its identity.

I venture to offer, however, in addition to the scant information we have, a few details of construction and some illustrations, with the hope of conveying a measurably adequate idea of its size. I had been studying it for many years before I made my first visit, and thought I had formed a fair conception of its dimensions; but I was mistaken. It exceeded all I had ever dreamed it to be. My first glimpse was caught from the railway-carriage *en route* from Alexandria to Cairo. My second view and first photograph were obtained from the corner of the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, situated on the Citadel Hill at Cairo.

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The Pyramids of Cheops, Chephren, and Mencheres.

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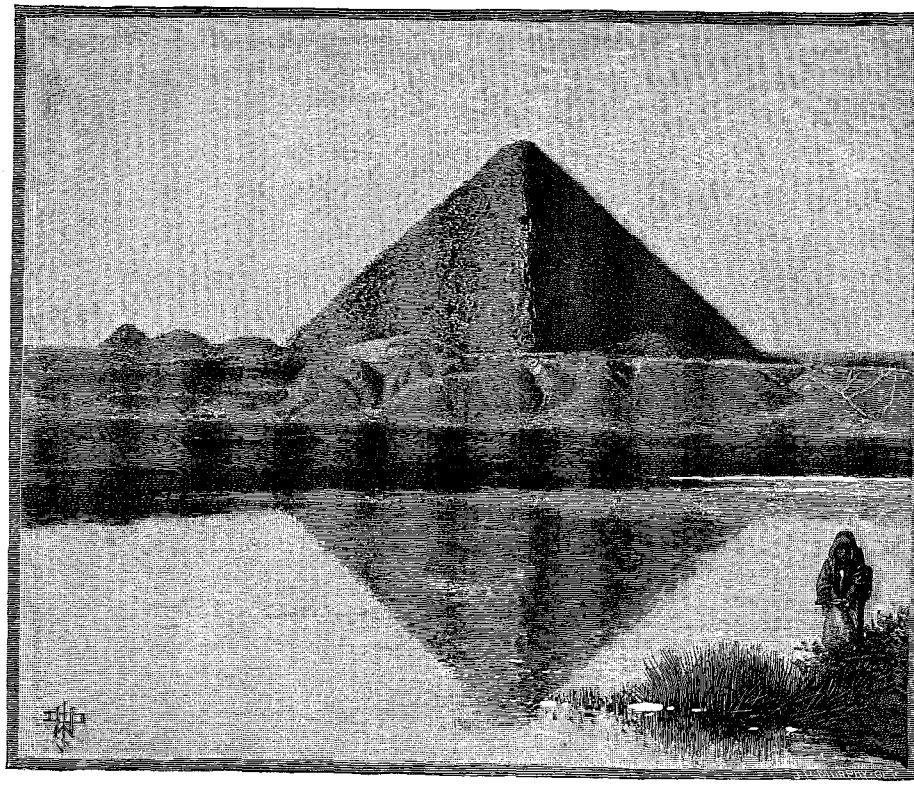

The Great Pyramid from the Nile Overflow.

From there the desert monster and its two great neighbors, glistening in the sun, look like gigantic jasper gems in golden setting.

The next day, long before sunrise, I set out with the purpose of securing a series of pictures that should, if possible, be made useful in conveying a reasonable idea of the size and magnificence of this the greatest of all structures. Soon after crossing the Kasr-el-Nil, an avenue of acacias is entered, which shades the road almost all the way to the pyramid-hill. Not long after leaving the bridge, on the left, the tall trio were seen, looking as gray and undefined as distant storm-clouds. The sun had not yet reached their tops, and their vicinity was dreamy and hazy. They appeared to be wonderfully near. A quiet, masterly dignity seemed to pervade them. As the noise of the great city was left behind and the pyramids were neared, the increasing silence became almost oppressive. When the sun arose, the details of the structures began to develop. The smooth exteriors and precise outlines which the distance afforded, gave way to disturbed surfaces and broken angles. The light crept steadily down to their bases, and the shadows fled to the western side.

As the last mile was reached, my Arab driver suddenly shouted "Mâshallah!" —Wonderful God!—for, lo! the whole eastern side of the Great Pyramid was enveloped in the red glare of the rising sun. And then at my left I saw, reflected and inverted upon the placid surface of a bit of Nile overflow, the image of the Great Pyramid, as sharp, clear, and entire as the reality. Only once in a lifetime could such a sight be had. Like a total eclipse of the sun, it could last but a few minutes. I must have the picture. Leaping from my seat, I ran through the tall, dew-covered lentil fields to the edge of the water, caught the doubled monster, and held it latent within my camera. When I re-

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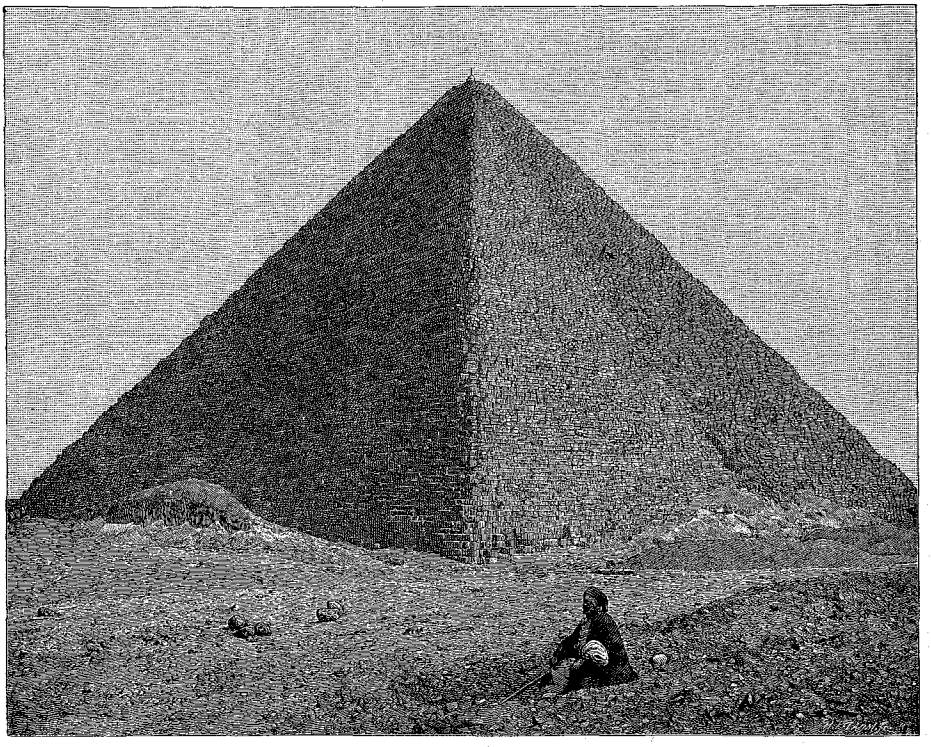

A Near View of the Great Pyramid.

turned to the carriage, I was assailed on every side by a dozen or more Arab fellahin who awaited me, each one noisily demanding "backsheesh" for "injury to the crops." I paid enough to buy a whole acre of lentils, but I would not accept an Egyptian farm in exchange for the picture.

The road now began to rise; and so did the Bedouin Arabs of the pyramid-village, who, like locusts, seemed to come out of the chinks in the stone walls near by, or to swarm from the choking dust. "Give him six men to assist him, and command the rest to let him alone," was the characteristic word sent by an official to the sheik of this noisy, good-natured, troublesome horde. This order being obeyed, I was enabled to spend several days at my work in comparative peace.

My first close view of the Great Pyramid was had from the north side. After taking it in from east to west, I lifted my eyes to the sky. I think no after-view gave me such a satisfactory comprehension of its immensity as that first effort to cover the whole mass of masonry at one glance. Two other impressive views are to be had from the northeast corner, standing at about the twentieth tier above the sand. The first is a lateral view. Allow the eyes to follow a line of masonry to the northwestern angle, and then to return, stone by stone, when a gratifying idea will be received of the length of the base and of the size of the quarried stones. The other "best" view is had by looking aloft. At Niagara, standing at the foot of the American Falls, I have caught sight of a volume of water as it leaped over the brink, and then watched its slow descent, foot by foot, until I have thought I could see it break in spray at my feet, thus obtaining the most satisfactory impression of the height of the great cascade. So here, the visitor may lift his eyes to the apex, and then slowly, step by step, stone after stone, let the sight descend, when the immensity of the lofty pile will fairly leap upon him. The at-

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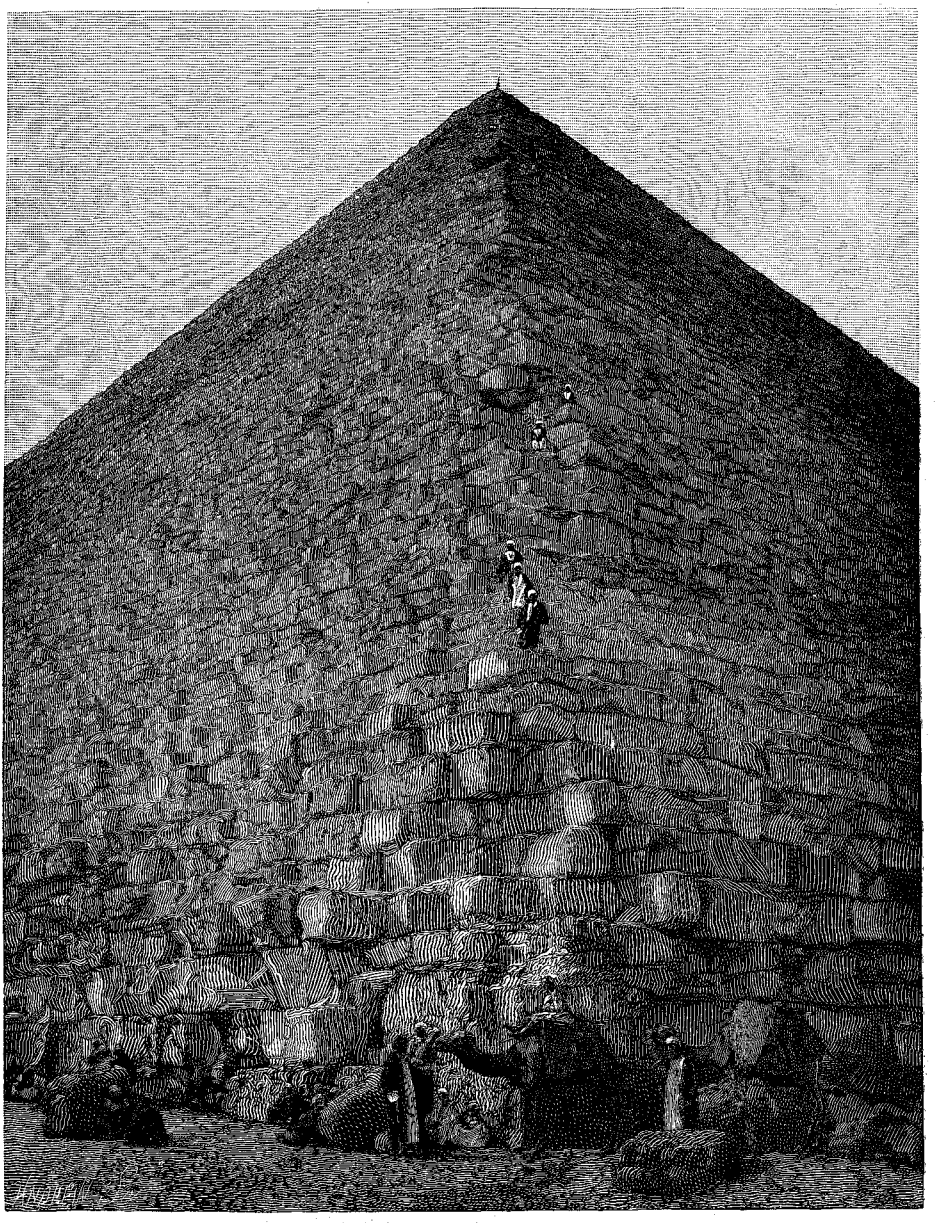

Looking up the Northeast Corner of the Great Pyramid.

tendant Arabs, climbing up the corner of the pile, here and there, look like pygmies.

No Swiss or Appalachian mountain incline is more rugged than this. Should these views not satisfy, there is one other method of arriving at the bottom facts, namely, by climbing to the top and looking down.

The ascent is generally made at the northeast corner. It is a novel experience. The law requires one to be accompanied by a Bedouin "lifter" at each elbow and another Arab behind to "boost." The feat may be accomplished in twenty minutes, provided you agree to having your calculations upset once

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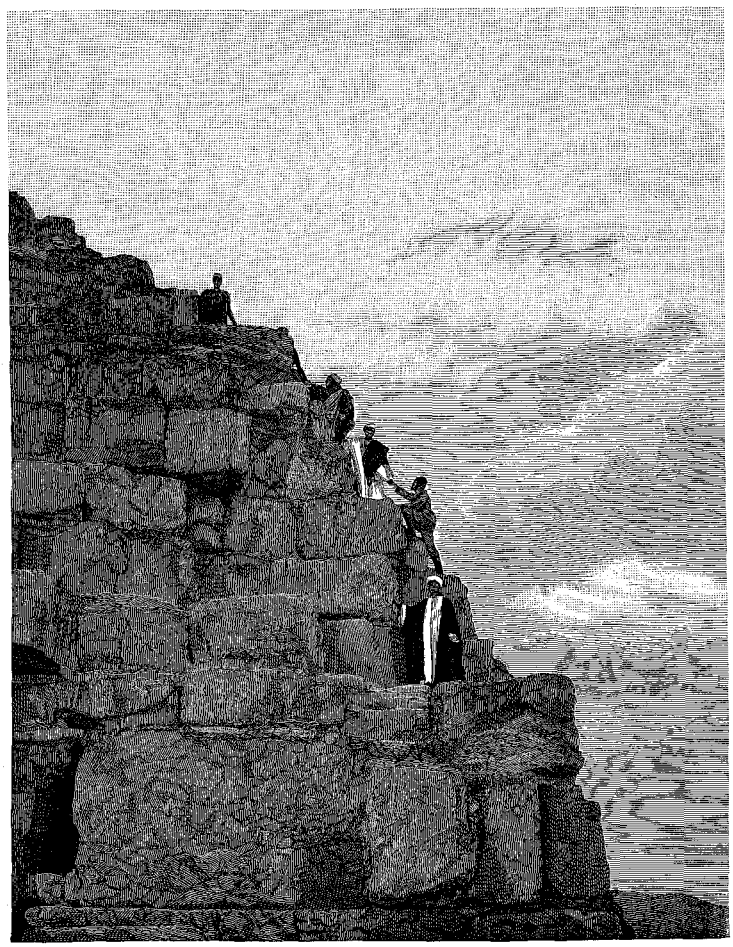
a minute, and yourself twice that often. For example, you make ready for a tremendous muscular effort, to take a gigantic step upward and forward, when suddenly you are hoisted bodily, like an airy nothing. Then you prepare to land somewhere or to take a breath, when your "booster" sends you flying far beyond your mark. You scarcely have time to recover your equilibrium and to give thanks that your brains were not dashed out, when the whole process is repeated; and so on, until the summit is gained. This all seems hard enough to endure, and the Arabs seem to be the worst part; but it is one of those cases where experience is the best teacher, and it is best to listen to experience.

When the top is reached, one is surprised to find a platform over thirty feet square, covered with broken fragments of quarried stone in all the confusion of a mountain-crest. These blocks are covered with names and dates. Some of the chiselled letters are over a foot in height. I climbed to the very topmost rock and viewed the surrounding country, a feat I should not have undertaken had the original apex remained.

The sensation one feels when standing upon a pyramid top, aside from the nature of the surroundings, differs from that one experiences on the summit of a high mountain, inasmuch as from a mountain one can rarely obtain a view of the neighborhood close to the base, or else the space is shut in by neighboring peaks; while from a pyramid one can view all there is from within a few feet of the base to a distance as far as the eye can discern.

The views from the Great Pyramid, though at all times sublime, vary with the time of day and night, and with the courses of the sun and moon. The first look is for Cairo. It is plainly visible, with its tall minarets and broad domes of glittering metal and color, and beyond it the dark Mokkatam hills are seen. A forest of immense palms, far away upon the border of the Nile, marks the site of ancient Memphis; still farther south are the pyramids of Sakkarah, the great



Climbing the Great Pyramid.

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"Step" pyramid, "the father of pyramids," among them. Farther on is the desert; on the right is the desert; in front is the desert; all around is a vast plain, now golden, now red, now in part black, now gray, changing as the sun changes, as the great shadows of the pyramids are projected upon it, or as the moon comes with its pale light and tones down the grand chromatic display. The only variation in the wondrous expanse comes from the mounds of sand here and there. These last change agreeably to the whims of the wind. Like draught-animals, at one moment they seem to be resting and waiting for their call to labor. Then the airy messenger comes and gives the word. At once the sand begins to rise in slender spirals. Body and strength are gathered as it continues whirling and ascending, until it towers aloft like a great black column. Now it is joined by a wild company impelled by the wind, and all hasten across the plain—all rising higher and higher, all wavering, spinning with awful volocity, until, their destination reached, they flare at the top like water-spouts, break and burst high in air, and are diffused—a terrible storm—upon the plain below. Woe be to man or camel on whom descends the awful weight!

As far as the eye can see southward lies Egypt, the silvery Nile creeping along between the bands of emerald. Within view are over forty pyramids. The pyramid of Chephren, or the "Second Pyramid," being about 300 feet away, affords one an excellent opportunity, while seated on the edge of the Great Pyramid, of studying pyramidal architecture from above. There seems to be a great abyss between. The distance is remarkably deceiving. It is almost impossible to cast a stone so that it will fall clear of the base. It will only drop on the side and bound and rebound, perhaps to the ground.

At sunset, when all the neighboring pyramids may be seen tinged by the red glare, and the approach of night is heralded by the intense, sharp-pointed shadows which fall upon the plain toward the east, the vultures come swooping along through the gulf which separates Cheops's pile from Chephren's. Then the scene is most dramatic. The sun gone down, the rising moon blanches all and shifts the shadows to the other side. The uneasy scavengers of the air now look like ghouls as they come near enough for one to hear the whizzing of their wings. But for them it would be oppressively quiet. A person sitting there in the after-glow, looking off toward the lighted city, feels as though doomed to impalement—cast away at the mercy of the foul birds of the desert. And but little comfort comes up from the Sphinx, the only semblance of humanity below; for its back is turned, and it seems to add to the feeling of absolute desertion which takes possession of one remaining on the Great Pyramid after the sun has gone down.

A last look from the top, down the corner, reveals another lesson in pyramid construction, and recalls the view directly downward from some rocky mountain-summit. The close base cannot be seen in a direct line, for the corners of the rock protrude like broad cornices, one tier beyond the other. The little kiosk near the base, with part of the desert between and far beyond it, can also be plainly seen. The voices of the Arabs at the base are distinctly heard.

One shrinks from descending such a rough pass, but the operation is far more interesting than the ascent, because, in making it, the traveller is diverted from the hardship by the views, which change constantly as he twists and turns and is lowered once more toward terra firma. A misstep would send him bounding in mid-air from corner to corner, until he fell, a shapeless mass, at the base. Nearly half-way there is a spot whence more than the usual amount of stone has been thrown down, making a deep depression, or "cave." It is called "the half-way house." It is not half-way, however. Its floor is on the one hundred and fifth tier, and it is three thousand two hundred and five inches from the base. The width of the steps is so disproportionate to their height that each upper edge overhangs or hides the step that next succeeds it. On coming to the edge of the first stone the one below comes into view. The descent then becomes a succession of well-

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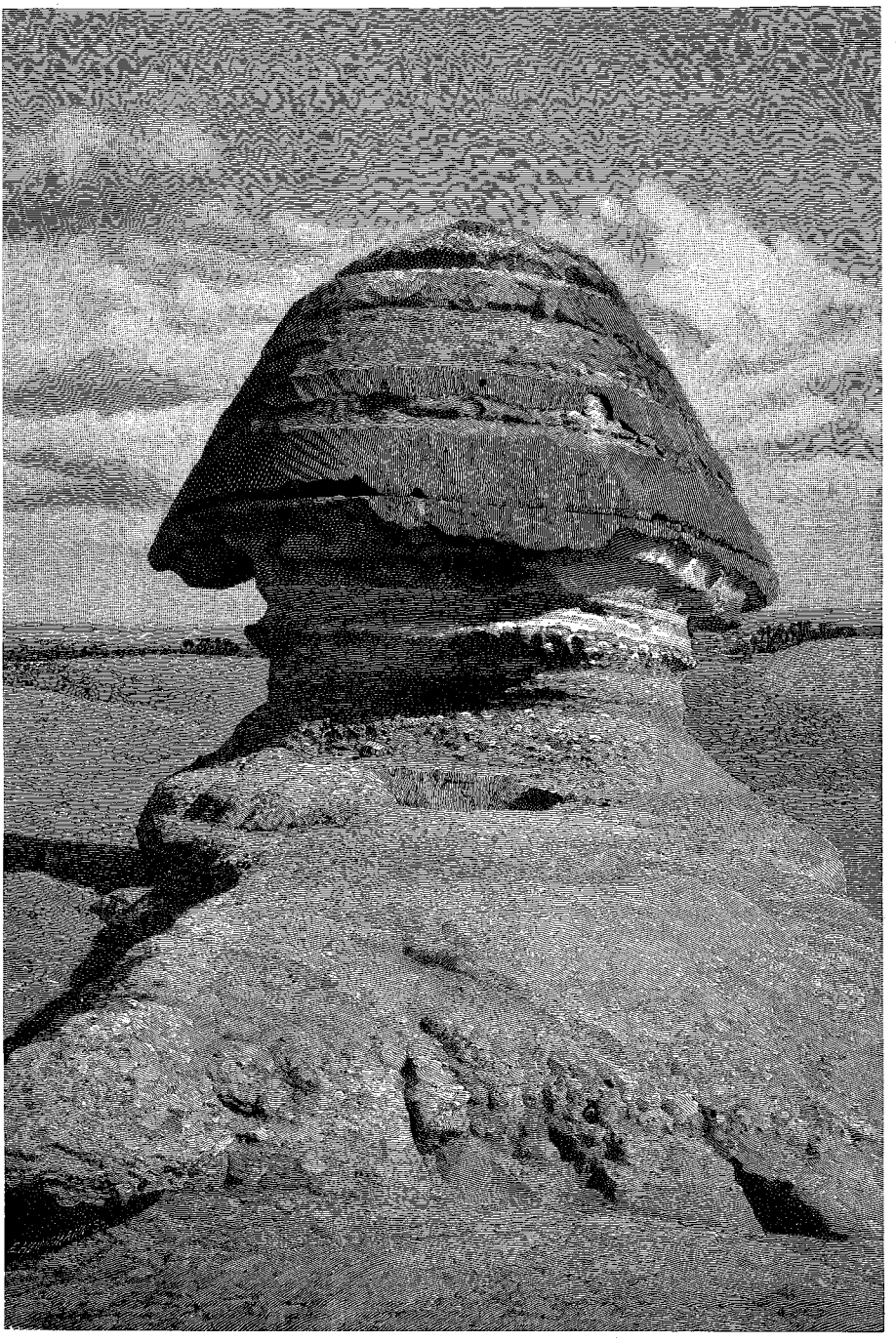

The Back of the Sphinx.

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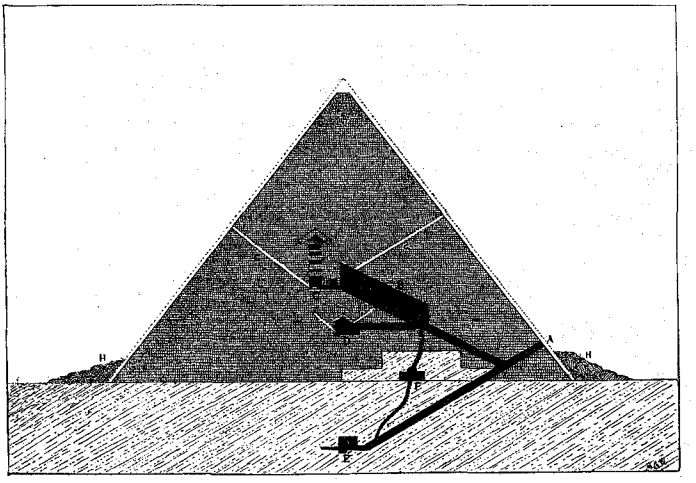


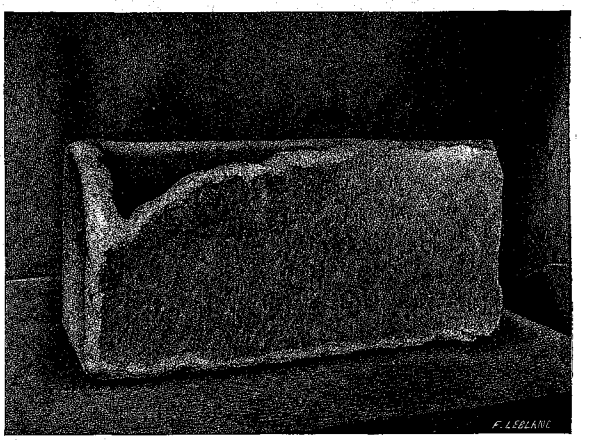
Vertical Section of the Great Pyramid (from south to north, looking west).

A, the entrance-passage; B, the Grand Gallery; C, C, ventilating passages; D, the Queen's Chamber; E, the grotto; F, the subterranean chamber; G, the King's Chamber.

meditated jumps, carefully freed, be assured, from any of the abandon of "a goat in a frolic."

The courses of stone vary in their thickness from twenty inches to fifty-six inches. They do not rise above each other in uniform order from a massive foundation-course up to one of very small dimensions for the summit. The third course is composed of stone fifty-six inches in thickness; the fifteenth course is only twenty-eight inches thick, while at the twentieth course we find that the stone measures thirty-eight inches. The thirty-fifth course is only twenty-four inches, whereas the thirty-sixth course is fifty inches. The remainder of the structure upward is not so variable, the several courses ranging from forty-two inches to twenty inches. It will thus be seen that, even in accomplishing the descent, one has been prevented by the builder from making any certain calculation beyond the block of stone upon which he, wondering, stands. There are now two hundred and two courses remaining, and the height is 5,445 pyramid-inches.

What glories must have been witnessed by those who ventured to this lofty platform in the ages that are past! It must have been the observatory of king, priest, ruler, poet, historian, and philosopher. If the sight of Rameses II. was as clear as his mental vision, he, seated there, could have enjoyed some of the proudest hours of his proud and exalted reign, for his strong cities and "store" cities could all be seen: Pithom, with its great storehouses, built when bricks were made without straw; Rameses, the city named after its ambitious builder; Tanis, the Zoan of the Bible, where "marvellous things" were done; Memphis, the proud capital whose fallen Colossus still lies among the ancient ruins, half embedded in modern mud. The sun always shone on the sculptured head of Rameses the Great first in the morning and last at night, for his colossal statues, standing in every city higher than all else except the masterpiece of Cheops, caught the light before and after all else, the more ancient obelisks not excepted.



The Coffer.

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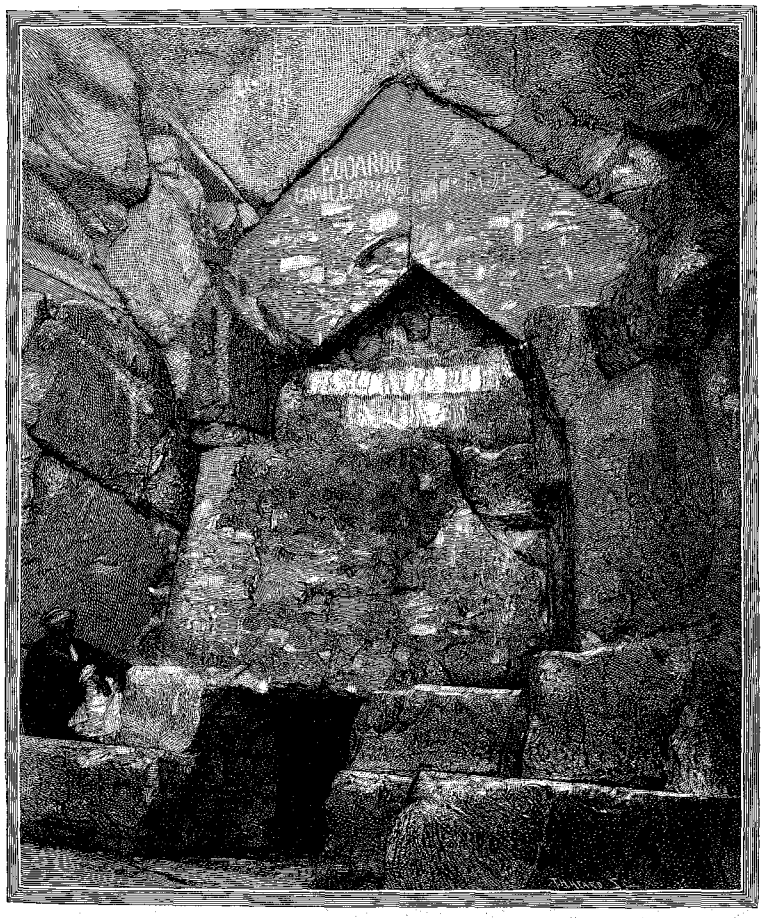

Entrance to the Great Pyramid.

The first reddening tip of the sun upon those lofty "likenesses" of the great Pharaoh was the signal for the watchman of the night to announce the day begun. The last touch of glory upon them was the slave's warning that the king reigned supreme, "forever."

Long after Rameses II., Cambyses came, and on the pyramid-plain conquered the Egyptians, mutilated the face of the Sphinx, and broke into the true outlines of the pyramids—ruthless conqueror, vandal, and destroyer that he was. Twenty-four centuries after, Napoleon, with his conquering hosts, met the gold-covered Mamelukes, who, riding as swift as the wind and as a flame of fire, hacked the barrels of the French guns with their blades of Damascus steel. It was like a blazing volcano. All was smoke and blood and mutilation, as though an earthquake had come. Drooping their heads to the saddle-bow, the fearless Mamelukes rode forward and met the awful volleys of the invader, but only to sink in the sand. Without horses then, and lying upon their backs wounded, they cut at the legs of the enemy with their keen sabres, never yielding until conquered by death.

And there, close to the Sphinx, one can see now the very place whence came up the clouds of smoke and flame amid the yells of the demons who fought, where lay the masses of dead and dying, where the depleted ranks of the victors moved along with bristling arms and broken standards—moaning and swirling like the sea that refuses to be quiet after a storm.

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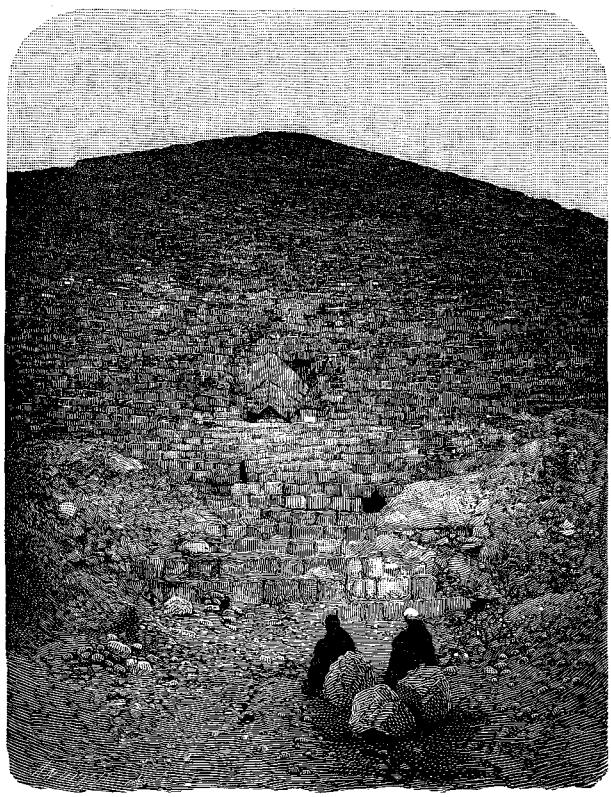
Later, Champollion, Lepsius, Rosellini, Greaves, and others gathered material here for their splendid volumes. Their magnificent helps to the study of this whole vicinity were not appreciated during their lives, for speculation as to the purpose of these wondrous structures attracted little popular attention for nearly half a century, until it gained a new impetus from the wide discussion of the theories of Professor C. Piazzi Smyth and others.

The construction of the interior of the Great Pyramid must now be explained, so far as it is understood. If one could have but a single impression of the massive masonry and the constructive ability of the master-mason who planned it, the most satisfactory one would be at the entrance, near the centre of the north side. The floor-base of the entrance-passage is on the thirteenth tier of masonry, about sixty feet from the ground, is 398 inches wide and 30 inches thick. The entrance-passage is but 41.5 inches wide, and its walls are composed of comparatively small stones. But their truthfully straight lines and close-fitting joints excite the admiration of all who are able to appreciate good work. The passage descends at an angle of 26.3°, nearly. Over the walls is a roof of stone 100 inches thick and 147 inches broad. Above it is a triangular stone which is 60 inches thick at the outer end. The vertical line of the two lower triangular arch-stones is 96 inches.



The Entrance and Al Mamoun's Forced Opening.

As may be seen by the masonry below (page 51), at either side, there must have been one or more sets of these northward (outside) of the ones remaining. If there are more beyond, they are undoubtedly upon a horizontal line, and must, therefore, rapidly leave the neighborhood of the entrance-passage.

Though mercilessly hacked and quarried and dilapidated, the mouth of the entrance-passage gives one a most impressive example of the stupendous construction-plan of the whole grand pile. It held its secret within its great throat for many a long thousand years, until A.D. 820, when Caliph Al Mamoun discovered it in a most unexpected manner. This distinguished Arab of Fostat, the son of Haroun al Raschid of the "Arabian Nights," with inquiring mind, made a journey to Gizeh and proceeded to effect an entrance into the Great Pyramid, wherein, he had been led to believe, great treasures were to be found. A large staff of quarrymen was engaged for the work. At which side to make the attack, and at what point, was a puzzle. A trifling hint caused the north face to be chosen, near the base and at the centre. Two blunders were made

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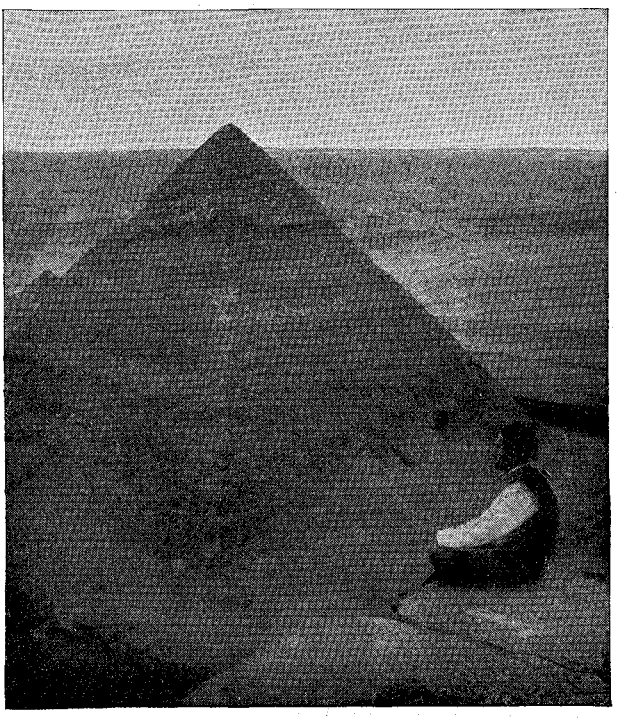
at the beginning. The forced entrance was started 300 inches below the proper one, and 250 inches west of it. Night and day, week after week, for months, the labor of tunnelling went on, until quite one hundred feet of the antique masonry had been broken up and brought to the light. The workmen began to murmur then, and even openly rebelled against pursuing such a fruitless task any further. But they were forced to push on. One day, as some of them wrought despairingly at the inner end of their excavation, they heard a strange noise beyond them, which resembled the falling of a great stone in a hollow space. It seemed incredible. Though alarmed beyond measure, they were forced by their persistent master to go on with the enterprise. Hammers, fire, and vinegar were employed with renewed vigor again and again, until, a walled surface yielding to their efforts, the way opened to a low, narrow, descending passage. Leaping into the dark avenue with lighted torch, they discovered at once the fallen stone which had led them on. It had dropped from the roof to the floor, and revealed the fact that there was just beyond it another passage, following southward like the other, ascending instead of descending; but, alas! it was closed by a series of huge granite plugs, placed there by the builder for the very purpose of heading off such enterprises as that of the adventurous caliph.



Pyramid of Chephren from the Top of the Great Pyramid.

Nothing daunted, however, the plucky Saracens broke a side passage through the western wall of limestone, cut a huge chasm upward, and made a junction with the wall of the ascending passage where the granite did not oppose. They cut through the limestone wall with comparative ease, but as fast as they removed the broken pieces of the well-formed blocks, others came down from above and continued to bar their advance. The despairing men gave way, but their unrelenting master drove them back to their work, forbidding them to stop until the mysterious blocks ceased to fall before them, though the reservoir from which they dropped be held by the hand of Allah himself. Finally the last one made its appearance. Like its predecessors, it was broken and removed, and the passage was clear. With lighted *flambeaux* the eager Arabs ascended, first on hands and knees, and then, after reaching the Grand Gallery, hastened, with might and main, upward and onward into the very heart of the mountain of stone.

Visions of wealth grew before them—there where a ray of sunshine never gave a ray of hope—until they came to the end of the passage. Then a step at the left, three feet high, arrested their attention. Climbing to its top, a low door-way was found, with a splendidly quarried granite portcullis hanging over it. Passing under this, on hands and knees, they crept into a small antechamber; through this to another low

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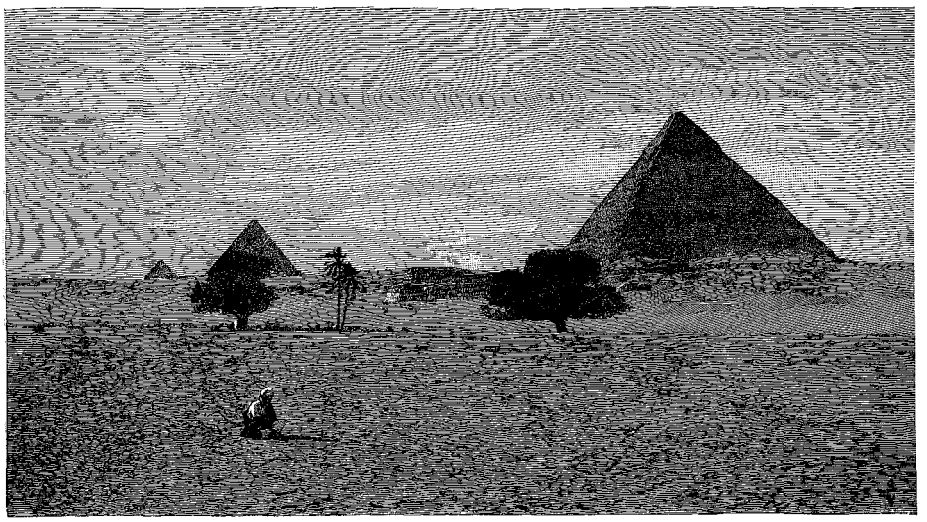
door-way leading into a further low passage, which again caused them, nonplussed, to bend. Thus they were led into the large apartment known as the King's Chamber. There, on the west side, stood the hard-gained stone "treasure-box!" It seemed too good to be true. It was without a cover to protect its expected contents, and it was—entirely empty!

Caliph Al Mamoun was dumfounded, and his workmen were about to murder him. But he was a Commander of the Faithful and understood human nature. During the night he caused to be hidden near the empty coffer a sufficient store of gold to pay the men. The next day, being bidden to dig again, they found the gold and received their wages. As for the caliph, he returned to Fostat wiser as to the clear-headedness of the Egyptians who preceded him some thousands of years, but no better in purse.

From the time of Al Mamoun until 1637, no special effort was made to unveil the mysteries of the Great Pyramid. In that year Professor Greaves, the English astronomer, made some valuable measurements. Two hundred years later, at his own expense, Colonel Howard Vyse did some persevering work of exploration and mutilation, the great scar on the southern side being a mark of his energy. A generation later, in November, 1864, accompanied by his wife, Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, of Edinburgh, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, went to Egypt; and, while residing in some ancient tombs near the Great Pyramid, he collected at his own expense an immense amount of information and made most thorough measurements, since published in his three volumes of "Life and Work at the Great Pyramid," and in another entitled "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," all illustrated from his own personally made photographs and drawings. In 1865 he sent me twenty-four of his pyramid photographs on glass, several of which have been engraved for this article.

And what of the interior? A diagram of a vertical, central section (drawn from "Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid," and used here [p. 50] by the consent of Professor Smyth) must serve in explanation. Entering at the north side, the passage *A* is found descending for nearly 344 feet at an angle of about 27°. The passage is so straight that the blue sky can be seen from the lower end of the portion which descends, at its junction with the ascending passage, *B*, which is only a few feet from where Al Mamoun entered. Ascending



Napoleon's Battlefield (Desert of Gizeh).

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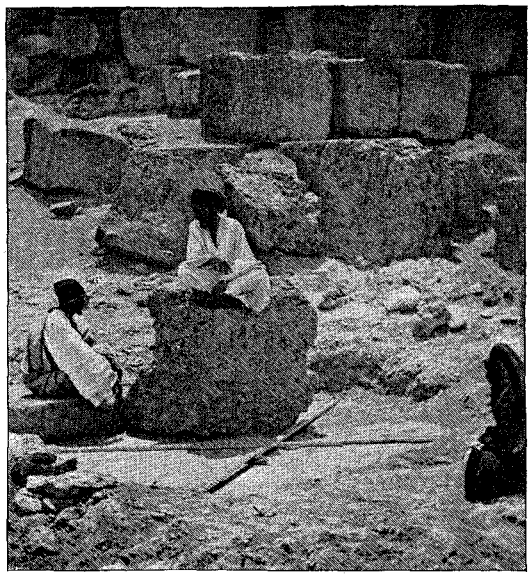
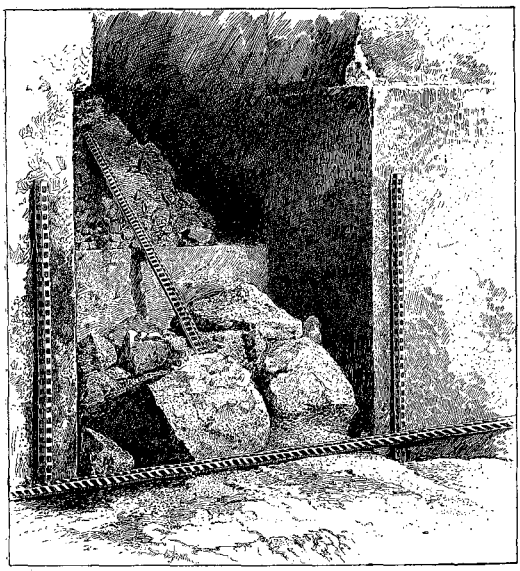
this path 93 feet we find a horizontal passage into the Queen's Chamber, *D*, and a narrow, tortuous well descends to the subterranean chambers, *E* and *F*. Passing the horizontal entry leading to the Queen's Chamber, we find the ascending passage widens into what is called the Grand Gallery, *B*, which is 150 feet long, 58¾ inches wide, and 28 feet high. Its construction is very remarkable. Its lofty walls are divided into seven sections, one overtopping the other, the space between walls diminishing toward the roof. On either side is a long stone bench, or "ramp," each with twenty-eight precisely cut holes, the purpose of which is a mystery. Up one or the other of these ramps the explorer is led by the hand of one Arab, is cheered by another following closely, and further helped by deep cuts made in the ramp-stones to prevent slipping. At places the ramp is broken away, when one must take to the floor of the passage. Finally the top, or southern end, is reached. The smooth, slippery limestone climb is left with no little feeling of relief, and the granite of Mount Sinai or of the quarries of Syene is presented for examination. Leaving the Grand Gallery, a vestibule is reached with a granite portcullis, the survivor of four running in granite grooves, doubtless just as Al Mamoun saw them. Beyond is the King's Chamber, *G*, 35 feet long, 17 feet wide, and 19 feet high, roofed and walled with granite slabs so exactly fitted that not even the edge of a page of this MAGAZINE could be forced into the joints. This sunless apartment is not quite under the apex of the pyramid. The vertical pressure is further lessened by five low, empty chambers, constructed in a masterly manner, above. Ventilating channels, *C*, *C*, lead to the outer surface. The one leading northward is 233 feet long, and the other, southward, is 194 feet long. Both are square, and from six to nine inches in diameter. The construction of the roof is, perhaps, the most skilful piece of workmanship in the world. Nine splendid granite blocks, each nearly nineteen feet long and four feet wide, lie side by side upon the walls and form the ceiling. Above this are the five chambers already alluded to, covered by a series of huge sloping blocks which support one another by meeting at the apex. For forty centuries the mass of



A Socket-stone of the Great Pyramid.



The Niche in the Queen's Chamber

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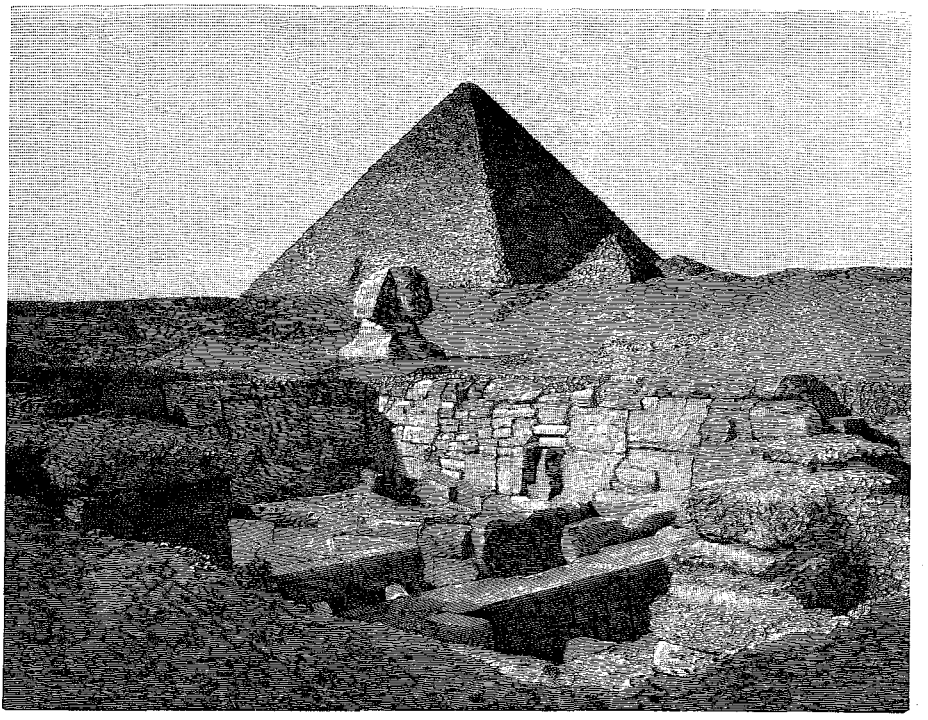

Tombs Northeast of the Great Pyramid.

masonry above has rested on this unique superstructure, and it remains as sound and strong as it was when the architect left it. The floor of the apartment is on the fiftieth course of stone, counting from the base. The coffer is located about four and a half feet from the west end, and, like the walls of the room, is of polished granite. Its cubic measurement outside is exactly double its interior. Its length outside is 90 inches; inside length, 78 inches; width outside, 39 inches; width inside, 27 inches; height outside, about 41¼ inches; depth inside, 34½ inches, nearly. It will hold 2,500 pounds avoirdupois of water, and has about 71,250 cubic inches interior capacity—the same as the old English caldron, and the fourth part is the English quarter measure.

Not a ray of sunshine ever entered the mysterious apartment which holds it. Magnesium light was employed to secure its photograph. Eight Bedouins were posted inside and around it, with an uplifted taper of burning magnesium in each hand. Three cameras, large and small, were focussed, in order to increase the chances of success. A wilder, more weird sight I never witnessed. The dark skins of the Arabs, with their white robes shining in the brilliant light; their excited yells; their stampeding whenever a bit of hot oxide chanced to fall upon their bare shoulders or feet, and the intense glare of the burning metal, all gave the scene an infernal realism which needed no fanciful Salvator Rosa to paint it, or Dante to make it more horrible. More than once, with the fear of failure staring me in the face, I grappled with my dusky helpers as they fled from the chamber. Although half stifled by the fumes of the burning metal, again and again I forced them back to their posts. At last, American magnesium and the Yankee camera were victorious, and brought three pictures of the coffer out to the light, so that all might guess what it is.

And what is it? Whatever else it *may* be, many people, led by Professor Smyth, regard it as the standard of

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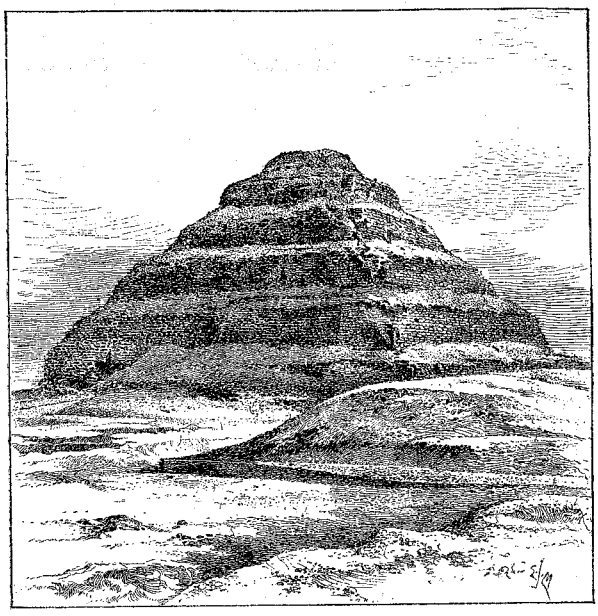
English weights and measures. A hundred other curious theories have been advanced by thoughtful people concerning the coffer and the chamber wherein it rests, and a thousand details of construction and measurement have been industriously recorded by Professor Smyth. But my space confines me to the mention of only one more thought—one that in the future may lead to very important revelations. When approaching the King's Chamber, as soon as the visitor enters the antechamber, he observes a block of granite suspended from side to side. It is about two feet from the entrance, is quite a foot thick, and is slid down so as to rest in two opposite grooves that have been carefully cut into the wainscoting which lines the chamber for quite a height on both sides. This curious block has been termed the "Granite Leaf," because, as Professor Greaves, who christened it, said, "it resembles the sliding-leaf or valve in a water-gate." The only attempt at "fancy quarry-work" in the great structure is upon the face of this curious block. It consists of a small projection standing in relief only an inch from the face of the stone, with its upper surface conically bevelled. It resembles the handle of a door-latch. It is five inches long and four inches high at the centre. It is called "the boss of the granite leaf," and seems to be such a tempting hint that I wonder the lifting-powers of the "handle" have not been tested—and the puzzle as to what is beyond revealed. The future explorer may be encouraged to effort by the suggestion that the "granite leaf" hides "a chamber wherein are stored all the original plans of the pyramid in all its parts."



The Stepped Pyramid.

We return once more to the Queen's Chamber. One of the regular tiers of masonry serves as its floor. Its walls are of highly polished limestone, with close and true joints, and are largely covered with a hard saline incrustation. The most curious feature of the apartment is a niche in the eastern wall, two feet out of centre, and fully fifteen feet high. Its accurate finish and its curious construction, shown by the accompanying engraving (p. 55), from Professor Smyth's photograph, made in 1864, prove that it must have had some special and important object. The antique Arab quarried through its back "to find treasure," but found none. The inquiring European thought to find an underground passage beyond, leading to the Sphinx, but abandoned his theory after forcing his way fifty feet eastward. The ceiling of the Queen's Chamber is formed of two inclined sides, so that the apartment is very properly called "seven-sided." From both the northern and southern sides a mysterious tube or channel leads upward and outward. Until a few years ago these channels were closed by a thin casing. A fissure in one of them invited the hammer and chisel; and after their application, two more pyramid conundrums were added to the list for the attention of the future explorer.

Once more to the entrance-passage. As the low ascending and descending

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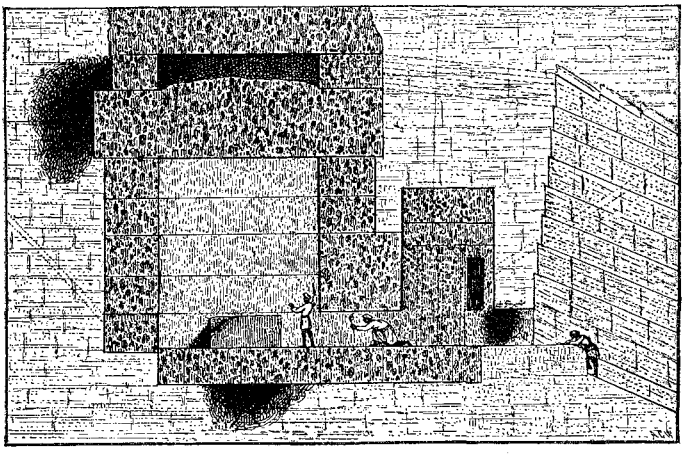
sections are visited, by aid of the torch one may see on their walls a number of carefully chiselled grooves, which—some of the good people wise in such things believe—work by "the inch to the year



Section showing the King's Chamber and its Approach.

theory," and "therefore respond to our own chronology of the following events: When Israel went to Egypt; their exodus from Egypt; the Decalogue given to Israel; the Assyrian captivity of Israel; the Babylonish captivity of Judah; the birth of Christ. Some also believe that the exact entrance into the Grand Gallery marks the Crucifixion, the redemption of Israel, and the resurrection.'

Further extensive and gratifying impressions may be had by means of a circuit around the great pile. An opportunity, also, is thus given to compare it with its neighbors. The ground-plan makes clear their geographical relation to each other, to the Sphinx, to the village, and to the trees. Cheops and his imitators were doubtless foresighted, but they were not amateur photographers; and yet they could not have placed their grand creations better for the purposes of the æsthetic camera-man who is ambitious to take all creation in one wide-sweeping view.

About a mile south by east of the Great Pyramid there is a limestone hill rising from the plain, whose ragged summit is covered with congeries of shell-fish, and which glistens with crystals of gypsum. Standing upon that hill, the observer obtains a fine view of the pyramids of Mencheres, Chephren, and Cheops, and of the Sphinx. In the foreground, say at one-fourth of the distance, are two wide-spread sycamore-trees, with a scanty group of palms between them. Underneath these trees it is said Bonaparte rested after the dreadful combat of 1799. Now, only a lowly Mohammedan cemetery is protected by the shade of the dense green foliage.

Passing beyond these, and eastward, the very best view of the stupendous trio is obtained, together with six of the smaller pyramids, three east and three south of the Great Pyramid. The view accompanying (p. 43) was made with the group of Arabs seated a mile away from the pyramids, and a single Bedouin stationed half a mile from them in order to make the distance better understood. From a closer examination of a corner of the pyramid of Mencheres, one can see how beautiful must have been its highly polished, pink syenite casing, for great masses of the glistening blocks lie in confusion at the base. And how the casing must have been attached is explained by the parts adhering to the upper portion of the "second," or Chephren's, pyramid.

Southeast from the Great Pyramid is a partly excavated tomb. Standing upon one of the magnificently finished blocks of granite which lie there, one can separate Cheops's masterpiece from its neighbors and obtain, not only a choice view of it, but the best possible conception of its elevation. Few sites in Egypt could surpass the one chosen for this pyramid. It stands free all round, 150 feet above the level of the desert, and where the wind keeps the sand swept away clear at its base. It is placed in latitude 30°, or, what is the same thing, where the true

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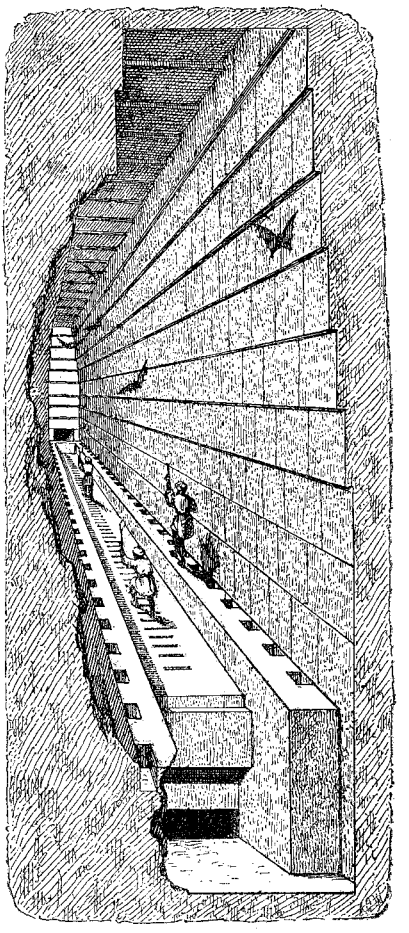
pole of the heavens is one-third of the way from the horizon to the zenith, and where the noon sun at true spring or autumn is two-thirds of the way from the horizon to the point overhead. It is in longitude 31° 11′ east. Its faces are directly north, south, east, and west. Neither storm, earthquake, nor time have disturbed it. Only the vandal has desecrated it, and ruthlessly quarried from it to build his own puny structures in Cairo, or to furnish the tombs now buried in the sand at its feet. Enough remains, however, to construct a wall four feet high, three feet wide, and fifteen hundred miles long, or to supply a cubic foot for each mile of distance between its entrance and the sun. Its height is 486 feet, and is therefore in excess of that of the cathedrals of St. Stephen at Vienna, St. Peter at Rome, St. Nicholas at Hamburg, or Notre Dame at Rouen. It is 179 feet higher than the Capitol at Washington, 69 feet lower than the Washington monument, 121 feet higher than St. Paul's at London, nearly twice as high as the great electric-light mast at Cleveland, and only 24 feet lower than the spires of the magnificent cathedral at Cologne. It is quite 750 feet square at the base, and covers 13½ acres of ground—an area equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields in London, and about three hundred feet each way longer than the area occupied by the new public buildings in Philadelphia. If it could be hoisted over New York City and let down at Union Square, it would not quite go into the space between the north side of Seventeenth and the south side of Fourteenth Streets. It would cover from the eastern side of Fourth Avenue quite to the first pavement of Fifth Avenue. If it should be thus let down at any time, and there were no street-exits north and south, Union Square would become as dark and dismal as the King's Chamber. It is four times as high as the electric-light mast in Union Square, and several times larger, I dare say, than the pyramidal composition formed by the guy-rods of that mast. Anyone standing at the northwest corner of Broadway and Seventeenth Street, facing toward Fourteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, will secure a fair impression of the size of the Great Pyramid



The Ascending Passage.

base, although the area thus viewed is nearly three hundred feet scant on the right-hand side. The diagonal of its base is 12,927 inches.

One more effort to get at a satisfactory comprehension of the immensity of this unparalleled structure, and I desist. The observation must be made from the north side, opposite the entrance and at some distance from, and on a line somewhat below, the base [p. 52]. Al Mamoun's hole is seen on the right. Above it, and farther east, is the grand entrance-portal, 668 inches above the base, and there are the objects to be used for our kindergarten demonstration—the quarried blocks of stone. Some of these are thirty feet long by five feet high, and four to five feet wide. They must contain from six to seven hundred

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and fifty cubic feet each, and weigh from fifty to sixty tons. The stones about the entrance we have already tried to comprehend. There is nothing of interest on the western side.

Let us turn for awhile to the Great Pyramid's inseparable companion, the Sphinx. It is located about 1,800 feet southeast of the Great Pyramid. It is a natural rock, such as is occasionally seen in the Arabian desert between Akabah and Petra, with the general outline of an animal. The head only has been sculptured with any artistic care, after the image of the Egyptian god Armachis. The back of the head has been less mutilated than the face, and still displays the careful chiselling of the workmen. Little is known of its history, and less of its origin. Science, however, has figured out its size. The height from the base is 63 feet; the length, 155 feet. The ears each measure 6 feet 5 inches; the nose, 5 feet 10 inches; and the mouth, 7 feet 8 inches. Across the cheeks, the face is 13 feet 7 inches. The neck at the shoulders is 99 feet in circumference, and at the head 66 feet. From the great hole in the back to the shoulders is 75 feet. Recent excavations have revealed again, between the mason-built paws of the monster, and running underneath its body, a curious "temple" with six compartments, one above the other, with a grand staircase leading to it from the plain. What the connection is between the two is yet an open question. M. Mariette believed the Sphinx to be older than the pyramids. It is known to the Arabs as "Abûhol"!—the father of terrors! Wise investigators have concluded that it was completed in the time of Thothmes IV., and redecorated under Rameses II., but had been commenced under Thothmes III., about 1460 B.C. Its name, Sphinx, means "the pouring out," and for this reason it is believed in some way to symbolize the overflow of the Nile. Other good people believe it was designed to symbolize a pure religious truth connected with the lesson the Divine Master taught—"Watch."

Doubtless the clearing away of the sand about it, which is going on vigorously at this very time, may supply some fresh knowledge that will help us to understand the purpose of its construction. It has been and is faithfully watched, but, as I heard an American lady remark one day, as she sat upon a dromedary in front of it, "I think they keep it in horrible repair."

A few notes as to the construction of the Great Pyramid, and then I must retire from a discussion which is seemingly endless. All through the consideration of the subject, the queries arise: "Who built it?" "When?" "How?" "What for?" Answers to these questions have been figured out by wiser delvers than I. I record what seem to me to be the most reasonable of very many. The builder, Cheops, ruled in the fourth dynasty, the earliest one of which we have any record, unless the "Step" pyramid of Sakkarah was erected in the third dynasty. It seems to have been the ambition of the rulers of the fourth dynasty to place themselves on record as the beginners of monumental history, and to fasten its first link to the Great Pyramid. The structure must have been completed, then, about 2170 B.C., and for over four thousand years has served as the contemporary record of the world's events.

How was it constructed? Certainly with tools. This fact has been satisfactorily proved by Mr. W. Flinders Petrie, the indefatigable explorer, who even now is laboring in the Delta in the cause of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The said tools were jewel-pointed—with beryl, sapphire, emerald, topaz, or diamond. In form they were similar to those used in our present generation—long, straight saws, circular disk-saws, solid drills, tubular drills, hand-gravers, and lathe-tools were all made with jewel-points set in a metallic base. Hammer, chisel, and pick dressing were also freely used.

On one of the walls at Thebes, Mr. Flinders Petrie tells us, there is a painting of workmen apparently chiselling down the side of a stone to a plane face; they have a cord stretched quite clear of the stone over an offset block at each side, and are then applying an offset piece to the face of the stone to see whether the face is in excess. This is a skilful method, as any excess would bulge out the string, and could be exactly measured as the work went on. And the string need not be

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removed, as the chisel could be used under it. Working on a vertical face, the bellying of the string does not affect it.

At each of the four corners of the levelled rock upon which the lower tier of the pyramid stands, there is a rectangular cavity or "socket," 6 by 7 feet in size, and in depth about 9 inches. The four foundation corner-stones of the edifice were set in these. They are exactly level, but not on the same horizontal plane, the southeastern "socket" being the lower. How the work went on after that, to the finish, has been fairly conjectured. There are those who oppose the "continuous" idea, and aver that the reigning king did not at once complete the pyramid intended for his tomb. They maintain that the sepulchre was sunk in the bed-rock, and a sloping passage cut to it from the surface. Over this a tapering pile of stones was built. If the king then died, his mummy was placed in the tomb, a small pyramidal cap was put on top of the blocks of stone, and triangular blocks were placed at the sides. A small pyramid hermetically sealed was thus completed. If the king lived, he omitted the triangular blocks and cap, and added other blocks around the base so as to form a second stage, and so on, each year increasing the size. Thus the longer the king reigned the greater his last resting-place became. It also served to mark the years of his reign. If this theory is correct, then no particular credit is due to King Cheops, except for the indestructible evidence that he reigned longest of all. But a more lofty purpose than that must be ascribed to him. There is a unity of design apparent in the Great Pyramid, which proves that it is the result of one grand conception from beginning to end. One need but return to the five apartments above the King's Chamber to see how mighty was the plan from the start, and how scientifically it was executed. Four azimuth-trenches have been found by Professor Smyth, which were evidently used by the ancient architect. Professor Smyth also sets down the cubic measurement of the great structure at 80,000,000 feet. Stephens avers that it could accommodate three thousand seven hundred chambers as large as the King's Chamber, and yet allow an equal solid bulk for partition-walls.

The building was constructed conscientiously throughout. It was so workmanlike, in fact, that there is no reason why it should not stand for four thousand years after every other structure now on the face of the earth is in ruins.

When the builders had finished their work the entrance was carefully concealed by blocks which, in their day, were considered Cyclopean. The secret method of entering was probably communicated to the priests of the land, and handed down generation after generation until, by some unhappy accident, it was lost. When the missing links were first recovered we do not know. Some points of history are given further on.

We return now to our original conundrum. Why was the mysterious structure erected?

Outside of all the legends and traditions in regard to it, a thousand modern theories have been advanced as to the true intent and purpose of the builder. The following are the most reasonable: Lepsius and the majority of Egyptologists consider all the pyramids to be tombs, and maintain that each one stood in the centre of a necropolis. Mr. John Taylor, Professor Smyth, and their cobelievers, adhere to the religious theory. A much less number believe variously in the scientific, the geodesic, or the astrologic theory, and all argue, somewhat dogmatically, each for his own particular little apex.

The scientist fascinates us with his idea that the builder only intended to leave evidence of the splendid acquirements of the people of his day, and that, if evolution only keeps gliding placidly on, something quite as large as the Great Pyramid will come along if the world is patient.

No body of men regard the Great Pyramid as holding more symbolical meaning for them than the members of the Masonic fraternity. Cheops is looked upon as their "Grand Master," and his vast accomplishment is regarded as holding the true principles of all that is "plumb, level, and square." Moreover, it is maintained that "if the sacred

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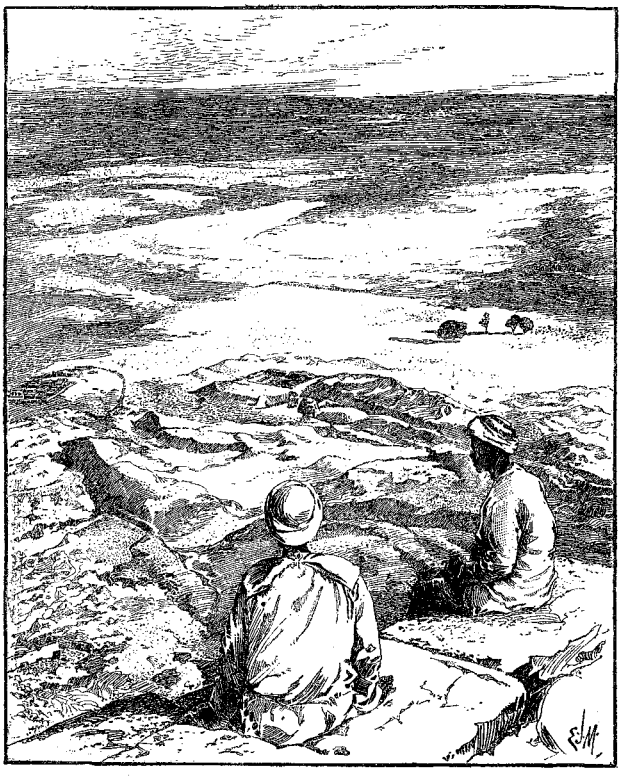

View from the Top of the Pyramid of Cheops.

truths taught by Cheops's pyramid have been inspired by the 'great Architect of the Universe,' and that the architect of the Great Pyramid has tabulated those truths in a Masonic form in this unique building, then the inference is that it is left for the fraternity to apply the connection that exists between the two." The Masonic Lodge is planned after the Great Pyramid "for three several Masonic reasons," reiterated at every lodge meeting.

Professor Smyth thinks that enough has been found out to prove that the building is not "stuck full of rooms," and that practical experience gives "mechanical proofs of a general focussing of the whole toward the King's Chamber, in a manner which absolutely precludes the idea of any other hollow part of importance remaining to be found." And yet there is a movement on foot in this country for a more than ever thorough search after, and investigation of, facts; and another organization, also American, is pledged to probe the mystery with a diamond drill, hoping thus to decide forever whether there are or are not other subterranean chambers and passages.

The earliest trustworthy records were made by Herodotus, the father of authentic history. He visited Gizeh, and tells in glowing language the wonderful impression made upon him by the pyramids, besides recording the many legends and traditions told him by the Egyptians. Before his time we have but little history. When the Mohammedans occupied Egypt the shrewd Arabian writers took up the theme, and wrote many things which can only be looked upon as wild fancies.

Sir John Mandeville was one of the earliest Christian visitors (1350), and from then down to the visit of Professor John Greaves (1637) a number of others recorded their experiences and convictions. Professor Greaves is entitled to the credit of beginning the careful modern study of the subject. Many followed him until in 1799 came the French *savants* of Napoleon's expedition. In turn, Hamilton, Dr. Wilson, Belzoni, Caviglia, Wilkinson, Colonel Howard Vyse (1837), and several others, added much to our knowledge. Then the work rested for over twenty years, until 1859, when good John Taylor, "the father of the modern scientific theory," began his investigations. He, dying, let his mantle fall upon Professor C. Piazzi Smyth. After him we owe much to Rawlinson, Mariette, Brugsch, Maspero, and the Pooles. And now, even while I write, the very last of all comes as follows:

"There is a passage leading from between the paws of the Sphinx, running diagonally to the Great Pyramid, the

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entrance to which is covered by a large stone. Underneath the pyramid is a spacious chamber supported by carved pillars. There is also an entrance to the pyramid on the west side. In the King's Chamber there is a stone behind the coffer which revolves on a pivot, but which is fastened on the outside by two bolts. This is on the west side." These suggestions are accompanied by the following remark, found in an old manuscript: "In a tomb behind the Sphinx, from the mouth of a mummy-pit eighty feet deep, the echoes, prolonged, of a gun fired in the heart of the pyramid were heard, while the gun fired at the base of the pyramid was hardly audible. This fact proves a hidden labyrinth beneath the table-land." Thus writes Mr. W. L. Morcom, of Manchester, England, in the *International Standard* for May.

Since then he has written me further concerning his faith in the "sound" theory, as follows: "We have chambers on the twenty-fifth and fiftieth layers of masonry; why may there not be one on the seventy-fifth? And certainly there are some in the solid rock, easily discovered if properly attacked. Large chambers must emit a hollow sound if the walls are struck. I would place listeners on the following spots: at the ventilation-holes, outside; at the ventilation-holes, inside; in the King's Chamber; in the Queen's Chamber; in the subterranean chamber; and in the great outside tomb southeast. The firing or hammering should be at stated intervals, and the results noted. I also look for a passage over the ascending passage, believing that the transverse plates are for strengthening the work." These suggestions thrill the earnest student, and create a wish that they may soon be brought to the test.

The last day I was at Gizeh was a memorable one for me. I had come back, after nearly half a year of wandering among the great marvels of the Orient, to live the pyramid experiences all over again—but this time as a carefree visitor, and not as a workman. I revisited the interior; climbed to the top, and remained there several hours; I then descended, and once more made the circuit. Then I bade farewell to the Sphinx, and finally crossed over to my old, favorite seat, on a granite pillar of the great tomb. The sun was practically set, for it was behind the pyramid, where I could not see it. But its power was not gone. It sent over toward me the monstrous shadow, as keen-edged and pointed as a Soudanese spear. The long darts of light shot out from the northwestern and southeastern outlines of the great pile like the scintillations of a corona—a veritable nimbus of glory. In an instant more the display ended. The sun had set, and the darkness of the Egyptian night was over all. The whole world seemed to have fallen into the depths. The shadow projected on the sands was lifted up and hung like a screen against the pyramid. The outlines of the great mystery became almost invisible.

Presently a new, soft, lovely light fell down from heaven, or else it came sweeping across the desert like a breeze from Memphis—which, I cannot tell. It was the after-glow, the sunset glory repeated. The soft, tender tints flushed the faces of the monsters of Gizeh, flushed the horizon all around, flushed the sky. The vast desert was set aglow again. Then it all went away, and in the darkness I rode back to the noisy city, more entranced and more puzzled than ever.

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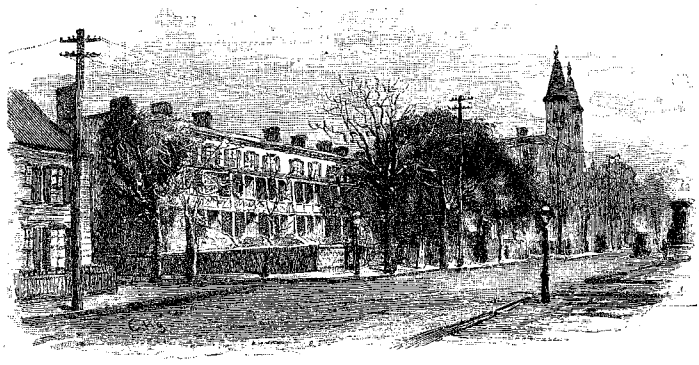

NATURAL SELECTION.

A ROMANCE OF CHELSEA VILLAGE AND EAST HAMPTON TOWN.

By H. C. Bunner.

PART I.

CHELSEA Village has never had the aggressive exclusiveness of Greenwich. It exists to-day, and vaguely knows itself by name, close to the heart of the great city that has swallowed it up; but it is in nowise such a distinct entity as the brave little tangle of crooked streets a few blocks to the south. Greenwich has always been Greenwich, and the Ninth Ward has been the centre of civilization to the dwellers therein. But Chelsea has tried to be fashionable, has opened its doors to foreign invaders, and has even had an attack of Anglomania, and branched out into Terraces in the true London style. And so it has lost homogeneity and originality, and it has only a peculiar and private air of ambitionless and uninviting gloom to set it apart as a special quarter of New York. But Chelsea certainly does look like the inhabitants of its own boarding-houses—most respectable people, who have only tried too hard at elegant gentility for their own comfort or prosperity. And the place has one other strong individuality. I do not know that there are very many ailanthus-trees in Chelsea; but there is, to me, a pervading odor of that gruesome exotic in all the streets, and I think an imaginative person might detect the smell even in the midwinter blasts that howl up from the North River.

Contemplation of one Chelsea street had a depressing effect upon Miss Celia Leete, as she sat by her window at five o'clock of a summer Saturday afternoon. Her room was in the front of a third story of a comfortable white wooden house, one of a little squad that stood well back from the street, the first two stories all but hidden by green-latticed verandas.

Miss Celia Leete looked through the thin and dusty leaves of the horse-chestnut-tree on the sidewalk, and her gaze roved idly up and down the line of boarding-houses across the way. They were boarding-houses with certain aspirations. They had also high stoops and elaborate cast-iron balconies. Yet, somehow, they did not look like even the second-cousins of those lordlier structures within the sacred one block's space east and west from Fifth Avenue.

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Perhaps this was partly because right next to them came the little tailor's shop, red brick, painted redder yet, ten feet wide and one story high, with the German tailor's wife forever standing in the door-way, holding her latest baby in her bare red arms.

The children of shabby and not over clean gentility were playing in shrill-voiced chorus on the sidewalk in front of the high-stoop houses. Occasionally one of them would recognize a home-returning father, and, without pausing in the merry round of Spanish Fly or Par, would give his parent the hail of easy equality, "H'lo, Pa!"

The heads of families in the boarding-house colony were sometimes employed in the wholesale houses down-town; but oftener were clerks or floor-walkers in large dry-goods shops, or proprietors of smaller establishments on the West-side avenues. One of these gentlemen arrived at his domicile as Miss Celia Leete looked out of her window. He mechanically took his night-key from his pocket, but he replaced it, for the door was open, and most of the ladies of the house were disposed about the steps, in all the finery that the "bargain counters" of Fourteenth Street could furnish. Then this conversation fell sharply upon the dull and sultry air:

"Why, Mr. Giddens, that you? Early to-night, ain't you? Wasn't it awful hot down-town?"

By a delicate convention of the place, even the boarder who was in charge of the Gent's Furnishing Goods Department of Messrs. Sonnenschein and Regenschirm, a mile up Eighth Avenue, was supposed to transact his business "down-town."

"Hot enough for *me* [a responsive

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ripple of merriment]. I ain't a hog, Miss Seavey. Why, Miss Wicks, *you* down again? Haven't seen you in three days. Quite a stranger. How's the neuralger?"

"Better now, thank you, Mr. Giddens; but I had an awfle siege of it this time. I was most afraid to show myself, I've run down so."

"*I*dersed you'd run up, 'stid 'f down. Never saw you lookin' better."

"Oh, Mr. Giddens, you're so gal*lant!* I wonder your wife ain't jealous of you, you're so gal*lant* to all the ladies. There, you go right along to her, or she'll say somethin' to me, I know she will." And with a gentle push, and amid much tittering, Mr. Giddens disappeared in the dark door-way.

Celia Leete turned from her window. She was sick of life, of the place, of herself—of something, she could not quite tell what.

And yet her ailment was common enough, and simple enough, and she defined her longing sufficiently well when she said to herself, as she sometimes did: "I wish I was someone else."

It would not require a profound psychologist, knowing who and what Miss Celia Leete was, and knowing also that she had spent one year of the most purely formative period of her young life in a semi-fashionable boarding-school, to deduce from this statement a general idea of what manner of person Miss Celia Leete wished to be, could she be someone other than herself.

Miss Celia Leete was the younger daughter of David Leete, the manufacturer of the once famous "William Riley" baking-powder. There was no levity prepense in the peculiar suggestiveness of this name. Mr. Leete had perhaps never heard of the Celtic lover who of old time was bidden by his aristocratic lady-love to "rise up" and accompany her to "far Amerikey." But he had bought the receipt for his excellent baking-powder from a clever young Irishman who chanced to be a

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leave New York forever. For even the truest old New Yorker must now go into exile with Death, and lie down at last in a Brooklyn cemetery or far up in trim Woodlawn.

namesake of the lovelorn emigrant whose tale is told in immortal verse, and he loyally gave the inventor due credit, and stood upon his own merits as an honest manufacturer. It was long ago, in the earlier days of baking-powder, that David Leete put the "William Riley" on the market. It was a great success among those first adventurous housewives who were heretical enough to shake off the thralldom of yeast. Of later years, other baking-powders had crowded between it and the great baking public, yet it still sold much as it had at first, when hundreds only, instead of thousands, put faith in the fermenting powers of the new discovery. The adventurous housewives of the first generation had grown old and conservative, and they clung to the William Riley powder, and thought ill of those giddy young matrons who dallied with more modern compounds.

So David Leete was well-to-do. He might have lived in a much finer house than the white frame cottage; but that was the first house he had ever bought, and thence he had ordered that he should be borne when the time came for him to

From the old house, then, he walked to his Houston Street factory every morning at eight o'clock. It had been six o'clock in the baking-powder's first days of struggle, and then it had been seven, and half-past seven, and now that his son Alonzo was old enough to look after the business, he was thinking of making it nine. At half-past twelve he came back for dinner; at six he was at home, in his shirt-sleeves and his big slippers, waiting for supper with a good appetite and a clear conscience.

Mr. Leete had a better appetite for his supper than his younger daughter could often muster up. By six o'clock, as a general thing, the day had grown very heavy to this young lady, and she was not tempted by the cold meat, the hot biscuit, the cake and the tea which were good enough for her father and her mother, her brother Alonzo and her sister Dorinda, more commonly called Dodie or Doe.

But then there were many things that Celia did not fancy, in spite of the fact that the rest of the family liked them. Such strange differences of taste will occasionally occur in even the most

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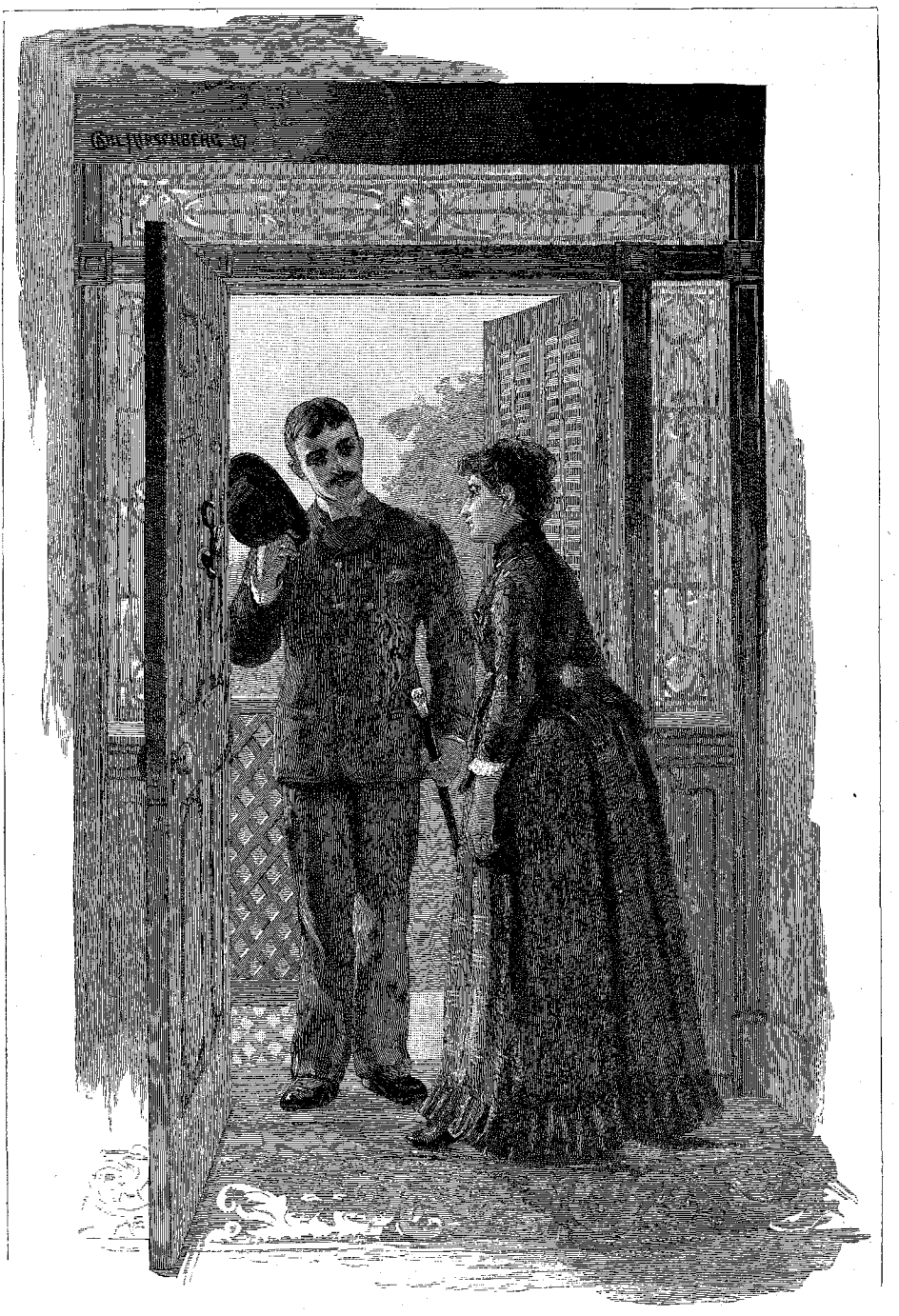

"There was no time for vain wishing, and she opened the door."

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conservatively regulated households—and the standard-bearer of a new school of domestic ethics has to suffer, as a rule. Were we not well abreast with the world when last we took our bearings, some twenty or thirty years ago? Are we to set our sails now to suit these saucy chits whom we ourselves brought into the world? What was right in our time is right for all time, and there's an end of it.

Celia did not, however, suffer martyrdom because of any ideas which may have stimulated her young imagination. Her mother said she was "a peaky, Miss Nancy sort of a fussy child, not 'tall like Popper Leete, nor like my own folks, neither." Father Leete thought sometimes that she had been "spilte by that highty-tighty boardin'-school." Dorinda considered her "awfle queer," and wished she were "like the other girls," and Alonzo silently disapproved of her ways and manners—saying once, in fact, that he thought she had too many of the latter. Yet they all loved her and indulged and petted her. They did not understand her, of course; but, then, there was no necessity of understanding her. Children are fanciful, and Celia was still the child of the house.

And although these quoted utterances told, in a broad way, the truth about Celia's differences with the family standard of ethics, it is safe to say that no member of the household had anything like a realizing sense of that truth. If they perceived in the young woman an unwise and futile ambition, they misapprehended the nature of the ambition itself, and pictured the aspirant as desirous merely of those material things the possession of which represented to them social superiority. If they had been asked to put their ideas in words, they would have said that Celia wished to live in a house on Fifth Avenue, to drive on that thoroughfare in a fine carriage, to give balls, and to dance the german, whatever that was, and to have her name in the *Home Journal* every week. And, doubtless, these things were all in Celia's list of vague desires; but also her heart yearned after a certain something which sometimes goes with these things, which yet she knew was not hers by birth—whereas the notion that there was any difference in human quality between themselves and the haughtiest of the people in what was called society had never entered into the head of any living Leete until Celia was sent to a boarding-shool in the Orange Mountains, the year that they thought her lungs were weak.

The Leetes had, like other folks, their own little foot-rule to measure the world with, and they used it with stern and unimaginative justice. They measured all people with it—king and clodhopper, poet and peasant. If you fell below what they held to be the proper stature of man, they might recognize you in your place as a fellow-mortal and a factor in the affairs of life; but they would have none of you socially. If you touched the exact mark, you were a "gentleman" or a "lady," as the case might be. If—by mischance—you rose above that fixed line—why, there was something wrong about you, that was sure; at the best, you were *queer*, and *queer* was a word of serious condemnation in the Leete vocabulary.

As an instance of this impartiality in judgment, let us take the case of the Wykoffs. The Wykoffs were the owners of the whole block in which Mr. Leete's factory stood, and for thirty years old John Wykoff had been a model landlord. That is, he had treated Mr. Leete like a gentleman, and Mr. Leete had treated him like a gentleman, and everything was perfectly satisfactory. But now John Wykoff was dead, and his son reigned in his place, and it appeared that this young whippersnapper of a Randolph Wykoff, through his lawyers, had ordered that Mr. Leete's lease should not be renewed when his five years came to an end in the spring. The lease was not to be renewed that had been renewed once every five years since 1862. The rent had always been paid promptly—John Wykoff had never had to wait a day or an hour, nor had he ever been called upon to pay a cent for repairs. And here was this young pup of a son turning out his best tenant, just for some crazy scheme of building a great co-operative factory to cover the whole block. John Wykoff was a perfect gentleman, but his son was no gentleman at all, that was one thing sure and settled.

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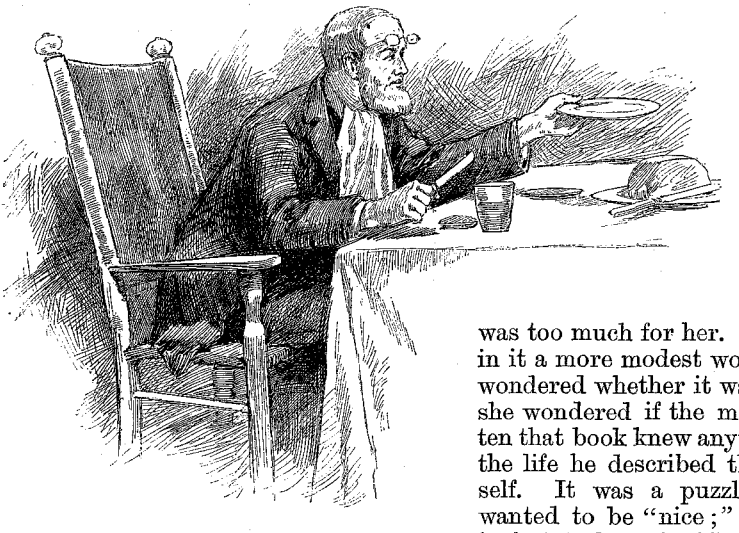
"But I'll give him a piece of my mind," said Mr. Leete, at dinner. "I'll give him a piece of my mind when he comes back from gallivanting about Europe. Gimme some more cabbage, Ma Leete; I ain't lost my appetite, if the Wykoffs *have* gone back on me."

. . . . . .

Celia Leete, whose brief experience of a strange social world had led her to doubt the accuracy and the usefulness of the Leete foot-rule, sat alone, on this particular afternoon, in the chamber



which she shared with Dorinda. She was trying to read a novel of local manufacture, which, according to a press-notice quoted from the Peoria *Palladium*, gave "a vivid glimpse into the highest stratum of New York's most exclusive society." It told about a young country-girl, of overpowering refinement and general moral and mental correctness, who had come to New York to pay a visit to some worldly and aristocratic relations, several of whom she lured into righteousness during her stay. This young lady was finally saved from the wiles of a titled foreign adventurer by the interposition of the hero, a dark and superficially cynical person, who had sounded all the depths and heights of swellness, and who, finding all things else hollow and objectionable, married her and took her off to do missionary work in the far West, where he felt that he could readily win the confidence and friendship of the miners and the Red Indians, and let the light of apostolic Episcopalianism into their darkened lives.

Celia Leete was not successful in her attempt to read this tender tale. She had got it out of the Mercantile Library on the strength of the advertisement which quoted the Peoria *Palladium's* notice. Almost all the characters had names that began with "Van" or "Vander," and the dinner-table talk and ball-room chat were of an elegance that would have been intolerable in any but the very highest stratum of society. Yet Celia was not pleased with it. She longed for a higher social life; but this was too much for her. Her desire had in it a more modest working. She even wondered whether it was true or not—she wondered if the man who had written that book knew anything more about the life he described than she did herself. It was a puzzling thing. She wanted to be "nice;" but what was it, in fact, to be "nice?" Was it to talk in that long-winded way, and make references to all sorts of things which could only be learned out of books? If it was, it must be desperately stupid. She wished that she had some clear idea of what really constituted that better life which she knew existed—somewhere, somehow. She wished that some sudden miracle would open a higher circle of society (she believed in "circles;" nay, in iron-bound rings of society) to the Leete family, and that all of them might be given a supernatural grace to fit them for their new surroundings.

Yes, she was looking for the Fairy Prince; that was it. She did not know it; but she was looking for him. If she could have seen deep enough into the depths of her unformulated fancy, she

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would have seen that the miracle she awaited was a man.

She let her eyes wander idly about the room, as she dropped the book on her lap. They rested first on Dorinda's bureau, splendent with chromo cards of variegated gorgeousness; and she sighed. Then they fell on her own severely simple chest of drawers—those her mother had owned in her girlhood. Then they turned to the window, and she looked out, and sighed again, and saw the Fairy Prince.

For the Fairy Prince still comes among us, in spite of what the photographers of fiction say; and every now and then he marries the beggar maid, and takes her home to live with his people, and is mightily sorry for it afterward, although, as his antique prototype most likely did, he makes shift to live happily with her ever after—before the eyes of the world.

The Fairy Prince was instantly recognizable to Celia's eyes, although I am afraid other people would have seen in him no more than a good-looking, robust young man, with shoulders so broad that they drew attention from his six feet of stature—a young man with a well-bred carriage, a healthy, dark skin, fine eyes under soft, heavy, black eyebrows, good teeth, and the promise of a moustache—a young man with an expression of dignified earnestness upon his face which suggested the idea that he took things in this world somewhat seriously, and regarded his own progress through it as an event not to be lightly considered. In short, other people would have seen just such a young man as Harvard College turns out by the dozen, into a gibing, vulgar world, too much given to levity.

But Celia saw in this stranger, as he stood at her father's gate, a vast deal more than this. Perhaps she could not have told us anything further about him than that he was "different." Different, she meant, from the men she knew in her daily life, with a difference that was not only in looks and in bearing, but that even went, to her perception, to his very garments, or at least to his way of wearing a very plain every-day suit of tweed.

He felt about the gate for a bell-handle, and, not finding it, pushed in and walked up the path, casting an inquiring glance upward as he went, and catching a glimpse of Celia at her upper window. In another moment his ring clanged through the empty house. Mrs. Leete was making purchases for the household against Sunday. Dorinda was buying unnecessary personal adornments at 27 cents and 39 cents apiece, as was her wont of a Saturday afternoon. Mr. Leete and Alonzo were still at the factory, for it was pay-day, and they stayed later than the hands. And Susan, the "help," was enjoying herself at the eleventh annual picnic of the Daughters of Temperance and Grand Rebekah Protective Lodge. It was clear that Celia had to go down-stairs and answer the bell. Why should it make her heart flutter and throb with wild and irrational disturbance just to open the door to a stranger of amiable and pacific appearance?

She hurried down the stairs, after a hasty glance at the mirror and the administration of a deft pat or two to what she called, I am sorry to say, her drapery. She wondered how she would look to such alien eyes. She wished that she were in her white flannel, her dearest dress; but there was no time for vain wishing, and she opened the door.

He had not vanished: he was there, raising his hat and asking if this were Mr. Leete's house. The quiet deference of his manner, his low, clear voice, his somewhat unfamiliar accent, all caught her pleased attention and fitted with his outward seeming into one harmonious whole that to Celia appeared nothing short of absolute masculine perfection. It was like a dream coming true; it was as though a more than human messenger had arrived, to summon her to that world which she pictured only in her thoughts. She wondered if her voice was trembling, or if her face was white. Meanwhile the young gentleman looked up at what he believed was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and heard her say, softly and sweetly:

"Yes, this is Mr. Leete's house; but my father is not in. Do you want to see him?"

Perhaps Celia put forward her relationship to Mr. Leete thus promptly because of some faint fear that the Fairy

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Prince might take her for the housemaid, though nothing in his courtly manner suggested the idea.

"I *do* wish to see Mr. Leete," he said, and Celia thought again that his voice was quite in keeping with his other perfections. "My name is Wykoff—Randolph Wykoff—and I am anxious to speak to Mr. Leete on a matter of business. I am afraid he has been greatly annoyed by an error—an inadvertence of my agents."

"Won't you come in?" asked Celia. Randolph Wykoff! There was no doubt about this young monarch's pedigree or his possessions.

"I'm afraid I haven't time," Mr. Wykoff said, as he stepped into the entry and told his tale with a flattering deference in his manner.

"Of course I didn't mean, when I made up my mind to build on that unfortunate block—I didn't mean to give annoyance to any of the tenants—certainly not to Mr. Leete. I have always heard my father speak of Mr. Leete in the highest terms—he has often said that he would rather lose all the rest of his tenants than Mr. Leete."

It may be doubted whether John Wykoff had ever said anything quite so enthusiastic; but his son was young and impulsive, and Mr. Leete's daughter was very pretty.

"I should like very much to leave a message for Mr. Leete, if it wouldn't trouble you too much. No? Well, then, you see——"

Randolph Wykoff was in Yokohama when the news of his father's death reached him. He started for home at once, by way of Europe, for he had some business in Belgium. He was a very young man, and as soon as he began to think of anything outside of his immediate grief, he found his whole mind occupied with the consideration of his vast responsibility as the custodian of a mighty fortune. He felt that it was his duty to do something for the world. He could not tell exactly what he ought to do; but he felt that the world expected something of him, and he set to work at once, hunting for a rich man's mission. Now, he had heard of a certain model *usine* near Brussels, and he stopped on his homeward way to inspect it. It was in truth an ingeniously planned structure. By a clever economy in the design and in the application of steam-power, it gave cheap and suitable lodgement to a large number of workers in various handicrafts, forming a congeries of factories and workshops within a wonderfully small space. It was, in its way, a nineteenth-century marvel of saving in space and power. Wykoff decided at once that a similar building should take the place of the motley group of wasteful old buildings on his Houston Street block; and he instantly telegraphed his determination to his lawyers in New York, and instructed them not to renew leases. But his brief instructions did not make clear the fact that he meant only to give his tenants a little temporary trouble for their own permanent good; and when he reached New York, he had to face a storm of protests from angry leaseholders. These people he was now striving to placate, and to win over to his new plans. And as the plans were really good—as he had stumbled on a wise enterprise in all honest ignorance—and as he went about his work with much youthful enthusiasm, he had less trouble than might have been looked for.

Much of all this did Mr. Randolph Wykoff communicate to Miss Celia Leete. But even after an exposition so long that he had hardly time, when he left the house, to catch the train for his mother's summer home at East Hampton—even after so long a parley, he thought it necessary to see Mr. Leete again, and in Mr. Leete's house.

"Of course," he said, "I could see him at his office; but I must show him my plans, and my architect's place is very near here in Broadway, and unless——"

He paused.

"I'm sure father would be very glad to see you here, Mr. Wykoff," said Celia. What could she say else?

So it was arranged that Mr. Wykoff should call on Monday, just after dinner; and Mr. Wykoff took the glory of his presence out of the dark old entry, and Celia stood in the door-way just long enough to see the Fairy Prince turn at the gate and lift his hat to her. Then

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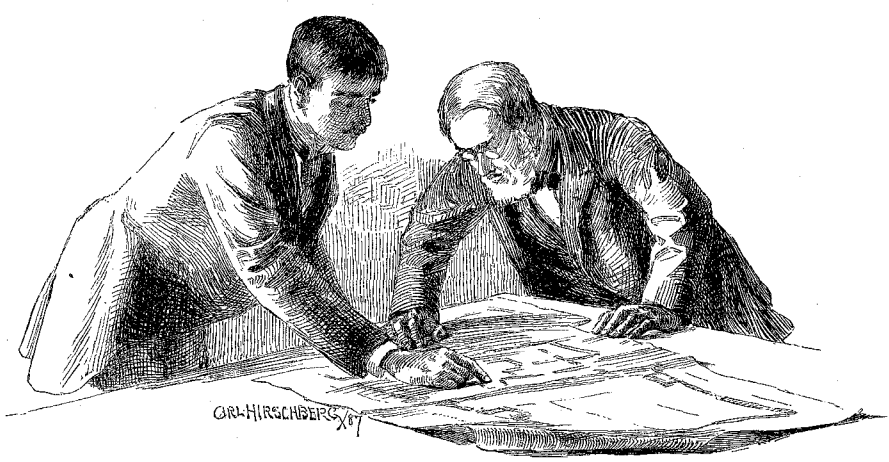
she went in and shut the door—and hid her face in her hands.

. . . . . .

It was a grand story that Celia had to tell a little later, while her mother and Dorinda were setting the table, and Popper Leete sat in his shirt-sleeves, with his stocking-feet on the window-sill, and divided his attention between the evening paper and his chattering family. The visit of a stranger was al-



ways an event of some importance in that quiet household; surely a visitor with such a mission was a rare bird, and one to be well talked over. And then, I regret to say, there was something in the fact that the visitor was a Wykoff, something in the fact that the Wykoffs were "swells." Not that a Wykoff was better than any other man; not that a swell did not deserve the contempt of plain people with no nonsense about them—and yet I believe that every member of that family was secretly conscious of receiving an increment of social value from the fact that a Wykoff had stood within their doors. Somehow it emphasized the fact of their common humanity. They all felt freshly reassured of the great truth, which they had always known—that they might be swells themselves, if they would but stoop to it.

"I told you, Popper Leete," said his wife, as she trotted about the room; "I told you folks like the Wykoffs ain't likely to play such mean tricks as that. It ain't their way. I declare, Celia, how many napkins *have* you had this week? Now, I see your ring when you put it away yesterday, an' it was jest as clean as it could be, that napkin. If you're so mighty finicky, you'd better wash 'em yourself."

Mr. Leete took Wykoff's explanation as an admission of defeat. There are some people who cannot bear to own that they have been angry for naught.

"I thought he'd come to his senses," Popper Leete condescended to say; "he's a young feller, an' he's got suthin' to learn in this world, he'll find in good time. I give those lawyers a piece of my mind that time, an' I guess he heard of it. Yes, I'm glad he's come to his senses."

"What'd he look like, Cele?" Dorinda pestered her; "was he reel good-lookin'? Did he have dimun' studs in his shirt? They say its awfle toney in England to have dimun' studs."

Alonzo was the only one who took no interest in the evening's topic of conversation. His air of chill indifference showed that if young Mr. Wykoff were twenty young Mr. Wykoffs, he would have to prove his claims to notice before Alonzo Leete would waste a single question upon him.

. . . . . .

Mr. Wykoff appeared promptly at one o'clock on the Monday. He had a long talk with Mr. Leete in the dining-room,

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and spread his plans out on the broad table. When Mr. Leete saw that for the same rent he was then paying he could have a larger factory, and that the progress of construction could be so arranged as to obviate all necessity for a double removal of his goods and chattels, he expressed a qualified approval of Mr. Wykoff's proposition. When he pointed out a few changes in the plans which he thought would better fit them for American conditions, and the suggestions were gratefully accepted, he in some manner fathered the whole scheme.

After the business-talk, Mr. Wykoff went into the parlor, where the ladies of the family had assembled, and lingered for a little chat. He found a theme in his recent travels, and he got on nobly when his auditors discovered that, while he had no objectionable personal acquaintance with the royal family of England, yet he had seen the Queen and the Prince of Wales and smaller lights of the reigning house, and could tell many entertaining things of their appearance in public, their manners, and their ways. With a tact which comes to a young man only under certain circumstances, he suppressed the fact that he had been presented at court, and said nothing of driving in coroneted carriages and dining at the tables of the great. The chat stretched out; it was past three when Celia tied up his plans for him, and he took his leave.

Dorinda thought him a reel elegant gentlem'n, and Mrs. Leete said: "Why, *I* think he's a nice, pleasant-spoken, well-behaved young feller. I ain't seen a young man I liked so well in some time."

It is a simple tale. Mr. Wykoff found occasion to come again with his plans, that he might avail himself of Mr. Leete's superior knowledge of the exigencies of practical business. Then he found still other occasions. When the actual work of building began, and he had to superintend it, he fell into a way of walking home with Mr. Leete, and dropping in for a friendly call—sometimes to share a meal. He was received with a shy welcome of subtile significance from Celia, and with a flattered and fluttering cordiality on the part of the rest of the family. Even Alonzo was willing to say, in casual conversation with his friends: "Wykoff—that's Randolph Wykoff, old John Wykoff's son—was in at our house last night, and he said——"

But at last they all understood why he sought their society, and that was the drop of acid in the cloudy solution. There were five different individual reactions in the family of Leete. To Celia came the consciousness of a great and closely impending possibility. Her father was disturbed in mind, suspic-

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ious, and anxious. He had sufficient knowledge of the world to grasp the fact that men held, in such matters, widely differing codes of morality. He had no idea what Mr. Wykoff's code might be. The young man seemed a well-meaning youth—but what were his intentions? Dorinda had similar doubts, and the thought of losing her only sister, coupled, perhaps, with a trifle of natural jealousy, moved her to an enmity toward the intruder which she could hardly repress. As to Alonzo, he was wounded past all soothing—wounded in the inmost tenderness of a hidden pride. For Alonzo's heart worshipped what his lips contemned. In his secret soul he adored swelldom. And now the aristocracy had held out its shapely hand to him, and for a brief space he had hugged the delusion that he was accepted on his own merits, and that the disadvantages of his parentage and his surroundings—which he recognized, and yet loyally accepted—did not count against him personally. And now he found that he was only the brother of a pretty girl. His spirit was filled with a bitterness that nourished itself in silence, and the dreadful things that he expected to come of the unhallowed courtship are beyond all mentioning here. Good Mrs. Leete alone stood Wykoff's friend in his wooing, and her simple, honest breast heaved with motherly pride and fond, foolish hopes and aspirations.

And meanwhile Randolph Wykoff kept on calling, and seemed totally unconscious of any loss of spontaneity or heartiness in his welcome at the house of the Leetes; and late in September he and Celia told each other that love at first sight was a living truth. After which, Randolph went home to tell his mother.

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A NEW LIGHT ON BALZAC.

By Edward S. Holden.

I.

THE world really needs few books which are not yet written; but it has waited for more than a generation, and it still waits, for a truly satisfying life of the greatest of French novelists—Honoré de Balzac.

It is passing strange that no such adequate life has been even attempted. He lived, at times, in the fiercest light of the French capital. He had the closest relations with a whole school of young and rising literary men—Gautier, Sandeau, Gozlan and the rest. He was the friend and intimate of many cultivated and intelligent women, some of genuine literary powers.

His sister, Mme. de Surville, was his confidante and has edited two volumes of his correspondence; but in spite of the absorbing interest of the subject, and in spite of what ought to have been her exceptional fitness for the work, she has given us next to nothing of any real biography. The letters which she has edited are of the most intimate nature. His own works are full of biographic details. *Louis Lambert* is an acknowledged autobiography. His countless reviews and articles in the Paris journals, his myriad digressions on business, politics, religion, love, law, serve to show the man *à nu*, one would say. Yet he remains a total enigma as a man, as a being. Hundreds of articles have been written on his works, his methods, his genius, from the time of Sainte-Beuve to Lilly and Zola. But the being underneath all this doing remains a mystery. It may be this is as he desired; he may have been a second Shakespeare in this, as in so many other ways, and have wished to leave a curse for him that moved his bones. So far as we know, he left no autobiography. Fortune has been singularly unkind toward his literary remains.

The only extant portrait of Balzac (a daguerreotype) was broken by the Prussians in Paris in 1870 at Charles Yriarte's. A curious fatality has scattered his papers to the four winds. The daughter of the widow of Balzac, Countess Mnisgeck, had, ten years ago, one of the most splendid fortunes of Paris—$120,000 a year, report said. She commenced the building of a magnificent palace at the corner of the Rue de Balzac and the Faubourg St. Honoré. Enormous sums were spent on the outside of this, and the interior was never finished. As long as the Count Mnisgeck lived the creditors held off; but at his death, and while Madame de Balzac, the widow, lay dying, the end came; the creditors took possession, and the letters, the manuscripts, the memorials of Balzac, were dispersed forever.

The best sketch of his life is that of Gautier, who knew him well, and who had an intelligence fine enough to appreciate some, at least, of his qualities. Balzac was born at Tours, May 16, 1799, and died at Paris, August 18, 1850, having conquered fame and love. It is not necessary to recite the mere events of his life. They may be found in a hundred places. His interior development

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as a boy is given in *Louis Lambert*. He had not the gift of versification; the poems in his *Illusions Perdues* and elsewhere were written for him by his friends. He refused an excellent situation as notary after he had fitted himself for it, and then commenced the series of struggles in the garret of No. 9, Rue de Lesdiguirères, whose fruit the world inherits. He wasted no moment and chose his garret so as to be near the Library.

Here he sketched out works of every kind: plays, novels, comedies, a tragedy (*Cromwell*), operettas. We all know how he composed, elaborating his novels by additions and additions to the first printed proof-slips. At *les Jardies* Gautier saw the successive revises of one of his books, each revise forming a separate volume. Where are these today? What a *furore* they would create among the disciples of Zola, who love to hang on Balzac's skirts and to call him Master. It was in the garrets that Balzac wrote the *Œuvres de jeunesse*, *La dernière Fée*, *Jane la pâle*, *Dom Gigadas*, etc.

One of the problems of his future biographer will be to explain how the intellect that produced these slight tales, flowered into that subtile genius which has given us *Les mémoires de deux jeunes mariées*, *Madame Firmiani*, *Albert Savarus*, and such others as *Seraphita*, *Gobseck*, *Les Chouans*, *Physiologie du mariage*. One only of his biographers has dared to even suggest a theory at all sufficient to account for his astounding insights into the nature of life; and this is done with amusing caution, shame-faced and skeptical.

Gautier says in his sketch: "Quoique cela semble singulier en plein xixme siècle, Balzac fut un voyant." He had clairvoyant power for the present only, not for the future. Reluctant as this admission is, Gautier might have discovered the same power in himself, had he been free enough to look. It is pure clairvoyance that makes Gautier's greatest novel what it is; and clairvoyance of some kind there must be in every great work. When it is of the intelligence alone or chiefly, we have such works as those of Plato or Milton, or the writings of men of pure science—Saint-Hilaire, Newton, Gauss. The clairvoyance of many sides of our complex nature is not vocal; but we see it to be no less real in all genuine passion, whether of love or of religion. When the spirit and the intelligence are both illuminated we have the mystics—Saint Theresa, Swedenborg, Tauler; and at times, and in their several degrees, a Balzac, a Beyle, a Gautier.

Admirers of Beyle are grateful for the appreciation with which Balzac welcomed *La Chartreuse de Parme;* and in the same way the disciples of Balzac are thankful to Gautier for what he has seen and recorded. As he says, the modernness of Balzac's genius is the wonderful thing. He did not care for Greek Art—not even for the Venus of Milo—but for the French woman looking at her. She might perhaps be Madame de Beauséant. Character was Balzac's absorbing interest—the complex of one's moral habitudes—and not style. A defect, a blemish, a disproportion, perhaps, shows how the effects of life may have modified character; and therefore Balzac studies this defect, this blemish, this disproportion. He understood well the modern doctrine of evolution, that a man is the resultant of the forces of heredity and of environment. Indeed, Darwin's own statement of the general theory is no clearer than that of Balzac (1842) in the preface to the *Comédie Humaine*.

And he also knew that physical environment gives a kind of mental attitude, just as devotion in the spirit can be induced by posture. He prepared his houses, he furnished his rooms, and he made his journeys to give himself the attitude he needed. Which came first, the circular room in the rue de Batailles, or *Maraquita* and the *Fille aux yeux d'or?* In what hot and sandy waste did the idea of *une Passion dans le désert* come to him?

There is a period in the life of almost every person when heaven seems near, and when all vision is clairvoyant. It comes to most as a fleeting phase of love; and it vanishes before the first breath of amour-propre in men or of vanity in women. To some it is given to prolong this period through long years or through their lives. These are "the happy few" to whom Stendhal has

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dedicated one of his books. Religion, in some natures, gives the same power; and it is even better fitted to give it, in general, since religion begins by casting out the great destroyers of all spiritual life, vanity and the love of self. Should we disclose the secret of Balzac if we said that he also was one of "the happy few;" that it was given to him to prolong the vision of that "attachement de sa première jeunesse" of which he spoke but once, through long years of persistent labor? Would this give the explanation of his preaching and of his practice of absolute chastity which astounded and perplexed his shame-faced friend, and even seemed incredible to his skeptical sister? Is there not at least one personality which stands to the *Comédie Humaine* in the relation of Beatrice to the *Divina Commedia?*

There are as many different opinions upon Balzac as there are men who read him. Matthew Arnold has said:

"The motive of Balzac is curiosity. The result is that the matter on which he operates bounds him, and he delineates not the life of man, but the life of the Frenchman, and of the Frenchman of these our times, the *homme sensuel moyen.* Balzac deals with this life, delineates it with splendid ability, loves it and is bounded by it. And in an hundred years George Sand will have established her superiority to Balzac as incontestably as Rousseau." Has Mr. Arnold forgotten *Recherche de l'absolu,* and *Seraphita,* to name no others? On the other hand Gautier has summed up his character in a few words: "Balzac est un moraliste austère, monarchique et catholique; il défend l'autorité, exalte la religion, prêche le devoir, morigène la passion, et n'admet le bonheur que dans le mariage et la famille." And of his life he says: "L'opinion des plus intimes amis de Balzac est qu'il pratiqua la chasteté qu'il recommandait aux autres."

II.

After the thirty years which have elapsed, leaving us no better biography of Balzac than the often quoted one of Gautier, we might despair of new light. But this new light has come as a joint labor of loyalty from the hands of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe, in the shape of a volume of nearly six hundred pages, which is in brief a *résumé,* an analysis, a biographical dictionary, of the *Comédie Humaine.**

The *Comédie Humaine* is a world, and in this society all the personages appear and reappear from time to time, from book to book, just as in real life real persons cross our path, vanish and come again. The object of the authors is to furnish a guide through the maze, a kind of memorandum of the lives of each of the characters. In form it is an index of persons with biographic details, and its least use will be to serve as a mere index for the lover of Balzac, or for the novice who seeks to verify an allusion or a reference.

Again it will also serve to give a complete idea of the whole life of one character; to connect the various episodes of forty volumes. It is with this view that the work has been done, apparently. Only the characters of the *Comédie Humaine* are included, and the light is purposely thrown on them only. There is no conscious attempt to illuminate the character of the author himself; no list of the real living persons, his friends, to whom he dedicated his books; no collation of the numerous passages where he gives his own judgments of historical characters like Napoleon or Talleyrand; or of authors, as Beyle and Sand; no *aperçus* like his characterization of Saint Peter, for example ("le plus rude, le plus *peuple,* et aussi le plus fin des apôtres").

Moreover it is a pure index of persons; no subjects are included, and in this sense it is an incomplete repertory. You will not find references to the famous law-suits of the *Comédie Humaine,* or to its conspirations, or to its heraldry, except under the names of persons. The opinions and judgments of Balzac himself are not included, except by implication.

No doubt many other devoted disciples besides the authors have either imagined or commenced a work similar to this. M. Paul Bourget in the introduc-

* Répertoire de la Comédie Humaine de H. de Balzac, par A. Cerfberr et G. Christophe, avec une introduction de Paul Bourget. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1887. 8vo, pp. xiii, 563.

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tion mentions three, himself, M. Henri Meilhac, and M. Emile Gaboriau. The writer of this article also has occupied his few leisure moments for the past ten years in such a work, and had communicated its plan to Mme. de Balzac during her lifetime.

Indeed, the very nature of the *Comédie Humaine* suggests such a work. Balzac himself has said: "Mon ouvrage a sa géographie comme il a sa généalogie et ses familles, ses lieux et ses choses, ses personnes et ses faits; comme il a son armorial, ses nobles et ses bourgeois, ses artisans et ses paysans, ses politiques et ses dandies, son armée; tout son monde, enfin."

In my own view, the real value of such work as this is not merely to serve as a key to the particular series of printed volumes which form the *Comédie Humaine*, but far more as an exposition of Balzac himself. He was greater than his works, and he contained them all. They were his children, to be sure, but he sent them forth full grown. They had no development after they had left his hand. It is therefore as a key to the man himself that this minute material for an analytical study of Balzac is precious.

It may not be uninteresting to say a word upon the method which I adopted in making my own analysis of the *Comédie Humaine*, especially as the method of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe appears to have been essentially the same. The various tales were read, one by one, pencil in hand, and every proper name and every date and fact of importance was underscored so as readily to attract attention on re-reading. Thus Luigi Porta was about nineteen years old at the passage of the Beresina (1812), hence he must have been born in 1793. This fact was entered on a card under the title PORTA (Luigi). In the same way, every important event of his life was entered on a separate card, and so with other personages in the same volume. The cards which were thus written from a given volume really represented the essence of the whole tale, and were something like the recollections which one has of the dates and events in the career of an intimate friend, only more exact. Other volumes were treated in the same way, and their cards were added to the general catalogue. As the same persons reappear continually in the different tales, each new volume read added new events in the life of each one of the various personages. Sometimes the indications would be precise, as in the date of Porta's birth just quoted. Sometimes they would be less precise, as when it was said, for example, that Porta was born in Corsica *about* 1790.

Finally, all the cards were arranged alphabetically and then all the scattered facts fell into one orderly catalogue, and each person's life could be viewed as a whole. Perhaps a dozen cards might be found for one of the minor characters, and very many for the more important. The information on this dozen cards was then transferred to a single biographical card, making such condensation and selection as was desirable, and settling any doubts and ambiguities.

My own plan was somewhat more extensive than that which the joint authors have so successfully carried out; for my principal object was to throw light upon Balzac himself, while that of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe seems to have been simply to illuminate the recesses of the *Comédie Humaine*. I included references to Balzac's opinions of historical characters, as Louis XIV., Napoleon, Talleyrand, and of living persons, as George Sand, Beyle, etc., as well as upon many (not by any means all) great subjects, as the Church, the State, the Family. In order to illustrate the astounding precision of Balzac's data, I also gave the date of birth, marriage, etc., of his characters, and I have never found a material error in these; nor in his marshalling of the armorial bearings of the various families.

These processes necessarily threw a vast deal of light upon his methods of work, and I am convinced that he himself must have had some written record of the relationships of his characters, etc., for in spite of his tenacious memory, and the entire reality (to him) of the world in which they and he lived together, he could not have recollected the particularities which he has recorded, any more than one can remember the birthdays of all his friends, not to speak of a crowd of minor details. That his characters were genuine per-

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sonages to Balzac, let this anecdote show: Jules Sandeau once was speaking to him of a lady who was ill, and finally Balzac interrupted him with, "Now let us come back to realities; who do you think is going to marry Eugénie Grandet?"

Although the press of other occupations and the very magnitude of the plan adopted have not allowed me to complete my own work, which will now never be resumed, I am all the better prepared to appreciate the exceedingly faithful, conscientious, and able manner in which the *Répertoire* of MM. Cerfberr and Christophe has been done, and I bear the most grateful and willing witness to it after a careful examination and comparison of our labors. I would gladly have seen its original scope enlarged, so as to throw more light upon Balzac and not less upon his work; but as it is, the book will be of the highest value to all lovers of Balzac literature, and of great importance in a study of the man himself. For this latter object it will need to be supplemented, in my opinion, somewhat in the way I have pointed out.

Still an immense work has been accomplished even in this direction. I abridge from the preface a capital general view by M. Paul Bourget. He says: "Let any one imagine for himself the quantity of isolated facts which are implied by these two thousand biographies, each of which is individual, distinct, and follows the personage from the cradle to the grave, and traces his connection with past and future generations. The relation of each character to his environment and to each other character is accurately appreciated and exhibited. He knows his personages like a master, through and through; the maladies of their bodies and of their souls are familiar to him. He knows when a sentiment is simple and when it is complex; when the heart is the dupe of the intelligence and when it is merely deceived by the sense."

Their very natures are set forth by the writer with an intensity of enthusiasm which possesses — yes, obsesses — the reader in spite of himself. "There is abundant evidence to prove," says M. Bourget, "that this process was in Balzac an exaltation like that of mystics, and superior, so to say, to the ordinary laws of life." Balzac himself says: "C'était le rêve d'un homme éveillé." He was preserved from becoming merely fantastic, by the highly philosophical nature of another part of his being. "Il voulait être un profond philosophe avant de faire des comédies." M. Bourget maintains further that Balzac's days were so crowded with mere work that he had not the time to live a life of his own; and that from the fragments of genuine life which he did experience he elaborated, by the magic of his mind, by a "retrospective penetration," the general laws of existence itself. In this opinion I do not share. My own study has forced me to believe that he led the most complete existence, and that always in close company with another soul, he drank the cup of life to the full.

However this may be (and it is only one of the problems of the coming biographer) it is certain that no man since Shakespeare has created a world so alive as that of the *Comédie Humaine*. In one sense he may almost be said to have created intelligent France—which to-day approaches nearer and nearer to the types he has exhibited, along the very paths which he has prefigured. He has also done his share in opening new ways for life to all those who can see, and it is not impossible that he will one day be quoted among those early benefactors of the human race, who have pointed out the doors leading to a fuller measure of human life, which will then have become the common heritage and possession of all mankind.

At the end of Gautier's study of Balzac he excuses the slightness of his sketch by saying: "Personne ne peut avoir la prétention de faire une biographie complète de Balzac." Perhaps not yet. But we must welcome every scintilla of new light, of new evidence, and every new arrangement of the older data. All will serve as material for the life which is yet to be written, and the master will surely arise who can find the clew to this tangled web. Indeed, it seems to me that the web is not tangled, only vast, and that it is all ready to be woven into an orderly net-work. This

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will be immense, for it covers all humanity, but it seems to me that literary, artistic, and creative powers now exist which are competent to this task, if once the adequate impulse is given. What the nature of this impulse must be, one need not now and here inquire. But it is clear that the work is not yet done, and that it is worth doing.

Poe, in one of his tales, invents a game which consists in finding the names printed on the surface of the map. The unskilful at this game seek to give the adversary a name printed in small type, or hidden by some mountain or river-bend; while the adept chooses a name widely spread out though plainly traced. To see this, a general view must be taken. The writer of a life of Balzac must have the microscopic eye to seize and appreciate the finest details such as are shown in this *Répertoire:* but what is truly needed is a generous ample view which shall include the whole range of his nature, and not endeavor to compass all his special knowledge. This phœnix may be yet unborn; but if he is among us, his subject is ready for him. He may die of starvation in the midst of his work; but, if he finishes it, his name will be immortal like Balzac's own.

THE POET.

By Charles Edwin Markham.

His home is in the heights: to him
Men wage a battle weird and dim,
Life is a mission stern as fate,
And Song a dread apostolate.
The toils of prophecy are his,
To hail the coming centuries—
To ease the steps and lift the load
Of souls that falter on the road.
The perilous music that he hears
Falls from the vortice of the spheres.

He presses on before the race,
And sings out of a silent place.
Like faint notes of a forest bird
On heights afar that voice is heard;
And the dim path he breaks to-day
Will some time be a trodden way.
But when the race comes toiling on
That voice of wonder will be gone—
Be heard on higher peaks afar,
Moved upward with the morning star.

O men of earth, that wandering voice
Still goes the upward way: rejoice!

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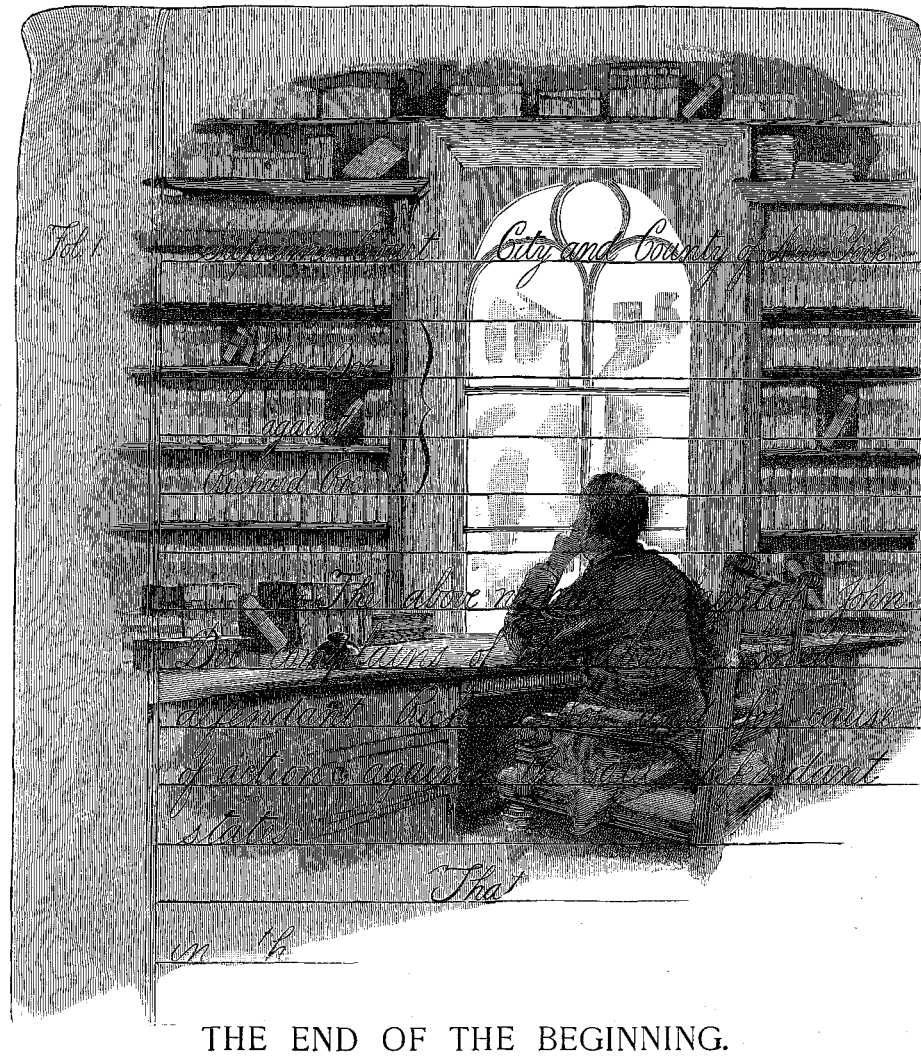

THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

By George A. Hibbard.

CITY OF NEW YORK,
April 10, 1887.

DEAR SIR:

It is with some hesitation that I venture to trespass upon your valuable time, knowing as I do that the demands of clients, of constituents, of friends, are so exacting. Still, as what I am about to ask relates to a matter lying very near my heart, I hope you will forgive me. A young man in whom, in spite of the usual extravagances and follies of youth, I discern some promise and whom I hope, for his own sake and from my friendship for his excellent father, dead long ago, to see occupying a respectable position in the community, has, with the heedlessness peculiar to his age, involved himself in certain difficulties which, although at present of a sufficiently distressing nature, may, I hope, be satisfactorily overcome. Knowing so well your distinguished abilities, ripe judgment, and great experience, I can think of no one to whom I can, in this critical period of his life, more confidently send him for counsel, instruction, and aid, and I accordingly commend him

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to you, trusting to our old friendship to account for and excuse my somewhat unusual act. Though what I ask of you is something not usually required of a lawyer, I think you will understand my reason for thus troubling you. No one can have a more thorough knowledge of the world than an old practitioner like yourself, and what you may say must fall upon the ears of youth with weighty authority. Talk to him as you would to your son, if you had one, not as to a client, and I will be inexpressibly indebted to you, for I know you will lead him to appreciate the serious realities of life, which, at present, he is so disposed to disregard.

I need only add that he is a young man of some fortune and, certainly, by birth worthy of much consideration. He will call upon you in person and himself explain his present embarrassments.

I remain, now as always,
Your obedient servant,
RICHARD BEVINGTON.

THE HON. JACOB MASKELYNE,
Counsellor at law,
Number — William Street,
City of New York.

This was the letter that the Honorable Jacob Maskelyne read, reread, and read yet again. Indeed, not content with its repeated perusal, he turned it this way and that, looked at it upside and down, and finally, laying it upon the table, he held up its envelope in curious study, as people so often do when thus perplexed. It bore the common, dull-red two-cent stamp and was post-marked the day before. Both it and the letter were apparently as much matters of the every-day world as a jostle on the sidewalk. Nevertheless, the old lawyer was more than puzzled—more than puzzled, although he, of all men in the great, wide-awake city, would in popular opinion have been thought perhaps the very last to be thus at fault. If millstones were to be worn as monocles—if there was any seeing what the future might bring forth—the chances of a project, the risks of rise or fall in a stock, the hazards of a corner in a staple, the prospects of a party or of a partisan, Jacob Maskelyne would be regarded as the man of men for the work. But, under the circumstances, even to him this letter was more than perplexing. Here, on this spring morning, with floods of well-authenticated sunshine pouring into every nook and corner, dissipating every mystery of shadow and, it might seem, every shadow of mystery—here, in his office, bricked in by the unimaginative octavos of the law—those hide-bound volumes, heavy literature of all things most amazingly matter of fact; here, in the eighteen hundred and eighty seventh year of the Christian era, in the one hundred and eleventh year of the Republic, he had received a letter from his old guardian, whom, when he himself was not more than twenty, he remembered walking about, a feeble old man with many an almost Revolutionary peculiarity in speech and manner, and whose funeral he, with the heads and scions of most of the first families of the town, had attended full twenty-five years ago. It certainly was enough to bewilder anyone. He again took up the letter. It was unquestionably in old Bevington's best style, courtly enough, but a trifle pompous. Had it not been for its true tone he would undoubtedly have thought the thing a hoax and immediately have dismissed it from his mind. He touched a hand-bell, and in response a young man—a very prosaic young man—over whose black clothes the gray of age had begun to gather, appeared.

"Bring me the letters received of the year eighteen sixty—letter B," said the lawyer, sharply.

That was the year in which his father's estate had been finally settled, and he knew that there would be many examples of his guardian's handwriting in the correspondence of that time.

The clerk soon returned with a tin case, and laid it on the table. Mr. Maskelyne took one from among the many papers therein, and, striking it sharply against the arm of his chair, to scatter the dust that invests all things in the garment the outfitter Time warrants such a perfect fit, he spread it out beside the letter he had just read with such blank wonder.

"Identically the same," he muttered. "No other man ever made an *e* like that."

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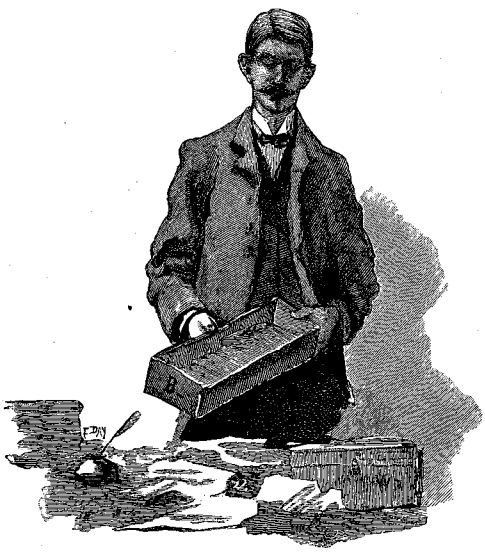
The clerk had vanished and the lawyer was again alone.

He glanced once more at the mysterious missive, and then, with the purposelessness of abstraction, he rose and went to the window. Nothing caught



his eye but the sign-bedecked front of the opposite building and one small patch of blue sky—near, gritty, limestone fact and a far-away something without confine. Still, amazed as he was, the contagious joy of the time sensibly affected him.

The sparrows, quarrelsome gamins of the air, for the time reformed by honest labor into respectable artisans, upon an opposite entablature, in garrulous amity plied their small, nest-making joinery. The sunlight falling through a haze of wires, wrought into something bright with its own glow a tuft of grass which clumped its spears in its fortalice, taken in assault, on the opposite frieze. Of even these small things and of much more, Mr. Maskelyne was partially conscious. But the letter! Clear-sighted as he was, he knew but little—so forthright was his look, so fixed toward mere gain—of the wonderful country which lies beneath every man's nose, less even of the vanishing tracts which retrospection sometimes sees over either shoulder. But the letter! It peopled his vision with things long gone. It brought into view old Bevington—"Dick Bevington," as he was called to the last day of his life—and a nickname at fifty indicates much of character—brought up before him Dick Bevington as he was before age had stiffened his easy but dignified carriage or taught his once polished but positive utterance to veer and haul in sudden change; brought up old Bevington, as he himself, in childhood, had seen him, stately but debonair, the perfection of aristocratic exclusiveness, affable, however, in the genial kindliness of a kind-hearted man secure in every position—a genuine Knickerbocker in every practice and in every principle—a well-born, well-bred gentleman. And that once active and once ebullient life had long ago gone out! It almost seemed that such vitality, so held in self-contained management, so wisely put forth, so well invested, so to speak, should have lasted forever. But now there was nothing left to bring him to mind but a portrait in the rooms of the Historical Society, or a name in the list of directors when the history of some bank was given, or in the pamphlet in which the story of some charitable institution was told from the beginning—really there was nothing more than this to recall Dick Bevington, foremost among the city's fathers, the leader of the *ton*. When he had last seen his guardian he had thought him of patriarchal age. And was not he himself now nearly as old? In spite of the blithesome aspects of the morning, Jacob Maskelyne turned away from the window with an unwonted weight at his heart and a new wrinkle on his brow. The whole world seemed to be going from him, losing charm and significance in a sort of blurring dissatisfaction, as upon a globe, when swiftly turned, lines of longitude and of latitude, and even continents and seas, vanish from sight, and all because his own life suddenly seemed but vexed nothingness. He had not even mellowed into age as had Bevington. He was as sharp and as rough-edged as an Indian's flint arrow-head, and he knew it.

He seated himself at his table. Automatically he was about to take up the first of several bundles of law-papers, when he was startled by the entrance of the clerk. He leaned back in his chair,

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and his reawakened wonder grew the more when a card was placed before him upon which was written, in a dashing hand, "From Mr. Bevington."

"A gentleman to see you," said the clerk.

"What does he look like?" asked Mr. Maskelyne, suspiciously.

"Nobody I ever saw before," answered the clerk; "and he seems rather strange about his clothes," he added, in a rather doubtful, tentative manner.

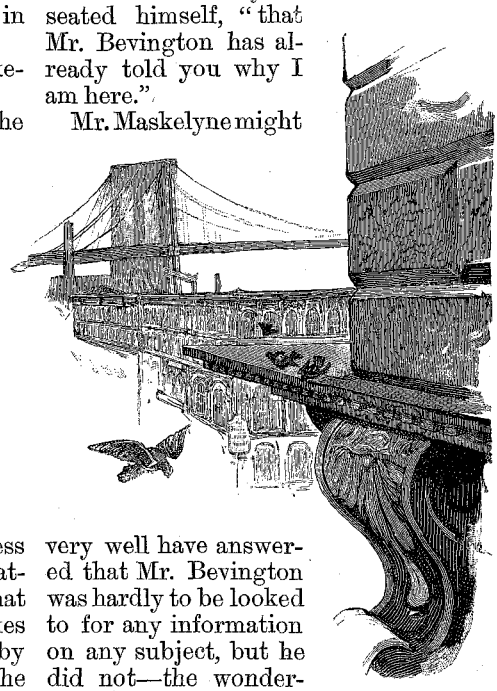
"Let him come in," said Mr. Maskelyne after a moment's pause.

The door had hardly closed upon the vanishing messenger when it again swung upon its hinges, and a new figure stood in relief against the clearer light from without. In his eagerness to see of what nature a being so introduced might be, Mr. Maskelyne turned his chair completely around, and silently gazed at the new-comer as he entered. His eyes fell upon a slim, graceful young man dressed in the mode of at least forty-five years ago—a mode not without its own good tone undoubtedly, but with a tendency toward gorgeousness which an exquisite of these days of assertive unobtrusiveness might think almost vulgar. His whole attire was touched in every detail with that nameless something which really makes the consummate result unattainable by any not born to such excellence; but in the bright intelligence shining in his dark eyes and the clear intellectual lines of his face, even Maskelyne could see that if he had given much thought to his dress it was only from a proper self-respect, and not because dress was the ultimate or the best expression of what he was. Few could look into the luminous countenance and not feel a glow of sudden sympathy with the high aspirations, the pure disinterestedness, the clear intellect, that lit up and strengthened his features. Even the old lawyer, disciplined as he was by years of hard experience to disregard all such misleading impulses, felt his heart warm toward the young man.

"I hope," said the new-comer, with a smile so pleasant, so ingenuous, so confiding, that all Maskelyne's ideas of deception—had he had time to recognize them in the moment before a strange, unquestioning acquiescence took complete possession of him—were at once dissipated, "that I do not intrude too greatly on your time."

Won really in spite of himself by the appearance of his visitor, the famous counsellor waved his hand toward a chair.

"I suppose," continued the stranger, with an almost boyish sweetness, as he seated himself, "that Mr. Bevington has already told you why I am here."



Mr. Maskelyne might very well have answered that Mr. Bevington was hardly to be looked to for any information on any subject, but he did not—the wonderful circumstances of the interview had been so driven from his mind by the potent charm of the young man's personality.

"Mr."—and he paused as if waiting for enlightenment as to the name of the stranger.

"I'm in a devil of a scrape," continued the young man, apparently imagining that the letter had made all necessary explanations, and mentioning the devil as though he was an every-day acquaintance, a pleasant fellow whom he had just left at the door awaiting his return.

"Ah!" murmured the lawyer.

"I did not wish to see you," continued the other, his singularly trustful smile breaking again over lip and cheek.

"Indeed," said Maskelyne, his wits and perceptions in most confusing entanglement.

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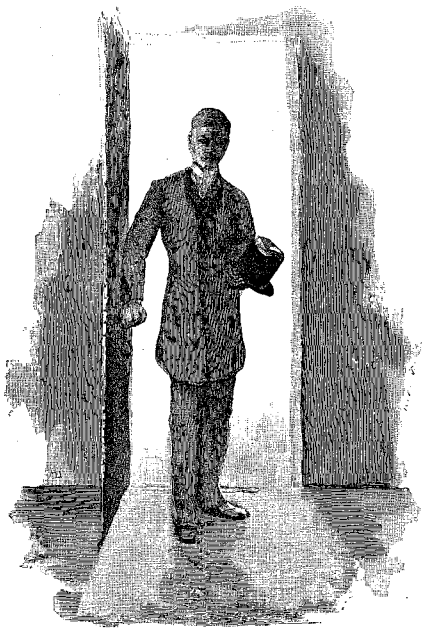
"No," went on the unaccountable visitor. "I supposed that you would give me what the world calls good advice. But I don't want that. I want to hear something better."

He laughed aloud in such a joyous, cheery fashion that the old lawyer even smiled.

"You don't think I am a good man to come to for bad advice?" he said.

"The last in the world. I don't suppose that you ever did a foolish thing in your life."

"And therefore am perhaps less competent to advise others who have," replied Maskelyne, half heedlessly, for his thoughts were slowly turning in a new direction. The more he looked the more the eager, spirited face seemed familiar. He had certainly seen the young fellow before, but where? It seemed to him that he could certainly remember in a moment, if he only had time to think.



"Mr. Bevington——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Maskelyne, in a significant tone, "you said Mr. Bevington?"

"Certainly," said the stranger, suddenly looking up in evident surprise. "Didn't he write?"

"I have received a letter," said the old lawyer cautiously.

He was on the point of making some further inquiries, but the impulse came to nothing. The former feeling of acquiescent, but expectant apathy again possessed him; indeed, he had never been much in the habit of asking questions. He knew that he often learned more than was suspected even, by letting people talk on in their own way.

"In the first place," and he paused a moment—"I am very much in debt." The young man spoke as he might of taking a cold asleep in the open air—as if he had been exposed to debt and had caught it.

The first look of sadness rose and deepened over his face as he shook his head dejectedly.

"But I'll get over it—'Time and I.' Don't you rather like the astute old king after all, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"By your own exertions?" asked the lawyer, dryly, and evading the question.

"I write a little," replied the impenitent, modestly. "I have even heard of people who admired some of my verses."

"You have no other occupation?"

Old Maskelyne was asking enough questions now. Indeed, under the magic of the stranger's manner he had quite forgotten himself, his usual caution, and even the exceptional manner in which his companion had been introduced to him.

"Yes," the other admitted, "I am a lawyer."

"Don't you think," said the older man answering almost instinctively, "that on the whole you might find the employments of the law more remunerative than the calling of a—poet?"

"Mr. Maskelyne, I sometimes think that the world really believes in the sort of thing underlying your question—that there is wisdom in what it so complacently repeats as indisputable. And I am sent here phrase-gathering—to carry off small packages of words put up in little flat, portable sentences, alteratives ready for daily use. But there are gains you cannot invest in lands and stocks—columns with statues at the top as well as columns whose sums are at the bottom. Wasn't 'Le Barbier' a better investment than any in Roderigue Hortales et Cie.,

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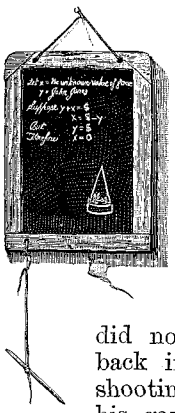
and what could John Ballantyne & Co. show beside 'Guy Mannering?' If the world says what it does, it mustn't do as it does. It's inconsistent. Who will undertake to strike the balance between fame and fortune; what mathematician will undertake to say that x, the unknown quantity of fame, does not equal the dollar-mark?" Then he added, after a moment's pause, "Mr. Maskelyne, don't you think it is true that



"'One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth a world without a name'—

don't you really?"

It was hard to resist such enthusiasm, such unquestioning certainty. The old lawyer did not even smile as he lay back in his chair, a new life shooting through every nerve, his gaze fixed on the flushing face of the young man.

"And the consciousness of best employing the best that is in you," he continued. "Who dare shorten the reach or blunt the nicety of man's wit, make purblind the imagination, stiffen the cunning hand? Tell men that in some Indian sea, fathoms deep, lie hid forever Spanish galleons in which doubloons and moidores, as when honey more than fills the comb, almost drip from their sacks, and you will see in their sudden thoughtfulness how quickly they appreciate such loss; tell them, if you can, what, through poverty, erring endeavor, uncongenial occupation, the world, with each year, loses in intellectual riches, and they will stand heedless."

Speaking with the incomparable confidence of youth, its own glorious nonsense, the young man's voice sent old Maskelyne's blood hastening through his veins in almost audible pulsations.

"What if I do not wish great wealth," the speaker continued, "must I be made to have it? I want but little. Give me food, clothing, habitation, sufficient that my eyes may see the delights this world has to show, that my ears may catch the whispered harmonies of all things beautiful, gladden me with the radiance of common joy, and that's all I want. Who is unreasonable when what he wants is all he wants? Are the worldly so insecure that, as the frightened kings sought to still beneath their tread the first throb of the French Revolution, they must stamp out the first symptom of revolt against the almighty dollar?

"'Chi si diverte di poco, è ricco di molto.'

Mr. Maskelyne, must I eat when I am only thirsty, drink when I am only hungry?"

He paused, and glanced triumphantly at the old man. He felt in some secret, instinctive way that he was gaining ground. A squadron of fauns had charged from amid the vine-leaves, and the legion upon the highway was in rout. Fine sense was victorious for the moment over common sense.

"I think," said Maskelyne, at last, and with a strange, sad, patient air, unwearied, however, by the young man's dithyrambic, sometimes almost incoherent, speech, "I think I cannot attempt to advise you. Having discarded the wisdom of ages, what heed will you give the wisdom of age?"

A cloud seemed to cast its shadow over the other's face. Could it be that, lost in himself, he had spoken almost in presumptuous disrespect to a man so distinguished, to a man whom he honored and whom he felt that he could even like.

"If I speak strongly," he said, "it is because I feel strongly. If I did not feel strongly I would not attempt to withstand the amount of testimony against me."

"Might I ask," said Maskelyne, gently, in his inexplicable sympathy with the young fellow, "why, if you feel such confidence in all you say, you do not, without hesitation, enter on a life in accordance with your convictions?"

At last there was hesitation in the young stranger's manner. He turned his hat nervously in his hand, and sat silent for a moment.

"You see," he began, paused, and began again—"you see, if I were alone it would be one thing. But I'm not—not at all alone," he added, evidently gaining confidence.

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"Ah!" exclaimed the old lawyer, a sudden gleam of new intelligence shining in his dull, weary old eyes.

"And how am I to get married, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"The lady does not approve of your —poetical aspirations?"

"Not approve!" cried the young fellow, eagerly; "she has made me promise that I will give nothing up, that I will refuse all Mr. Bevington has arranged for me. You can't tell how inspiring our misery is. And our courage, —a young Froissart must be our chronicler, sir. We take our sorrows gladly."

"And may I ask——"

"Anything, anything," interrupted the young man, gayly. "I'm sent here to be talked out of what they may call my folly. You see I can't be talked out of it. Don't that prove that it is no folly?"

"You seem," said Maskelyne, dryly, "to have settled it between you—you and she."

"Settled it! We did not need help about that. It's the unsettling. There comes a time when friends are the worst enemies. You know that, Mr. Maskelyne?"

The old lawyer paused. "Indeed I do," he said at last, and the sneer stealing over the outlines of his face slunk away before the look of regret that came swiftly on. Almost in embarrassment, with nervous hand, he shuffled the papers on his table.

Far back in the past, when his eyes were not yet dimmed by the dust blown from law-books, nor his ears deadened by the stridulent clamor of litigation, before his life had gone in attempts at

"Mastering the lawless science of our law,"

or he had lost himself in

"That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances;"

when he, too, dwelt in that other-world of the young, forgotten by everyone but himself, but, although hardly ever remembered, never forgotten by him—not one grain of its golden sand, not one drop of its honey-dew, not one tremor of its slightest thrill—then even he had had his romance. The freshness of the early spring morning, the airy brightness of his young visitor, himself no bad exponent of the day, the awe-footed shadow which, with almost unrecognized obtrusion, skirts the border where the ripened grain fills the field of life and nods to the ready sickle—was it something of such kind, or was it the simple story of which he had had such telling intimation, that brought it all up in memory's half-tender glow? He, too, had once been in love. He, too, had written verses to his inamorata. He remembered it all now, with a smile of mingled pity and contempt. It needed no ransacking of the brain now to quicken into full view his own "It might have been"—to people once more the mystic world whose first paradise is rich in the slight garniture of glances and sighs and smiles and tears. Lost in himself, the old man forgot his visitor.

"You are very young," he said at last, absently.

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"Twenty-three," was the answer.

"And she?"

"Eighteen."

It was strange, but he, too, had been twenty-three and she eighteen when the end came in that glimmering, gleaming past. He remembered, and how strange the recollection seemed, taking her some flowers and some slight silver gift—a poor, inexpensive thing; she would let him give no more because he, too, was in debt—on her birthday. And now, with strange revulsion, he hardened almost into his habitual self, and grimly thought that it all was youthful nonsense, and that all such follies were very much alike. Had he spoken, he would have been guilty of one of those faults often packed with error, an apothegm—he would have said that we only become original, even in our folly, as age gives us character.

"We could be so happy with so little," said the youthful lover.

The old man started. These were his own words many, many years ago; his very words to his guardian when the final appeal was made by old Bevington to what he called his better judgment so very, very long ago, in the dark, stately house upon Second Avenue.

"So very little," repeated the young man. "I have always said," he continued, as pleased with the conceit as if it had never before glittered in the song of finches of his feather, "that we should have gold enough in her hair."

"And is her hair golden?" asked Maskelyne, and, startled by the sound of such words dropped from the lips of the distinguished counsel for many a soulless corporation and many as soulless a man, he added, hurriedly, "light." And then the old lawyer remembered that he, too, had a lock of hair that he had not sent back when he returned her letters and her picture. How bright it was! What had become of it? Where was it? In what pigeon-hole, what secret drawer? He could not for the moment remember. He looked out of the window. How bright the sunshine was! How empty the world? It seemed to build up its vacancy around him as a wall.

"And she, of course, has no money?" he said, turning again.

"None."

He had been sure of it. He rose and went to the window. The joyful attributes of the morning were there, but they were no longer joyful to him. The light fell in the same broad flood, still promising the glory of summer, the ripened harvest, but there was no promise for him. The sparrows preluded still the full-voiced singers of the year, when leaves are heavy with the dust and brooks run dry, but he heard only a quick, petulant twitter. A sort of dull despondency suddenly settled upon him. He forgot his visitor, and even time and place. Amid the glimmering lights and shaking shadows of the past he sought a vision, as at twilight one seeks in some deserted corridor a statue which would seem to have so taken into its grain the last rays of the already sunken sun that the marble glows in the gathering darkness with a radiance not its own.

The young man grew impatient as the revery was prolonged. He stirred uneasily. The old lawyer turned and looked curiously at him. Of course, of course! Was a man to be changed, the bone of what he was to have its marrow drawn, the fibre of every muscle to be untwisted, by this nonsense of a boy? Of course old Bevington was right, and for the moment he did not remember that Bevington was dead—in sending the young fool to such a cool old hand as himself. But if Bevington had known what a turbulence of disappointment, discontent, and revolt had risen, and poured in strength-gathering torrent, even at that instant, through his heart, would he not have kept his young charge away? He would talk to him—certainly he would—pave his way for him, perhaps, as with flag-stones of wisdom. Perhaps—and then he thought with grim satisfaction of what Bevington might think should he learn that he recognized that there were other paths than those edged by a curbstone.

"You have been sent to me," he said, very seriously, coming from the window and leaning with both hands on the table, "for advice and admonition. I will give my lesson in sternest characters. I will teach by example, but I may not teach what you were sent here to learn. When I was young as you—do

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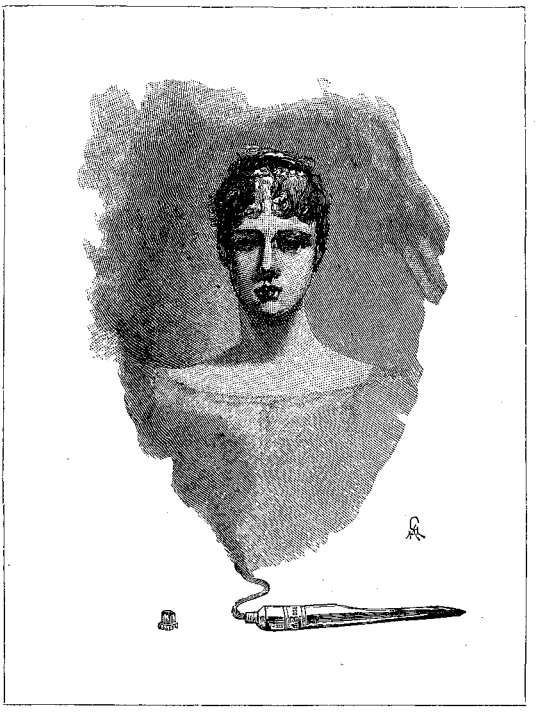
not start, I was young once," and he spoke with infinite sadness, "I loved as you love, and, as with you, love was returned. They who called themselves my friends strove, with what they called reason, to tear me from what they called my folly. My folly! It was the wisdom that it takes all that is blent into humanity, at supremest moments, to attain; their reason, the fatuous folly only enough to give habitual stir to an earth-beclotted brain! I yielded, as you have not yielded. I killed out even the natural impulses of my nature. Gradually almost new instincts came, desire for delight sank into appetite for gain, hope for the joy of higher existence was lost in the ambition for mere advancement. I wrought out in myself that fearful piece of handiwork whose every effort is but to grasp the worthless handful man can only wrest from the mere world. I lost, and I have not won. I was a man and I am only a lawyer, and to him you have been sent for advice. I can find no precedent better, no authority more weighty for your guidance than my own life. Such strength as enabled me to work such a change will also enable you to make yourself a new being, to accomplish self-overthrow, to bring you to what I am—a man rich, successful, courted, revered—most miserable. He who has so won, so lost, stands alone or he would not so win. Choose rather the close companionship of worldly defeat, if it must be, and I say to you in the rapture of your youth, clay plastic to the moment's touch, hold to yourself, and believe that no fame, no power, no wealth, can compensate for a contentious life, an empty heart, a desolate old age. If I were you——"



He did not finish. Slowly the young stranger rose to his full height, every lineament of his face clear in cold light. His whole aspect was one of steadfast command.

"Stop," he cried, in a stern tone. "I am yourself. No ghost walks save that which is what a man might have been. We throng the world. Beside everyone through life moves the image of a past potentiality, the thing he could have become had he held along another course. I am what you were, the promise of what you might have been. For forty years I have walked by your side. I have touched you and you have shuddered, I have chilled you and you have shrunk from me. Your nature has so grown athwart, all impulse has been so long gone, all that softens or ennobles so thrown off that, in almost final self-assertion, what you really were or might have been stands by your side and bids you measure stature with itself. Your life has entered upon its wintry days, but sunlight is sunshine even in December and in youth."

The old lawyer, almost shuddering, stepped back with repelling gesture. He passed his hand quickly across his eyes, and then, as if his heart had beat recall, summoning back every retreating force in quick rally, compelled but not unwilling, he turned in combative instinct

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to meet the stranger face to face, nature to nature, turned—and found himself alone.

Once more the clerk opened the door.

"Eleven o'clock, sir," he said, "and you know the General Term this morning——"

"You saw the gentleman who just went out?" asked the lawyer.

"I, sir," answered the man; "I saw no one go out."

"No one?"

"No one."

"You certainly brought me a card and showed a young gentleman in a few minutes ago?"

"I, sir!" repeated the clerk. "I brought in a card and showed a young gentleman in! Aren't you well this morning, sir?"

"That will do," said Maskelyne, sternly.

As soon as he was again alone he stepped to the table. The card and the letter were gone. And still he knew he had not been dreaming. A man swung high in the air was busy painting a sign upon a building not far away, and he was conscious that all through the strange interview he had watched him at work. He had seen him finish one letter and then another, and now if he found him adding the final consonant he would be assured that he could not have been asleep. He looked up and found that he was right. The man had just made the heavy shaded side and was busy putting the little finishing line at the bottom of the letter.

Two men—one of rotund middle age, the other younger but yet not young—came down the steps of the Union Club one day a few weeks later. They met an old man rounding the corner of the Avenue.

"See what you would come to if you had your own way," said the elder of the two. "There's old Maskelyne. He's got everything you're making yourself wretched to get. Do you want to be like him?"

"No," said the other. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard what?"

"He's a changed man, all within a month."

"Has his brain or his heart softened?"

"As you look at life," said the younger. "He has sent for that clever, improvident, gracefully graceless good-fellow of a good-for-nothing, his nephew, him and his pretty-handed, big-eyed wife—he hadn't seen either of them since they ran away and were married—sent for them and put them in his great, old house and—didn't you hear Maceration growling about the luck some people have just before we left? He says the nephew will have all the old man's property."

"What's the world coming to?" said the senior, "or what is coming to the world?"

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Age was very old—
Stones from Chichimec
Hardly wrung;

Youth had hair of gold
Knotted on her neck—
Fair and young.

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AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

By Andrew Lang.

"Youth and crabbed age
Cannot live together;"
So they say.
On this little page
See you when and whether
That they may!

Age was very old—
Stones from Chichimec
Hardly wrung;
Youth had hair of gold
Knotted on her neck—
Fair and young!

Age was carved with odd
Slaves, and priests that slew them—
God and Beast;
Man and Beast and God—
There she sat and drew them,
King and Priest!

There she sat and drew
Many a monstrous head
Strange antiques;
Horrors from Peru,
Huacas doubly dead,
Dead caciques!

Ere Pizarro came
These were Lords of men,
Long ago;
Gods without a name,
Born or how or when,
None may know!

Now from Yucatan
These doth Science bear
Over seas;
And methinks a man
Finds youth doubly fair,
Sketching these!

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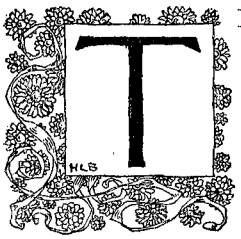
FRENCH TRAITS—INTELLIGENCE.

By W. C. Brownell.



HE sensation which France produces on the impressionable foreigner is first of all that of mental exhilaration. Paris, especially, is electric. Touch it at any point and you receive an awakening shock. Live in it and you lose all lethargy. Nothing stagnates. Everyone visibly and acutely feels himself alive. The universal vivacity is contagious. You find yourself speaking, thinking, moving faster, but without fatigue and without futility. The moral air is tonic, respiration is effortless, and energy is unconscious of exertion. Nowhere is there so much activity; nowhere so little chaos. Nowhere does action follow thought so swiftly, and nowhere is there so much thinking done. Some puissant force, universal in its operation, has manifestly so exalted the spirit of an entire nation, here centred and focussed, as to produce on every hand that phenomenon which Schiller admirably characterizes in declaring that "the last perfection of our qualities is when their activity, without ceasing to be sure and earnest, becomes sport." The very monuments of the past are as steeped in its influences as the boulevard Babel of the present. The grandiose towers and severe façade of Notre Dame speak the same thought, in the dialect of their epoch, that the Panthéon uttered to the eighteenth and the Arc de l'Étoile declares to our own century. The panorama which spreads out before one from Montmartre or St. Cloud is permeated with this thought—as distinct to the mental as the scene itself is to the physical vision. Paris seems to stand for it—as did the Athens of Pericles and the Florence of the Renaissance. Like them, she seems to symbolize *the apotheosis of intellect*. The present everywhere asserts itself with superb confidence; the entire environment is modern, untraditional, self-reliant; the past steps down from the tyrant's chair and assumes with dignity the pose of history, while students, not votaries, keep it free from the dust of the hospitable museums that harbor it. Is not each generation, every moment, provided with the light of its own mind—that light which Carlyle himself unwarily calls "the direct inspiration of the Almighty?" Is not consciousness the greatest of divine gifts to man? Is not intelligence the measure of his distance from the brutes, the bond which unites him to the gods, the instrument of his salvation?

This confidence in the syllogism, this belief in the human intelligence, this worship of reason, has been characteristic of France ever since the nation became conscious of itself as a nation. And the fact that its special distinction is highly developed intelligence is perhaps equally a cause and an effect of this. The form taken by the Revolution, that great purge and renewer of the modern world, was thus wholly natural. It embodied the nation's belief in the saving power of reason and its impatience with anomalies and absurdities. The desecration of the churches, the revolt against religion, the endeavor to infuse life into antique formularies as jejune as they were classic, the mad terror at the threatened reimposition by Europe of the old anarchy, Napoleon's career of conquest carrying the Revolution to all neighboring peoples whether they wanted it or not—every feature, in fact, of the great upheaval is significant of the nation's confidence in the competence of mind in every crisis. That the mutual relations of long-existent phenomena could constitute a subtle harmony quite apart from the absurd and anomalous character of the phenomena themselves, and wholly beyond the power of mind to see, though within the circle of instinctive feeling, France did not feel, and has never felt. The belief that the "increasing purpose" running through the ages operates through any other

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agency than that of the human intelligence seems fantastic to French reason. Working out the harmony of the universe through the "ways of the wicked" or the unconsciousness of the good it views with complete scepticism. Even now the reactionary Frenchman who would restore the *ancien régime* feels as he does because he likes the monarchic ideal, and not because he resents the rude manner of its taking off. And it is this confidence in the efficacy of the intelligence which makes the French so swift to execute their ideas, so anxious to press and impose them. The trait is as noticeable in personal as in public matters, in the social as in the political arena. It is this which makes them so enamored of the positive and practical truths; and it is their passionate attachment to these, and their desire to make them prevail, which splits parties into groups, reverses ministries, produces revolutions. That a thing should be admitted and not adopted is incomprehensible to the French mind; that it should not be admitted after having been proved, after all that may be said against it has been answered, and simply because of an instinctive distrust in the human reason, is inconceivable to it.

In finding intelligence thus universal in France, and integral in the French nature, I mean, of course, to confound it with neither culture nor erudition. I mean such intelligence as Mr. Hamerton notes in the French peasant when he says that the interval between the French peasant and a Kentish laborer is enormous, densely ignorant as both may be. Or that quality, to take a distinguished example, which enabled Pascal, who had no reading, to anticipate in the seventeenth century such a light of the eighteenth as Kant, and such a light of the nineteenth as Charles Darwin. It is the quality in virtue of which rich and poor, educated and illiterate, priest and sceptic, can meet on common ground and understand each other. There is, intellectually speaking, far more disinterestedness than elsewhere. People divide upon ideas, and not upon prejudices, or even upon interests. Mind enters into everything. Even the fool reasons—which is perhaps why he is the most intolerable fool on the footstool. The "crank" is unknown. Respect for the embodiment of intelligence in books, science, or art, and for the distinguished in these lines of effort, pervades all ranks. M. Prudhomme himself cherishes a deep regard for them. One of his commonplaces is: "La seule aristocratie, c'est l'aristocratie de talent." The heroes of French society, taken in the large sense, are the men who have excelled in some intellectual field. English qualities, English accomplishments, are never extolled to them without reminding them of the contrast in this, to their sense, vital regard between the materialism of England and their own civilized ideal. Yet such is the elasticity and suppleness of the French intelligence that whereas Mr. Froude exclaims bitterly, "In England the literary class has no standing or influence," M. Philippe Daryl states the phenomenon with much more rational explicitness in saying, "Our neighbors regard their men of letters simply as specialists fulfilling their functions in the general work, and having a just claim, in the division of profits, to their rightful share of pay and esteem."

It is impossible, in short, to read French books, to meet French people, to study French history, without perceiving that the unvarying centre of the national target is the truth, the fact, the reality. This is the shining disk at which the Frenchman aims, in criticism as in construction, in art as in science. Milton's grandiose and beautiful images strike M. Scherer especially because they are true as well—because they are, as he says, "toujours justes dans leur beauté." The drawing, the values, justness of tone, redeem any picture, however frivolous its meaning; errors in this respect condemn any, however noble its sentiment. Far inferior to Donatello and the Greeks, is M. Rodin's judgment of Michael Angelo. Far superior to all painters, is Fromentin's verdict on the Dutch masters. The concluding lines of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" sum up the French belief with exactness, as they do ours only by extension; and it is at once the distinction and the defect of French literature that it may be justly called a splendid and varied formulation of this belief. Familiar as well as classic literature bears the same witness. Compare, from the point of view of the intel-

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ligence, the "Causeries" of Sainte-Beuve with those of Thackeray. The "Round-about" chat may have more charm, more philosophy, but the charm and the philosophy are both sentimental. But for their magical style they would be doomed to oblivion long before Sainte-Beuve's judgments reached the fulness of their fame. A great deal has been said—and said in France itself—in praise of the English essay, its delightful indiscretions, its personal intimacy. But when a Frenchman has anything analogous to do, he does it on a plane of the intelligence distinctly higher than that of the vast majority of English essays since their origin in the sentimental *Spectator*. Maurice de Guérin, M. Renan, M. Pailleron, the most diverse French essayists, even in a department of effort which is regarded rather as a digression and diversion, agree in dealing quite exclusively with the thinking power. In this field, as in others, there is undoubtedly a great deal of inferior work done, but it is inferior in a different way from our inferior productions of the kind; it is pedantic, or superficial, or prosy, or stilted—it is not flat, emotional, and unintelligent. And of the really superior work it is difficult to overestimate the amount or the superiority. For one English or American, German or Italian novelist, *feuilletoniste chroniqueur*, critic of dignified capacity, there are a dozen, a score, French ones. In Spain and Italy French wares visibly outnumber the native ones in the book-stores. Commerce carries French books to as remote regions as it does Sheffield cutlery or Manchester cottonades. In America we have simply no notion of how in this way the French ideal disseminates itself from Tangier to St. Petersburg. In every country it is an affectation to talk French; the dullest prig thus feels himself at once artistically occupied. The whole intellectual movement of Latin Europe is French. Scientifically, of course, France follows the lead of the Germans, of the English. The eminence of M. Pasteur is somewhat solitary, perhaps. But science and erudition are special provinces of accomplishment, and it is in the development and diffusion of native intelligence in its general and humane aspects that the French strength lies. If M. Pasteur is not one of a group of which he is *primus inter pares*, as might have been said of Mr. Darwin, and as may perhaps be said now of Helmholz, his vogue is far greater than that of any of his foreign contemporaries. Millions of Englishmen never heard of Professor Huxley. Millions of Germans are ignorant of Helmholz's existence. There are, in comparison, few Frenchmen, probably, who do not know that M. Pasteur is one of "les gloires de la France."

And the national turn for intellectual seriousness is as conspicuous in the periodical press as in literature. The press, in fact, is literature to a degree unknown in England and among ourselves. The "journalist" and the *littérateur* are not distinct, as one has only to read the journals that succeed and the journals that fail to perceive that they are here. Indeed, our most eminent "journalists," who seem now to be getting the upper-hand of the "merely literary" writers and establishing themselves as a class, resent being confounded with the latter, and hold the same opinion of them as Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania. They address themselves very little to the intelligence and exercise their own wits, which are unsurpassed, in providing attractive bait for that popular variety of gudgeon known as "the average man" and "the general reader," and known to be endowed with only a rudimentary digestive apparatus for the things of the mind. They have a corresponding disregard for French journalism, to which "enterprise" is unknown, and which appeals far more exclusively to the intelligence. "A new idea every day" Émile de Girardin maintained was the secret of successful journalism; following it, he obtained, with *Le Petit Journal*, the largest circulation in the world. And ideas are, in Paris, so far more numerous and fecund than are our kind of sensations, even manufactured sensations, that Paris has on an average some eighty odd daily papers. If the *Figaro* desires to be especially startling, it gets M. Mirbeau, or M. Grandlieu, or M. Saint-Genest, to exalt some disquieting paradox into plausibility; it does not procure bogus interviews, or print a broadside of private letters, or invent a puerile hoax. The police-reports are fewer and infinitely less elaborate.

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Names and dates are no more important to the interest of an actual than to that of an imaginary drama. The law imposes respect for privacy, but the law has the full support of the public, which would find our "Personal" columns, our "Here and There," our "Men of To-day," our "Society" news, and, in fine, our entire preoccupation with vapid personality, simply unreadable. The gossip of the French press is pompous and pretentious, but it is not pitched in either the lackey or the parvenu key. Interviewing is still an occasional eccentricity. Whoever has anything interesting to say is able and prefers to say it himself in his own way. And all that is not "enterprise" is very much better done than with us. Criticism follows the movement in art, in literature, and in science far more closely and more discreetly. Of even tolerable criticism we have, speaking strictly, very little; and the best, the very best, is apt to consist of the specific judgment of the specialist concerning the immediate case in hand—a high-class and conscientiously executed "Guide to Bookbuyers," in a word; excellent in its way, but also eloquent of the lack of the humanized public, which demands real criticism—criticism of scope, full of generalizations, bringing to bear trained faculties and stored wisdom to the task of that constructive work which shows the relations as well as the character of its subject. Even in political and social discussion our journals show a gingerliness in dealing with generalization, which indicates clearly that it is an article suspected of their customers. The attitude toward it of the latter is evidently very much that of O'Connell's fish-wife to the word "parallelopipedon." Yet of that amplification, historical allusion, elementary erudition, and cheap rhetorical embroidery which some of our successful editorial writers assimilate from their textbook, Macaulay—of that kind of writing, in short, which addresses unintelligent admiration of the things of the mind, the veriest Gradgrinds of our public seem never to tire. Of course, the system of signing articles which obtains in France would prick these bubbles, were they blown there, but it is evident that the public has no taste for them. The French public is pleased with its own follies and fatuities; it has its own superficiality and its own variety of provincialism. It suffers especially from that hypertrophy of the intelligence, chronic *esprit*, as one of the prominent but hardly serious journals shows in melancholy distinction; every morning it gives one a picture of the mental wreck, the state of irresponsibility, reached by a concentrated and exclusive development of a talent for *esprit*, of which the first-fruits were immensely clever, but which culminated with the Second Empire, whose hollowness it had done so much to expose. But imagine the subscribers of *L'Intransigeant*, or of *L'Autorité*, reading our journals of the same grade of seriousness. And it is impossible to take up a French paper of the better class without being struck by the way in which it is written, by the security which the writer evidently feels in the capacity of his readers to understand him completely, and by his equally evident consciousness that emotional appeals, dialectical sophisms, ingenious beggings of the question, insincere extenuations, impudent exaggerations, and the rest of this order of artillery which plays so prominent a part in our newspaper-warfare, will avail him nothing if his reader be not in sympathy with him or his presentation of his case be neither sound nor attractive. There is, in consequence, a sort of "take it or leave it" air about the French newspaper-article that speaks volumes for the intelligence of its readers. Its moral attitude is that of M. Halévy's "Insurgé," to whom, even in the supreme crisis of mortal peril, the idea of influencing his judges by emotional appeal, or by sophistical distortion of a plain case, does not even occur.

Very superficial observation, very slight introspection, suffice to assure us, on the other hand, that we need not go to the press for illustration of the opposite attitude. In every circle the most singular paradoxes are current. They are amply sustained by that ingenuity of dialectic which is a perversion of one's own and an affront to others' intelligence. "Things are what they are," says Bishop Butler, "and the consequences of them will be what they will be. Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" Simply because there are

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other considerations more valuable in our eyes than avoiding being duped. If we did not suffer ourselves to be duped, if we did not at need elaborately dupe ourselves, such is our idea of duty that conscience would not permit us to do certain things, an irresistible impulsion toward which, according to a reverend theory, we owe to the momentum of the fall of our progenitor, Adam. Either these things do not tempt the Frenchman, or his intelligence perceives their noxiousness, or he yields to them with his eyes open and does not seek to elude punishment in sophistication. Ethically speaking, he thus escapes cant; but he escapes also, in the entire moral sphere, the dangers arising from mental confusion. He feels that talking, writing, argument, cleverness, can change nothing in the constitution of things, that emotional seriousness will not transform intellectual levity, and consequently he develops no taste for that Anglo-Saxon passion known to him as *thèse*—that is to say, argument for argument's sake. He is not attracted by the supposititious. His mind has no Pickwickian phases. His triumph in a contest in intellectual dexterity would be empoisoned by fear lest his skill be taken for sincerity, and his mind, accordingly, supposed ingenious rather than acute, imaginative rather than sure and sound. He avoids thus the confusion of temper and passion in all discussion. Temper and passion mean deviation from the end in view; they prevent the object being seen "in itself as it really is;" emotion is quite dissociated with getting at that, and, therefore, though the social and artistic impulse leads the Frenchman to express a great deal of emotion at times, to become apparently excited in a way which would in our case indicate the submersion of the intelligence by a flood of passion, his emotional expression is invariably decorative, so to speak, rather than structural. Withal the French intelligence seems to have almost no frivolous side. The different varieties of mental arithmetic, guessing-games, puzzles, puns, spiritualism, theosophy, fanaticisms, have no attractions for it. It instinctively shrinks from all such desultory and futile manifestations of the scientific spirit. When a famous "mind-reader," who has excited the earnest interest of both branches of our great race, was in Paris, a few years ago, one of the papers expressed the general feeling in the suggestion that a pin be hid on a transport about to sail for Tonquin, in order that the mind-reader's success in finding it might be the means of taking him definitively away from a wearied public.

Life is almost never in France taken *en amateur*, as it is so largely with us at the present epoch. It is taken, rather, *en connaisseur*. People do not do things merely from the love of them, without regard to their capacity for doing them. Every lover of literature does not make verses. Every lover of the drama does not write a play. It is not in France a distinction for a person of particularly literary tastes not to have attempted a novel. The love of knowledge is not perhaps as insatiable as with us, but it is infinitely more judicious. Interest in a wide range of subjects is not accepted by its possessor as the equivalent of encyclopædic erudition, any more than it is so accepted with us by the acquaintances of its possessor. "Aspire to know all things," says M. Renan to the French youth; "the limits will appear soon enough." No American Chiron could wisely give such advice to our Achilleses. And to many of our universal aspirants the word "limits" can have really no meaning, since to the appetite of the pure amateur it has no application. The true connoisseur, on the other hand, the Frenchman, proceeds by exclusion. To enjoy, he needs to know; and to know, everyone needs to select. We get along very well without selecting, because even in the intellectual sphere it is our susceptibility, rather than our intelligence, that seeks satisfaction. But about a thousand practical and positive topics the Frenchman, who speaks from experience and examination, finds our views speculative and immature. We who have enough Teutonism in us to enjoy the vague, and of ourselves demand only that it be also the vast, find him in turn a trifle hard, a trifle narrow, a trifle professional. He is, in fact, terribly explicit. His exactness, were it not relieved by so many humane qualities, would be excessively unsympathetic. It is not, however, the exactness of the pedant.

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It is the precision of perfect candor and clairvoyance exercised on objects wholly within its range of vision and undisturbed by anxiety as to what lies outside. Of that the intelligence gives no report, and to the Frenchman the "immediate beholding" of Kant and Coleridge is the same pure abstraction that it was to Carlyle. In this way, and owing to the professional view taken of it, life becomes an exceedingly specialized affair. It lacks the element of uncertainty. That of each individual is in great measure prearranged. Given the circumstances, which in France it is not difficult to predict, and it may even easily be foretold. It will not be deflected by whim or fancy. Only in rare instances will it be transfigured by passion. The individual is too rational to be swerved by sentiment, and it is sentiment that is the great source of the unforeseen and the unexpected.

Mr. Matthew Arnold has lately been praising us for our straight-thinking, or at all events telling his countrymen that our thinking is straighter than theirs. The compliment is a gracious one, but to be told that we think "straighter" than Englishmen ought not to make us conceited. A comparison of our own with French thinking, in this respect of straightness, could not fail to have a less flattering result. We are not, to be sure, like the English, handicapped by the dilemma of either thinking crookedly or else admitting that the entire constitution of our society, its ideals and its ambitions, its objects of admiration and of ridicule, are anomalous and antiquated. But to fancy our thinking as free from prejudice and confusion as that of a society where cant is unknown, even though its substitute be fatuity, would be clear optimism. Upon a vast body of intellectual matters our thinking is not straight because it is, in these matters, dependent upon certain firmly held notions which would be seriously compromised if we were not careful to keep one eye on them, whatever subject we may be dealing with at the moment. If I admit this in regard to A, what will be the effect of the admission upon the opinion I hold in regard to X? is a common mental reflection with us when brought face to face with certain topics. This is never the mental attitude of the Frenchman, who looks at the matter in hand with absolute directness. He has an instinctive dislike of the confusion which results from thinking of more than one thing at a time, an instinctive disposition to look at it simply and postpone all consideration of its consequences—about which we are in general deeply concerned. He readily makes sacrifices to insure clearness. The American habit of hedging in advance against a possible change of opinion in the event of later information (a clumsy device for avoiding the brutality of downrightness, much in vogue with our "subtler" writers) is unknown to him. One remarks all this in the first discussion among Frenchmen that he listens to or shares. Possibly owing in part to temperament, to a certain *insouciance*, to a conviction that the destinies of empires are not really being decided, the admissions made, the easy acknowledgment of mistake, are surprising. But, mainly, these phenomena are to be ascribed to the straighter thinking of the French mind, to its unembarrassed poise, its genius for clearness, its confidence in itself.

At the bottom of our own peculiarities in the matter of thinking lies certainly an inherited distrust in the intelligence working thus simply and freely. Of Butler's saying, before cited, namely, that "things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be," Mr. Arnold admirably affirms that "to take in and to digest such a sentence as that is an education in moral and intellectual veracity." Every Frenchman is thus educated, however, and Mr. Arnold's further remark, that "intensely Butlerian as the sentence is, Butler came to it because he is English," seems fantastic. He came to see the importance of saying it because of his English environment. To a Frenchman it is an accepted commonplace. And, indeed, we, if we withdraw our attention for a moment from the ingrained Anglo-Saxon indisposition to credit it in practice, and look at the maxim, clearly and straightforwardly, as at a mere intellectual proposition—as a Frenchman looks at all maxims or other arrangements of words in sentences—we can feel that it

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loses something of its apparently sensational profundity. But in practice, owing to our English hereditament, we do not simply bring our consciousness to bear upon any point and, after listening to its report, deem our whole duty discharged—even if the point be a maxim which we can, on close inspection, perceive to be axiomatic. In practice our English instinct warns us against being sure that things are what to the unaided intelligence they seem to be; we have no confidence that there is any predetermined law governing their consequences; and if there be, we are not at all sure there is not some excellent reason why we *should* wish to be deceived. The entire history of the development of the British constitution, which we, in common with Englishmen, admire not more for its results than for the method by which these have been attained, is a conspicuous illustration of this. No more forcible example of the difference between the French attitude toward the intelligence and our own could be adduced. The French way of arriving at their constitution we, in fact, do not recognize as a development—as, indeed, for the past two centuries and a half it has not been; the *Tiers État* knew nearly as well what it wanted in 1615 as it does to-day, and since then the "development" of French society has consisted largely in converting its intelligence into statutory enactments. But whenever we think of what little we know of this growth of French institutions it is with either contempt or compassion for the French inability to make haste slowly, for their unwise hurry to draw the conclusion after both premises are settled, for their conviction that the order of nature insures things being what they are, for their blindness to Burke's ingenious tabling of discussion in insisting that regard should only be had to "man's nature as modified by his habits," for, in a word, their overweening and short-sighted confidence in the efficacy of the intelligence. We philosophize in this way about matters of large importance, just as our English cousins do about all matters—from the blessings of inequality to the speciousness of the decimal system.

Nothing, of course, is more foreign to the French mind than this attitude, which it is probably as incapable of appreciating in others as of assuming itself. It never even affects "the humility becoming such doubtful things as human conclusions," to use an English writer's phrase. It regards such "humility" very much as metaphysicians regard the similar distrust of the authority of consciousness which sometimes distresses the beginner in psychology—as distrust, namely, of "the measure," in Coleridge's words, "of everything else which we deem certain." In virtue thus of their taking intelligence seriously, the French make, it must be acknowledged, very much more frequent use of it than we do; and as nothing develops and polishes a quality so much as cultivation, it is not surprising that they strike unprejudiced observers as in this respect our superiors. Englishmen do not in the least mind this, as a rule. An American is perhaps less philosophic. The things of the mind are more esteemed by us. We have more respect for professors and "literary fellows." And although these and their congeners are more numerous in England, and in quality also "average higher" there no doubt, they certainly make less impression upon the philistine mass which surrounds them, and are more completely a class by themselves than with us. Our vulgarity is of quite a different type from English vulgarity; having no "brutalized" class below it, it is less contemptuous, and having no "materialized" class above it, it is not obsequious and pusillanimous. It is perhaps, for these reasons, louder, more full of swagger, more offensive; but it is manly and intelligent. Our rapidly increasing leisure class is itself felt to be more conspicuously lacking in other qualities than intelligence when it is compared or, rather, contrasted (for of course nothing can be so compared) with the British upper-class. On the whole, occupied in the main as our intelligence may be with purely material subjects, and ignorant as it may be of the importance of any others—deficient, that is to say, as it may be in culture—it is nevertheless one of the great American forces, and is respected as such and gloried in. The ordinary Englishman finds the ordinary American thin, sharp, stridulous, eager, and ner-

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vous, but he also unquestionably finds him clever as well; the defects he notes are not defects of intelligence.

But after all is said that need be said of us in this respect, and however greatly our esteem for intelligence may excel that of the English, the fact remains that we are in no sort of danger of allowing this esteem to become excessive. We have nothing like the confidence in the intelligence which the French have. It is one of our tools in the work of society-building. With the French it is a talisman. We do not, in a word, begin to take it as seriously as the French do. The Frenchman would probably address us on this subject somewhat in this wise: "Your intelligence is certainly agile and alert, especially when compared with your English cousins', but you certainly exhibit it frivolously. No extravagance is too great for your thinking. You are constantly trying experiments in thinking, constructing for yourselves notions of this and that—not at all with reference to any experience, but wilfully. Moreover, you have an opinion upon every imaginable topic, and you do not consider it at all necessary to give any substantial reason for it. You have, it is true, a nervous dread of inconsistency, and exercise a great deal of ingenuity to avoid the appearance of it. But the exercise of ingenuity in this way is itself frivolous; it demonstrates a lack of confidence in the intelligence as such, one of whose chief qualities is flexibility. Flexible, thus, you rarely are, though you are certainly, spite of all your ingenuity, not a little variable. And it is not new light, but a different emotion, which makes you so. Your opinions are very apt to be *partis pris*—not, *à l'anglaise*, out of habit and tradition, but out of pure freak and whim. You are not, in our sense, *sincère*. You are, of course, perfectly honest, but in importing whim and fantasy into the domain of pure intelligence you are not serious; you are guilty of intellectual levity. You tell us (or, out of caution, the habit of business reserve, civility, or what not, you do not tell us) your notions about ourselves, for example. You have at all events no hesitation in forming opinions of the most positive kind as to our character, our manners, our art and politics. To mention politics alone, you have strong doubts as to the continuance of the present republic; fancy us in danger of anarchy from unrestricted socialist agitation, yet condemn our cruelty toward Louise Michel; alternately predict a king and a Radical dictator for us; pronounce us grasping in Madagascar, faithless in Tunis, pusillanimous in Egypt; attach weight to M. Rochefort's utterances; anticipate cabinet crises; become 'humorous' over the unexpected duration of the present ministry—all without any such acquaintance with us, our institutions, history, and present condition, as would be necessary really to justify you, if you took such matters seriously, in holding any notions at all in regard to us. You think a great deal. Your intelligence is very active. But you will forgive my frankness in saying that it is, to our sense, a shade lacking in self-respect. Doubtless you have some other touchstone for discovering truth, of which we are ignorant, or perhaps some substitute for truth itself. Your inventiveness is immense. You are the people of the future."

The French quick-wittedness, again, differs from our own as much as their straight-thinking does. Clearness is not more characteristic of French thought than celerity. The constant, unintermittent activity of the French consciousness assists powerfully to secure this. It keeps the intelligence free at once from preoccupation and from distraction. With us the man who sees quickly is apt not to see clearly. He is rather the man of imagination than of clairvoyance. He divines, guesses, feels, what you mean. He runs ahead of your thought, anticipates it wrongly often, if the data of his augury as to your probable meaning are insufficient. Sometimes he makes ludicrous errors; sometimes he becomes very expert at concealing his misconceptions and appearing acutely sympathetic, with really very slight title thereto; his agility of appreciation rivals the artificially developed memory of the habitual liar. But all this is presence of mind rather than quick-wittedness. There is a perversion of the pure intelligence about it that is almost tragic. Our truly clairvoyant man sees slowly in comparison with the Frenchman,

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though I think we may say in comparison with the Frenchman alone. His solidity of character gives him an instinctive dislike, an instinctive mistrust, of fragmentariness. He must first make the circuit of any object before permitting himself really to perceive any of its facets; he must reflect upon its relations before he can realize its existence. The Frenchman meantime has contemplated, comprehended, and forgotten. Not only is his own intelligence singly developed, but he lives in an atmosphere in which care for the intelligence is almost exclusive. He is thus enabled to treat propositions by themselves. He does not ask what the propounder is driving at in general, before consenting to comprehend the specific statement at the moment. He would not, for example, before opening his mind to the subject of national characteristics, require to know which ones were personally preferable to the chronicler and commentator. In listening to a speech, in hearing a remark, or in reading a book or an article, he never inquires what are the maker or author's sentiments or opinions on cognate cardinal points. He is a stranger to impulses which impel us to seek Mr. Darwin's views concerning a future life as a preliminary to even apprehending the principle of natural selection, or the positive *credo* of Carlyle before enjoying Carlyle's destructive criticism of Coleridge. As to any important object of mental apprehension, therefore, his road is much shorter and his arrival much quicker. To him, at any rate, it would not be necessary to add that this involves no question of the relative worthiness of the two ways of seeing and thinking.

But it is only the French that we find especially quick-witted, and generally we reach France *via* England; and, remembering Thackeray's definition of humor as "wit and love," we are apt to express one difference between ourselves, as Anglo-Saxons, and the French in respect of intelligence as the difference between humor and wit. Such a distinction is flattering to us, and it is therefore become classical. It has, however, to be stretched to the utmost of its elastic extent in candid hands to be made to apply in many instances, unless by the "love," which to make humor Thackeray adds to wit, something more intense than geniality and evident kindliness is intended. And more and more this is seen to be the case. Few Anglo-Saxon critics nowadays, of anything like Carlyle's insight, for example, would be tempted to turn an essay on Voltaire, the great destroyer of the old, bad order of things, into a sermon on "Persiflage." To many French writers it would be impossible to deny the possession of a subtle charm qualifying their unmistakable wit, in a way which renders it very cordial and good-humored, if not humorous. Merely "witty," in our sense of the term, they certainly are not. They have an indubitable flavor which is, if not genial, assuredly kindly. Where can even an Anglo-Saxon laugh as he can at a French theatre? Mirth-provoking qualities will, on the French stage, excuse any absurdity. "Say what you like; I admit it," M. Francisque Sarcey, the famous *Temps* critic, repeats a hundred times, "Mais, c'est si amusant; c'est si amusant." An American would so speak of negro-minstrelsy. "Witty" is a wretched translation of *spirituel*. To be *spirituel* is to be witty in a spiritual way. It involves the active interposition of mind, and what is known as the light touch. Our humor does not depend upon lightness of touch, it need hardly be said. A genial imagination suffices in many instances. Often this need only be possessed by the auditor or the reader alone to make humor successful. Heartiness, on one side, and good-will, on the other, go far toward creating it out of nothing sometimes. Nothing will atone for the lack of this in our eyes; nothing will atone for the lack of wit in French eyes. This at least it is fair to say. A Frenchman would find Colonel Sellers as *ennuyeux* as Paris found Dundreary. An Anglo-Saxon finds something cynical alloying the mirth of such a masterpiece as Georges Dandin; we cannot comfortably enjoy the ridicule of misfortune if it be due to stupidity rather than to moral error. The French attitude is the exact converse, and the fact is exceedingly instructive.

But French lack of sympathy for our humor does not chiefly spring from the lack of this element of "love" in French

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esprit, for which, indeed, it substitutes a fairly satisfactory geniality; nor does it proceed altogether from impatience with the *voulu* character of this humor, with its occasional heaviness of touch, its ceaseless vigilance for opportunities of exercise, its predominance of high spirits over mental alertness, of body over bouquet. It is in the main due to French dislike of, and perplexity in the presence of, whatever is thoroughly fantastic, unscrupulously exaggerated, wilfully obscure. To illustrate this distinction, a better definition of humor than Thackeray's is quoted by his daughter from an aunt of George Eliot, who describes it (wittily, not humorously) as "Talking in fun while thinking in earnest." Such procedure is in the teeth of French habit and tradition—does violence to every French notion of right talking and thinking. When they talk in fun they think in fun, and when they think in earnest they talk in earnest. This is not at all inconsistent with the subtilest suggestion, intimation, and even a certain amount of superficial indirectness. Suggestion, nevertheless, however subtile, is always strictly and logically inferrible from the statement which suggests and which may itself be so delicate as to be easily missed. And however superficially indirect an intimation may be, it is never obscure. But we look for the serious thinking beneath the fun in French wit, and it is only by long practice that we come to perceive that there is none. "All fables have their morals," says Thoreau somewhere, "but the innocent enjoy the story." In any department of comedy the French are bound to seem to us "innocent" in this way. An Anglo-Saxon reading or witnessing Molière, and inevitably associating serious thinking with all merriment of anything like such intellectual eminence as Molière's, is sure to find his amusement alloyed with a certain dissatisfaction. On the other hand, in the presence of English or American humor the Frenchman is infallibly at fault. He is accustomed to the classification and minute division of a literature highly organized and elaborately developed, where wit and philosophy have each its province—as distinctly as history and romance, which with us are so frequently (and in Macaulay's view, it may be remembered, so advantageously) commingled. In the presence of that portion of our American humor which is unaccompanied by any "thinking in earnest," and which is so popular in England, we may perhaps excuse his perplexity, remembering his partiality for lightness of touch.

What I have been saying is merely another and a striking attestation of the French sense for proportion, order, clearness. French wit, like everything else in French character, is exercised under scientifically developed conditions. It is never exaggerated in such a way as to lose its strict character as wit. "Smiling through tears," after the fashion of the English comic muse, is little characteristic of her French cousin. The French genius for measure dislikes uncertainty and confusion as thoroughly as Anglo-Saxon exuberance dislikes being labelled and pigeon-holed. Thus, with all their play of mind, the French seem to us literal, almost *terre-à-terre* at times—their play of mind is manifested within such clearly defined limits and exercised on such carefully classified subjects. They, in turn, find us vague, mystic, fantastical. Our fondness for viewing things in chance and passing lights they share in no degree whatever. What they know they possess. For bias, however brilliant, or imperfect vision, however luminous, they have a native repugnance. Therefore we find them frequently deficient in imagination, and thus even lacking in their great specialty of appreciation, apprehension, acute observation. M. Taine's criticism of Carlyle, for example, appears to us the very essence of misappreciation. M. Taine is quite blind to that overmastering side of Carlyle's genius, his humor. He takes him too seriously, and not seriously enough; he takes him literally. At once we say to ourselves, nothing that this critic can say of Carlyle can have real interest and value. And we err on our side; M. Taine can help us to see how necessary Carlyle's genius is to preserve from triviality, from merely passing interest, all that exaggeration and fantasticality which are just as characteristic of him as his genius and humor.

On the other hand, it is in virtue,

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rather than in spite of their distaste for mysticism, that the French display such a rare quality for dealing with subjects whose native realm is the border-land between the positive and the metaphysical. Here their touch is invariably delicate and intuitively just. They prefer the positive; they deal with the metaphysical positively, or not at all—witness Pascal, witness Descartes, witness the deists of the Encyclopædia, witness Michelet's definition of metaphysics as "l'art de s'égarer avec méthode." But they show immense tact, which can only come from highly developed intelligence unmixed with emotion, in treating that entire range of topics the truth concerning which seems so accessible and is yet, as experience and candor warn us, so elusive—the nebulæ lying, as it were, within the penumbra of perception, neither quite outside its range in the clear light, nor wholly within the shadow where search is as stimulating to the imagination as it is otherwise barren. The field of thought, where the light touch is the magician's wand that opens the mind, though it affords little actual sustenance, and that fortifies the judgment in keeping it within bounds; where plump statements and definite opinions are out of place; where the logical conclusion is divined to be incomplete and misleading; where scores of practical questions concerning love, marriage, manners, morals, criticism are to be discussed without dogmatism, and the clearest view of them is seen to have qualifications—the field, in fine, of airy and avowed paradox, where any emotion is an impertinence and any hard and fast generalization an intrusion, belongs almost wholly to the French. This field they never mistake for the positive. They are no more unconsciously vague here than in the positive field. They treat fancifulness fancifully. They preserve all their perspicacity in dealing with it. Some refinement of the intelligence secures them against the *imposition* of illusion, and enables them to enjoy and illustrate its *art*.

The passion for clearness appears nowhere more manifest than in the French language itself, the clearness of which is a commonplace. It is for this reason, rather than because it is the earliest settled European idiom, and because of French preponderance in European affairs, that it is the language of diplomacy. It is impossible to be at once correct and obscure in French. Expressed in French, a proposition cannot be ambiguous. Any given collocation of words has a significance that is certain. Permutation of words means a change of ideas. Spanish may have more rhetorical variety; English a choice between poetic and prose phraseology; German may state or, rather, "shadow forth" more profundity; Italian be "richer," as the Italians, who find themselves constrained in French, are always saying; the synthetic languages may express more concisely certain *nuances* of thought and feeling. None of them is so precise as the French. And this is far from being felt as a defect by the French themselves. One of Victor Hugo's chief titles to fame is his accomplishment in moulding the French language to his thought, in developing its elasticity by making it say new things. This is indeed, perhaps, the only one of his accomplishments that may be called unique. It is universally ascribed by Frenchmen to the miracle of Hugo's genius. It at any rate belongs to no other of the romanticists who, whatever violence they did to traditions of propriety, worked with the old, time-honored tools. Alfred de Musset and Keats are often compared. They have indeed many traits in common. English stylists, admitting at once with Mr. Lowell that Keats is "overlanguaged," nevertheless do not hesitate to find in his luxuriant freedom, and even his license of tropical intensity, one of his most distinguished merits. In Musset's case an eminent French critic, who "hesitates less and less," he says, to term Musset the greatest of French poets, is specially impressed by the correctness, the propriety, of Musset's diction, the grace and power which he exhibits within the lines of conventional grammar. Boileau could reproach him with nothing. His past definites—where Racine himself is weak—are all right. In other words, his precision is faultless; and whereas this would be nothing in a mere grammarian, in a poet of Musset's spiritual quality it is deemed a merit simply transcendent—

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so easy is it to give the reins to one's afflatus, and so be hurried beyond the limits of that perfection of style which, whatever else may be present, is absolutely essential to the truest distinction. One sees at once how different the point of view is from our own. One appreciates how the French language itself, with such an ideal as this, conduces to the measure of the French temperament, the clearness of the French mind.

"La Raison," says Voltaire, "n'est pas prolixe." And whether or no the literature in which this admirably clear language is embodied is as important to mankind as other modern literatures, the most superficial study of it reveals the source of that terseness, for which it is known, even of the ignorant, to be remarkable, in its devotion to the qualities of the intelligence rather than to those of the imagination. Inspired by and appealing to the intelligence more exclusively than any other literature, it rarely sins by elaborateness, which is due to the dross of thought, or by an abruptness and inelegance whose conciseness is by no means inconsistent with obscurity. It is thus full without being fragmentary. Inelasticity of form is not a concomitant of its condensation of substance. It is neither vague in idea nor ejaculatory in expression. Born a Frenchman, Emerson, who would surely lose no essential conciseness in a larger sweep and freer flow of phrase, would have been as great a writer as he is a thinker. As for that fulness which is rather overexplicit than fragmentary, and which is indeed rather thinness than fulness, which in every relation but that of pupil to teacher is so relentlessly fatiguing, and of which we enjoy a surfeit in pulpit, platform, press, periodical, and private conversation, it simply does not exist in France. Such analogues of it as do exist are rewarded with the esteem in which all bores are held in a country whose nightmare is *ennui*. Nothing says more for French intelligence. Nothing says more for our own preference of instruction to intelligence than the opposite attitude on our part, which prompts the acceptance of much that is stale and flat in the hope that somehow it may be found not wholly unprofitable.

And French definiteness, like any other illustration of rounded and complete perfection, has great charm for persons of a quite different temperament and training. Take as an instance, among the multitude it would be easy to cite, the conspicuous one of so thorough an Englishman as Mr. John Morley in his character of publicist and critic. The direct influence of French Encyclopædism upon European thought has perhaps ceased to be powerful; but as one of the chief lights of that English school whose performance is probably mainly responsible for the late Karl Hillebrand's opinion that the English at present enjoy the intellectual supremacy in Europe, Mr. John Morley is an interesting illustration of the indirect influence which the methods and mental habits of French rationalism still exert. Spite of a thoroughly English temperament and training, Mr. John Morley's study of the French rationalistic epoch, upon which he is the authority in English, induces him to find it "a really singular trait" in Burke that "to him there actually was an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies, in political obedience, in the sanctity of contract." This is certainly a striking instance of the potency of the French influence in favor of clearness. But we have all felt its power and the exhilaration which comes from submitting to it—all of us who have come in contact with it. There is something stimulating to the faculties in withdrawing them from exercise in the twilight of mysticism and setting them in motion in the clear day, and, to cite Mr. Morley again, upon "matter which is not known at all unless it is known distinctly." About many things and in many ways a man fond of France and French traits easily gets into the same mode of thinking. Yet there is hardly anything less characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon genius than this purely rationalistic habit of mind. We are, as a rule, a thousand times nearer to Burke than to his critic in native sympathy, and the idea that there is actually an element of mystery in the cohesion of men in societies seems far from singular to us. We not only have a tendency toward the mysticism so foreign to the French mind and temper, but we maintain as a distinctly held tenet the wisdom

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of taking account of the unaccountable, and find French completeness incomplete in this, to our notion, vitally important regard. But it would be difficult to convince a Frenchman of this wisdom. The rationality of considering only those phenomena of which the origin and laws are discoverable, of eliminating the element of confusion introduced into every discussion by taking, with Wordsworth, "blank misgivings" for "the fountain-light of all our day," accords with his notion of wisdom far more closely. Cardinal Newman's remark, which we find so happy, to the effect that after you have once defined your terms, and cleared your ground, all argument is either needless or useless, seems to him curiously amiss. Then, he thinks, is the very time for argument, when the terms have been defined and the ground cleared, so that candor and clairvoyance may without obstruction be brought to bear upon those natural or social phenomena which will always seem different to different minds until, in this way, the science of them is attained. "But you are not in search of the science of things, you others," he adds; "in virtue of your turn for poetry and your love of mysticism you are, as your Wordsworth says, 'creatures moving about in worlds not realized,' where argument is either useless or needless; and when you do descend to the practical and the actual your mysticism accompanies you, even into this realm; and even in occupying yourselves with so actual and practical a matter as social and political reform you refuse, with your Burke, to consider man's nature except as 'modified by his habits,' which, in your fancy, have some mysterious sanction. You wonder that we know so little of your greatest modern poet and your greatest publicist. In literal truth they can be of no service to us. They are too irrational themselves, and they are too contemptuous of merely rational forces." There is indeed little in either Burke or Wordsworth to appeal to the French mind, and the fact itself is as significant as a chapter of analysis.

Let us not take Burke or Wordsworth as witness of the insufficiency of the human intelligence, however. Let us take the clairvoyant Frenchman himself, and let us select two such wholly different witnesses as the late Ximenès Doudan and M. Taine—the sympathetic and the scientific critic, the *esprit délicat* and the incisive and erudite scholar. They are quite in accord. "We cannot get along without vague ideas, and an able man who has only clear ideas is a fool who will never discover anything," says M. Doudan. "When the Frenchman conceives an object," says M. Taine, "he conceives it quickly and distinctly, but he does not perceive it as it really is, complex and entire. He sees portions of it only, and his perception of it is discursive and superficial." Thus, even in the sphere of the intelligence, we find that discovery and perception are not always, even in French eyes, the fruits of French clairvoyance. Nevertheless, nothing is more idly self-indulgent for us whose defects lie in quite other directions than to dwell on the defect of the French quality of clearness; the French criticisms of clearness themselves, while they illustrate the quality in being made at all, and thus triumphing over prejudice, may be said to illustrate also its defect in being a little too simple and definite. Truth never shows herself to mortals except by glimpses; concentration and intensity of attention at these moments tend to create forgetfulness of their number and variety—that is, perhaps, all we can truthfully say. It may be impossible to be clear without being limited, but it is entirely possible to be limited without being clear. Limitation belongs rather to the conscious exclusion of essentially vague topics; clearness, to the unconscious operation of the spirit of order and system. "Clearness," says M. Doudan himself, "not only helps us to make ourselves understood; it serves also as a demonstration to ourselves that we are not being led astray by confused conceptions." When we consider much of our oversubtile writing, two things are plain—first, that there is an unintelligent awkwardness of expression, and, second, that there is an unintelligent confusion of ideas. Reduced to coherence, the meaning is often discovered to be very simple. And the meaning is, after all, what is significant. Yet the emotion associated with its discovery has so heated and fused a fancied new

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truth that it is distorted to the writer's own view, and he sees it far larger than it is—he sees it unintelligently. French writing is so different from ours in this regard—it is such easy reading, in a word—that, recalling Sheridan's "mot," we are forced to perceive that it may have been hard writing, after all, instead of merely due to limited vision. About, in his "Alsace," prettily reminds Sarcey of a time when he had not "le travail facile, l'esprit rapide, et la main sûre comme aujourd'hui." M. Sarcey's style is limpidity itself; and when we consider what ideas, what *nuances*, what infinite delicacy, are disguised in this limpidity, and in that of others comparable to it, we can see that French clearness by no means necessarily means limitation, but implies a prodigious amount of work done, of rubbish cleared away, a long journey of groping victoriously concluded, and the slough in which our over-subtilty is still struggling left far behind. Clearness! Do we not all know what a badge of intelligence it is; how wearily we strive to attain it; how depressingly we fail; how, when we succeed, we feel a consciousness of triumph and of power? Admit its limitations. The French apotheosis of intellect has its weak side. But it argues an ideal that is immensely attractive because it is perfectly distinct.

AT EVENING.

By Graham R. Tomson.

How will it fare with us when we are old?
  Shall we, through gathering grayness and dull rain,
  Grieve that the red leaves fall and blossoms wane?
Shall we, indeed, through mists of time behold
Our youth's lost picture limned on gleaming gold?
  Ah, no—well gone is all past joy and pain—
  No more, for April hours and fancies fain,
Our souls shall crave dead dreams and tales untold.

If we could choose what boon the years might bring,
  Should we not ask that age might proffer peace?
No more the doubt and deep unrest of Spring;
But woods unstirred by wind of wavering wing,
  The quietude of gray, untroubled seas,
And still, green meadows hushed at evening.

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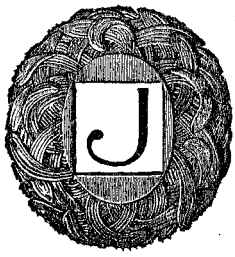
JAPANESE ART, ARTISTS, AND ARTISANS.

By William Elliot Griffis.



APAN is the land of surprises. Among things unexpected none strikes the visitor or resident more than the environment of art and its makers. One sees that the love of the beautiful has penetrated to the lowest classes, that taste is highly refined, that a long perspective of history has given a background out of which exquisite flowers of genius have bloomed, that the very shape of the fingers seen, literally, "on every hand," suggests delicacy and cunning skill; yet where are the factories and studios? Inside the dwellings, where are the bronzes, porcelain, and bric-à-brac? The house and living rooms, devoid of what we imagine to be furniture, suggest simplicity itself. Rarely are articles of virtu visible. The whole cast of civilization suggests extreme frugality, if not poverty. One wonders how Europe and America can be so filled with exquisite works of art, once exported from, but now no longer to be easily duplicated in, "Everlasting Great Japan."

These impressions, so often expressed by others, were shared by the writer seventeen years ago, when he first trod the soil of the Honorable Country. One year's life as a lone foreigner in a daimiō's castle town, and three years in the national capital, with much travelling and many visits to palaces, temples, feudal mansions, and artists' homes, did not greatly dull the edge of surprise. Then, the richly stocked shops and factories in the treaty ports, flamboyant with the gay daubs and over-decorated wares which sell well abroad, had scarcely more than a beginning. Then, the subdivision of labor, now increasingly practised, and the crass products of prison toil were unheard of.. The emblazonry of paper fans, umbrellas, and wall-hangings, which make perpetual red sunsets in our sea-shore tabernacles, had but begun.

Things were normal, and the Holy Country had been but recently defiled by the alien. The collector, purchasing agent, and specially accredited emissary of museum and publisher were not then in the land.

Yet the art, the artist, and the artisans were there. Gradually one was able to discover the foundries and ateliers, and to ferret out the secrets and learn the curious vocabulary of the handicraftsmen. When familiar with the sword-wearing gentlemen and the intelligent merchants, the appreciative lover of art could carry temptation to their pride and often to their pockets, and thus win many a rare curio.

One found that these high-bred folks were averse to vulgar display, or to what might tempt the tax-collector or the spy—that natural and relentless parasite of Japanese feudalism. There were many causes tending to simplicity of domestic interiors besides poverty. There was the ever-present dread of fire —"the flower of great Yedo"—in which city a day passing without a conflagration was a novelty amounting to a national event. No fire-insurance company existed, and the stream thrown on a blaze by the hand-engines borne on men's shoulders, and filled with buckets and dippers could hardly outrival a Chinese laundryman in the act of sprinkling clothes. Hence, nearly all valuables, and especially art treasures and heirlooms, were kept insured in the *dozo*, a fireproof storehouse attached to every dwelling of importance. This fireproof building, made of timber coated with a foot of mud and hard-finish of plaster, contained "hidden treasures of darkness" in the form of lacquer, ivory, crystal, porcelain, pottery, bronze, books, toys, and robes.

The fine-art store, such as one still sees in the inland cities, is a modest affair in one or two rooms, probably half the stock being exposed at one

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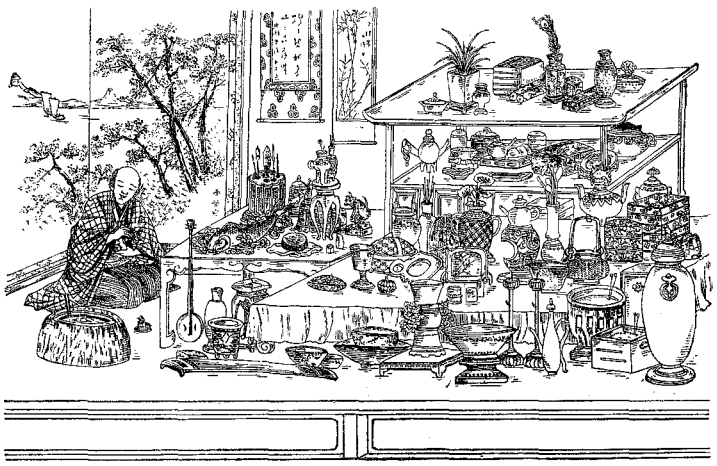
time. The proprietor sits before his brazier, in which a ball or two of the clay-and-charcoal powder smoulders, and will furnish a friendly and gratuitous cup of tea to all callers. He wipes tenderly the crystal you ask to see, and seems personally attached to each of his darling tea-pots, candlesticks, or pen-holder cases, as to a child. Far from showing any eagerness to sell, the old-time dealer, in what foreigners irreverently dub "curios," appeared loath to part with his wares. A sale seemed to grieve him, despite the thanks and profuse compliments showered on you for honoring his "hut" with your "exalted" presence. There is the richly pictured screen, with a "water-brow mountain" or beetling-precipice-sea-and-ship picture, or "the autumn views of many trees;" the *kakémono*, or hanging wall-pictures, with poem in caligraphic characters, or with bamboo and stanza; the rare old pottery, with the signature or seal of "Mr. Old Ink" upon it, while the drinking-cup's inscription reads, "Everything (literally, one hundred things) goes just as we please;" while to the discerning eye every shape, design, border-decoration, or figure is suggestive, or even eloquent, of the ideas and lore of Asiatic humanity, of its literature, religion, and interpretation of nature. No art in any land is more symbolic and suggestive than that of Japan, despite the plea of the linguists that the language and people are devoid of imagination of the Aryan standard.



An Art Store in Japan.

I remember vividly my first call, and subsequent visits, at a gentleman's house in Fukui, and the contrast. On first entering his *zashiki*, or parlor, despite its neatness, the delicious Echizen tea, served with exquisite grace by his pretty daughters, and the elegant dress and manners of all present, my amazement at the bareness and seeming poverty was flavored with mild disgust. On a subsequent visit, after tea, the talk ran on art. Presto! the black eyes gleamed, and the host's hands were clapped. "You would really like to see my miserable collection?" was asked. The servant, responsive to the hand-clap, in lieu of a bell, was given the storehouse key, and then disappeared. Soon the mat floor was piled and littered with box, roll, bag, and case. Out of yellow muslin wrappings, silken napkins, gold brocade bags, and crape cloths, issued gems of art, in gold, ivory, crystal, lacquer, porcelain, and bronze, that made me wild with delight. The operation of getting out some of the host's special treasures reminded me of the process of unwrapping a mummy. One article, with apparently as many skins as properly belong to an onion, was finally resurrected from its sacred darkness, and with amazing reverence laid on the *dai*, or stand. Shades of Benjamin Franklin! it looked for all the world like his black "two-penny porringer" displaced by his beloved Deborah's china bowl, and immortalized in his autobiography. Had it been put up at auction by my host, verily I should not have bidden, at the highest, beyond a five-cent nickel. That, however, was a historical gem, the pride of his collection; and, I am not sure but he claimed it to have been moulded by Giyoji, who in-

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troduced the potter's-wheel, over a millennium ago. The date of its birth in fire, from the kiln, lay back in I know not what age; for the year-periods, so familiar to my host's tongue, had then to my ears about as much meaning as the taps of a drum. Now, the "Flower of Literature," the "Heavenly Peace," "Civilization with Enlightenment," and the other names of the Japanese segments of centuries serve, when rattled off, to awaken at least interest enough to send me to the kindly reference-book. Often have I thus learned that "a bit of old Satsuma, at least five hundred years old," was, as the stamp revealed, decorated in Tōkiō, which got its name in 1869! while a bronze brazier, catalogued as "three thousand years old," shows the truthful Goroza's mark cut in our own century.

Before leaving my host, I had become acquainted with his tastes and resources, which in native art were ample, and learned a lesson often repeated. Before foreign commerce began, nine-tenths of Japan's art treasures were habitually kept out of daylight and locked up in fireproof safes, in which the only thing of iron was the lock and staple.

It was not uncommon, however, for gentlemen to meet together and enjoy the products of local artists and artisans, and to compare notes and criticisms. The unique institution of *Cha no yu* (tea and hot water), which, probably more than anything else, developed the porcelain industry in the archipelago of Japan, served also as a school for the production of, and education in, native art. China and Japan drink tea, and the starting-point of their fictile art is the tea-cup (to which we barbarians have added a handle) with the cover or lid (which Europeans have turned upside-down, and made into a saucer), even as the rice-bowl is perhaps the original unit of their pottery. In Corea, speaking broadly, no tea is raised or drunk; and Corea has no porcelain, though of old, even as the Arab sailors tell us and her tombs reveal, famous for her pottery. The *Cha no yu*, or tea-making ceremony, is an elaborate social ritual. It was invented, so it is said, by the great Taikō in the sixteenth century, to turn away the thoughts of his men of war from arms to polite etiquette—two things for which the Japanese have a genius. Perpetual peace was to be kept by means of artistic grace and enthusiasm in æsthetics. This peaceful policy failed of its original purpose, but it gave a mighty impulse to the ceramic art, which was set on a firm basis when Taikō's generals invaded Corea and by his orders transferred, not only the Corean potters, but almost the entire national industry to Japan.

In old Japan there were no academies, large ateliers, or picture-sellers, as in Europe. Each painter had his studio in his home, and was assisted by wife, children, pupils, retainers, or relatives; or he went off to spend weeks or months at the monasteries, temples, or feudal mansions, filling orders for patrons. Some of the most famous basked in the sunshine of the imperial court, enjoying showers of gold; while others gained the aureole of immortal fame, roaming, slowly and miserably, from place to place. The schools founded by, and the traditions of, these old masters are still mighty in Japan. Not a few artists who gain a respectable living, and even fame,

Inspecting Art Treasures.

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depend almost entirely on copying the sketches or models handed down from the past. Instead of finding stimulus in improvement, or inspiration in nature, they continually reproduce the same stock of ideas and set of symbols. A friend of mine, calling on a Tōkiō artist, criticised a peculiar and unnatural treatment of the horse's joints and limbs, asking why the artist did so. "Oh," replied the man of brushes and pigments, with a tone of protest, "the master —— always did so."

Artist at Work.

So far as I know, however, the better class of painters sketch from nature. The freshly plucked spray of blossoms, the potted plant, the bird or insect actually caught and caged, or the real crane in flight or feeding in the rice-field, is their true original. On one occasion, wanting to have some sprays of the deep-sea "glass plant," or *Hyalonema mirabilis*, so mounted in a lacquered stand that their jewel-like sheen would be visible, I gave an order for a *dai*, or stand, to a gold-lacquerer in Fukui, stating that I wished its design to be a sunrise on the rocks at the sea-side. He at once repaired to Mikuni, the near marine village, and sketched the cliffs, rocks, ocean-waves, and rising sun; after which he reproduced his India-ink sketch in gold and varnish.

The screen is a household article, nearly ubiquitous, and has the advantage of presenting many panels for a series of pictures, such as Heaven, Earth, and Air; Rock, Cloud, and Water; Youth, Middle Life, and Old Age; Deer and Maple, Tiger and Bamboo, Rain and Sparrow, and other associated ideas so dear to the Japanese eye and mind. In the picture on this page the artist's assistants, with mulberry-bark paper and rice-paste, prepare the panels, while the wife is busy on the sheets of silk, and the daughter grinds colors. Taking his place on the floor, without a mall-stick, but with two brushes in his hand, he sketches Spring and Autumn, as typified in the plum-blossoms and full-blown chrysanthemum. Immobility and Motion, shown by rocks and flower, the couplets of Bird and Grass, Moon and Hare, or the triplet Plum, Bamboo, and Pine, quickly appear under his facile brush. The rich costume of the artist and his family, and the general air of comfort and luxury, hardly represent the average historical fact, for most artists were poor. In the old days of feudalism they lived in the daimiōs' capitals, or clustered in Kiōto or Yedo. Now they are most numerous in the modern capital of the mikado, and the most prosperous artists are those who deign to draw designs for decorators, or serve, with a salary, under the manufacturing corporations which are rapidly centralizing art and labor. When, however, an artist is invited out to display his achievements, for a consideration, he dons his best clothes and expects a fair equivalent for his fine phrensy.

The aspects of nature which the Japanese artist studies lovingly are not like the glacier-polished and drift-deposited landscapes of Northern Europe and America. Volcanic and alluvial formations are most common in this Pacific archipelago, and though the traditions

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of Chinese and Corean masters sway his brush, the Japanese artist reproduces with commendable faithfulness many of the moods of nature. The national tenderness of appreciation, and sentimental interest in nature, as mirrored in ancient poems and belles-lettres, dates from the primeval period, when the Sunrise Land was fresh to the new dwellers amid its wonders. The wrinkled hills, multitudinous valleys, lava-cones, mountain-ranges, waterfalls, and vegetable forms lend easily the lines which can be made to appear in lacquer paintings. In the typical gold-lacquerer's sketch on this page, as furnished by the graphic artist, the peerless Fuji dwarfing into insignificance the thatched cottages, the assistant. The thatched "moon-viewing chamber," or "cottage of outlook," the stone lantern, "to give light during the long dark night," the wicket gate and hedge, the rustic bridge, the Mandarin ducks, or love-birds—emblems of wedded joy, the storks—living prophets of longevity, the smoothly worn paths, the well-curb and rope-bucket, are there, all suggesting man's enjoyment in, and harmony with, nature. Perspective and Western artistic requirements are subordinated to the form required for the gold-lacquerer's art. With varnish, metal, and color he will translate the India-ink sketch into a superb picture finished in burnished gold.

Based on the graphic and pictorial

Landscape Sketch for Design in Gold Lacquer.

wild fowls of the air, and the scant cultivation, suggest the sparsely settled regions remote from cities, and tell of solitude—man alone amid nature, and his puny power over her. An art symbol (p. 113), nearly the reverse, narrates its story without words, but in a sufficient language of its own. This is a San-sui picture, having in it, as the term denotes, mountains and water. Nature is still here, but tamed and made man's arts are those arts decorative in which Japan excels. The noblest of these, and of purely native origin and development, is that of lacquering. The materials for writing, household furnishing, and personal adornment, with articles of civic ceremony and war, furnish the chief fields for the display of the finer artistic achievements; though large surfaces, such as doors, ceilings, frames and panels, vehicles, and even ships, are

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A San-sui, or Garden Picture.

lacquered. The varnish flows drop by drop from the *Rhus vernicifera* trees, which are usually planted on soil otherwise worthless, since they are of slow growth. The sap is quite poisonous, and acts on the human system very much as the poison-ivy of our own forests. Americans living in Japan, and ignorant of the properties of fresh lacquer, after handling it, or even staying in the room where mantel-pieces or doors have been treated, soon begin to feel a prickly sensation on the face and hands. The discomfort increasing, the victim finds himself next morning with eyes closed, or nearly so, cuticle harsh, dry, and red, and visage resembling a prize-fighter's fresh from the ring. Many have to take to bed. The Japanese tell a story about the most poisonous sort, saying that three men are required to gather it. After saying their prayers, and bidding their friends farewell, one man rushes at the tree and with a blow of his axe cuts a gash. The second man dashes in with spout and bucket, to tap the trunk. The third, after due waiting, carries the gathered sap away. After prolonged treatment of the gray viscous mass, by agitation in the air, coloring, and processes often secret, the varnish is ready for use. When properly applied, the coating, which is put on wood, metal, and other substances, resists hot and cold water, and most liquids liable to come in contact with household utensils. Wood is the favorite substance employed for the best results in art, and for the most common as well as special uses.

The art dates historically from the seventh century, though tradition assigns its birth to the ages when almanacs, clocks, and writings had not yet arrived from the Asian mainland. Not a few articles now in national or private museums are, by documentary evidence, over one thousand years old. The difference between the best and the cheapest ware is manifest to the trained eye at once, while Father Time takes especial delight in showing the vanity of imitation, and the abiding honor of good workmanship. The baser sort, made by the scamp workman who dislikes trouble, by the cheat, the prison-labor contractor, or the honest Cheap John, has from one to three coats laid on the wood, or other basic material, which has been primed, or covered with rice-

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paste, persimmon juice, or Mino paper, and is finished with or without polishing. The finer and costlier grades have from five to fifty coats, with an amazing amount of grinding, polishing, drying, and manipulation between applications. By a strange paradox lacquer must dry in dampness, else it will run and stick. Hence in every *Urushi-ya* there must be a closed cupboard of rough wood well moistened or even saturated with water. The coating dries more quickly in summer than in winter, and the best drying is done within a narrow range of temperature.

Lacquer Artists and Drying Closet.

A lacquerer's workshop, once provided with the graphic artist's designs and the prepared sap, is very simple in equipment. The decorator traces, with a fine brush made of rat's-hair, an outline of the subject on the reverse side of the design. This may be the wild-goose and the autumn grass, the *ka-cho* (flower and bird), bamboo and moonlight, Fuji-yama, peony, landscape, or marine view. For this rough sketch he uses lacquer, which he heats over a hot charcoal fire *to keep it dry*. Laying it, while wet, on the surface of the tray or box, he rubs the dry side with a spatula of whalebone, and is usually able to get twenty impressions from the one outline, which he has kept damp by holding it over the fire. In real gold lacquer the virgin dust from the mines is used; but usually silver, tin, or alloy dust is liberally employed. In the cheap varieties the metallic powder is mixed with lacquer, and applied with a brush, as seen in the upper picture on this page. Here, the artist, with hare's-hair brush, holding his little palette on the back of his left hand, is filling out the pattern. The small boy or apprentice is grinding and polishing with camellia-wood charcoal, ground whetstone, or deer-horn powder, the tool being a charcoal stick, or hard, smooth stone. The damp closet for drying has on its shelves articles in various stages of completion.

Washing, Mixing, and Moulding Porcelain Clay.

In old feudal days, when nearly every daimiō, or lord of an important fief, had his court-lacquerer, a set of

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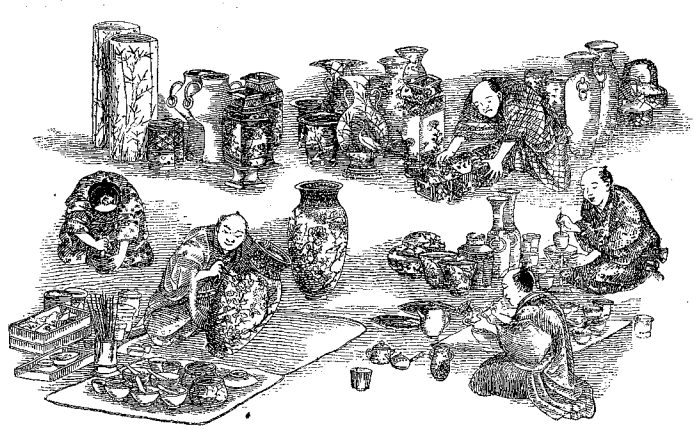
The First Firing of the Vase.

household furniture and toilet utensils was part of the dowry of a noble lady. On the birth of a daughter it was common for the lacquer artist to begin the making of a mirror-case, a poem washing-bowl, a cabinet, a clothes-rack, or a chest of drawers, often occupying from one to five whole years on a single article. An *inro*, or pill-box, might require several years for perfection, though small enough to go into a fob. By the time the young lady was marriageable her outfit in lacquer was superb. Of the twenty-eight most famous lacquer artists of Japan, the majority flourished in Yedo, where the wealth of art in this line of achievement was, up to the time of the abolition of the compulsory residence of the feudal lords, simply amazing. Fire, civil war, the dissolution of feudalism, and, most of all, an entirely new knowledge of the value of time, have placed the old art almost among those said to be "lost."

Nearly all the most famous lacquerers of Tōkiō are now very old men. Watanabé Tōsen, seven years ago, spent many months in finishing for the empress a tobacco-box, ten by six and eight inches in dimensions; but the average workman now cares more for the making of money than for fame, while the old spur of loyalty no more provokes to noble achievement. Lacquerers now earn from twenty cents to one dollar and a quarter a day. If, however, one is willing to pay and to wait, it is stoutly affirmed that as good products as those made a century ago can still be obtained. He who gives an order for such works as those which, after the Vienna Exposition, endured scathless a fourteen months' baptism in salt water by the wreck of the French steamer Nil, or which, reduced to ashes, will yield nuggets of gold, must have patience and a long purse.

The Japanese artisans in old times, when society was divided into four



Porcelain Decorators in Tōkiō.

classes, or eight grades, ranked socially higher than the merchant, though lower than the farmer. Each class and subdivision wore a distinctive dress. In a street of Tōkiō or Fukui the variety of

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costume made a scene of wonderful picturesqueness. Sumptuary laws required the wearing of these class uniforms, and the hereditary habit of centuries even yet obtains. Instead of the flowing robes of the samurai, or sword-wearers, the artisans wore very tight one-seamed leg-casings of dyed cotton-cloth, straw sandals, costing less than a cent a pair, loose cotton coats, and no head-covering. While Corea is the land of hats, the Japanese go bareheaded. The nobleman donned a paper shell, or "brick," for ceremony, the peasantry roofing their scalps with umbrella-like disks, resting by two pads on the cranium, to keep off sun or rain; while in winter anyone might wrap his head in kerchiefs for warmth. A cap or hat, to enclose the scalp from forehead to occiput, was, until recently, unknown. The mechanic used a fan, or his hand, to keep off the sun's rays, tied a kerchief over his noddle to avoid dust, or knotted his "hand-wiper" over his forehead during hot or heavy work. On coat lappels and back, in figures made white by a mordant in dyeing, the initial letters of his name, trade, or guild were ostentatiously visible. In his bosom was his wallet, and from his belt hung his supplies for draughting and smoking. Flint, steel, and tinder in one chatelaine bag, pipe and tobacco-pouch in the other, were fastened to a *nêtsuké* or toggle of ivory or wood, thrust up under and above his girdle. Brush-pen, wet cotton wad of ink, and a dab of paste were stowed in another belt-case.

Among the lower classes cotton in winter, and cuticle in summer made the chief varieties in costume. The *bettō*, or horse-boys, wore loin belts, cotton socks, and a tattoo painting on back and limbs. Unlucky gamblers, whom I have seen on a January day, when the water froze in the sun, went stark naked, and required to be fed at the start and finish of their work as palanquin-porters, else gambling would go on under my nose, and I be left in the lurch on a midnight journey of haste. Such sights are very rare now. The superficial area of exposed cuticle has been greatly curtailed since the introduction of foreign vices and morals, and the erection of cotton and woollen mills.

Japan now manufactures and exports, annually, artistic products to the value of millions; labor and skill are more centralized, and manufacturing methods gradually approach those of the West. In old Japan, clay-worker, moulder, baker, and decorator were usually in one room, and often were one person. The average "establishment" was a father and son, a husband and wife, or a small coterie of relatives living under a single roof. Now a subdivision of labor reigns, processes are carried on under several roofs, and the artists or decorators cluster at the capital.

Bronze Casting and Foundry.

It is even common now to dig the clay at some one of the two hundred and fifty beds known, load it on junks, and ship to favored manufacturing places, where it is ground, beaten, levigated, kneaded, moulded, and the biscuit fired and glazed. Ozawa has given us a picture of such a pottery, with one

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of a series of chamber-furnaces, which are usually built up the slope of a hill, so that the heat may ascend, and the highest temperature be in the uppermost oven. The raw material, after being ground, stamped, and washed, is

Turning Lathe and Finishing Room.

further treated with hoe, trowel, and basket-sieve.

The finest sort is beaten with from three to six thousand strokes of a club, so as to be fully tempered for the wheel, or for those articles which are built rather than moulded. When ready for the baking, the first for the biscuit or dry clay, the second for the glaze, a peculiar kind of charcoal is used, and the fire is kindled from a spark struck with flint and steel, which every smoker carries at his belt.

In the stanza translated by Mr. Edward Greey, some poet has written:

"The potter moulds the clay upon the wheel,
And behold a jar valued at a few cents;
The artist takes his brush, decorates the ware,
And lo! the piece is worth the ransom of a great warrior."

These porcelain painters rank among the highest-class artisans, and as shown truthfully by Ozawa, live and dress well. They are intelligent brain-workers, as well as experts with the brush. Of course most of the finest designs, and all the original ones, are drawn by the pictorial artist, and the decorators work from the sketches furnished them. In the manufacture by bulk and contract, however, the usual stock in trade of Crane and Stream, Rock and Sea-waves, Foam-drops and Petrels, Cloud and Dragon, Chinese poetry, idealized landscapes, or the repertoire of graphic designs in figure, are followed by rote. Artists know by heart, and have known for many generations, these standard art symbols, which are recognized and interpreted even by children. Streaking and banding in gold or color are done on a wheel turned by the fingers. For teapots, either of Corean, Chinese, or Japanese shape or model, a great variety of pigment is used.

Japan's porcelain and pottery industry is rapidly approaching, and will soon outstrip in importance, her mining operations. Very little money has been sunk in handling or beautifying clay, while the millions lost in tantalizing the face and disturbing the bowels of the earth are many. The best and surest benefit of the geological survey of Japan has been, and will be, the prevention of reckless mining. Fool's gold and its namesakes, and black shale that is always just on the point of yielding coal, but never quite does it, are as plentiful among the mikado's subjects as among the voters in America. "The total value from all mines and quarries in 1878 did not exceed five millions of dollars," while the product of all the potteries at present cannot be far behind this amount; in 1875 it was three millions of dollars. The *sen*, or cent, is the unit of the day's wage. Miners and clay-diggers get from ten to twenty, clay-washers and mixers from twenty to thirty, kiln-men and bakers from forty to sixty, wheel-moulders from fifty to seventy, decorators who do conventional and routine painting, such as birds, flowers, and set symbols, fifty to seventy-five cents a day. The better classes of painters, who are really fine and original artists, command their own price. Since

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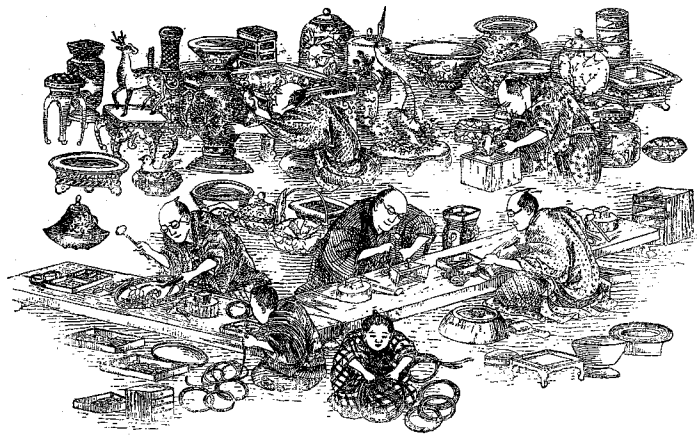
clothing is usually of cotton, of a single thickness in summer, and wadded in winter, and covering but little underwear at any time, and since rice, the main staple of diet, costs from two to three cents a pound, the struggle for existence is not severe. Most mechanics have a little balance against a rainy day, and the shopkeeper and merchant holds from fifty to five hundred *yen* (dollars) against fire or funeral. The treasure formerly hid in the garden or under the foundation-stone of the house is now diverted to the excellent postal savings-banks recently established. In case of the birth of triplets, or survival beyond the age of seventy, the government ekes out support by a pension.

The critic and historian who is yet to write the story of art in Japan, from prehistoric time to this twentieth year of Meiji (civilization in enlightened peace), will discriminate nicely between what is borrowed and what is original. The folding fan, modelled on a bat's wing, the arts of lacquering, sword-making, cloisonné on porcelain, and some of the methods of decorating faience are of native origin ; but of bronze casting and the secrets of alloy, niello, and metallic



Chasing, Inlaying, and Burnishing Bronzes.

work, tell-tale philology often betrays a Corean, Chinese, Persian, or Indian origin. Bronze is "Chinese metal," and some of the names of tools and processes, as I learned them in the shops, are but mispronounced Corean. *Beni*, or *Beni-gari* (rouge), seems to point to Bengal, just as *briki*, for "blick," is only the Dutch word for tin in the mouth of the man who eschews the letter l. The shapes and models of old temple ornaments and flower vases point unmistakably to Persian origin, even as the native annals report Japanese embassies meeting those from Persia at the court of the Middle Kingdom. Braziers, incense-holders, water-tanks, standing lanterns, memorial tablets, and tomb-doors give abundance of opportunity to the bronzist to show his skill in handling masses of metal. The images of Great Buddha at Nara, Kamakura, and elsewhere, show what Cellinis of Japan can achieve in colossal works of art.

One could scarcely imagine a purer interpretation of the calm repose of Nirvana than that of the work of the metallurgist Ono. Cast six centuries ago, and surviving the destruction by tidal waves of the massive temples reared to enclose it, the figure stands out under the blue canopy of the sky, in sunshine and cloud, at dawn-light and even-glow, sublime in conception and superb in achievement. Fifty feet high, and eighty-seven feet in circumference, the mass became unity through the brazing together of many sheets of upright layers of bronze, until the crown was set, and the whole finished with file work. An English chaplain, in writing the epitaph of a British officer slain near by, spelled its name "Die Boots." In this triumph of phonetics the holy man was not referring to American frontier methods of dying, formerly more in vogue than now; nor to the feet of the image, guiltless of leather or covering. He wished merely to demonstrate his knowledge of the orthoepy of Dai Butsŭ, or Great Buddha.

Unique and unapproachable as is the

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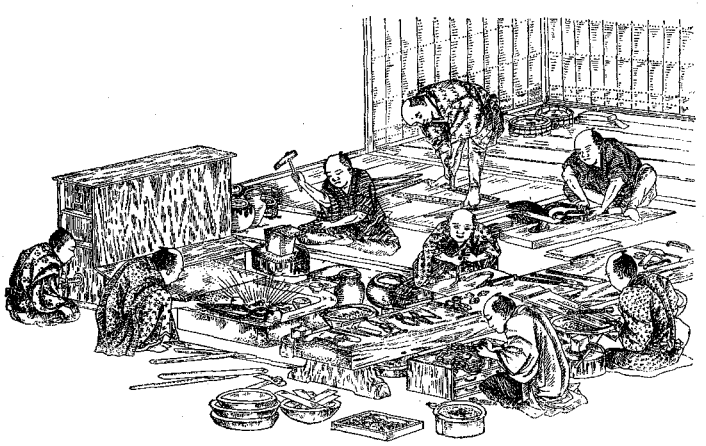
artistic interpretation of Nirvana, by means of bronze, in the Kamakura image just described, that at Nara surpasses it in size and quality of metal. It is seven feet higher, and the alloy is *shakudo*, which is a black bronze made of copper, silver, and gold. Eight successive castings were attempted before success was attained; but finally Kimi-maro, the grandson of a Corean, succeeded, and in A.D. 749 the image was completed. What vicissitudes the idols of Japan have suffered may be imagined from the fact that this, the tallest of them all, has lost its head no fewer than three times. Once it tumbled off, and twice the fires kindled in civil war melted it to liquid. For over a century it remained in the condition of the unroofed idols so common in Japan, and to which the natives apply the irreverent name of "wet gods." At present, when Buddhism is shrivelling up into hopeless senility, the number of images of Buddha which, after long repose in the island empire, are transmigrating through American stewpans, kettles, soda-water tanks, and ships' coppers is amazing.

The casting of a public monument *in situ*, such as a memorial lantern, column, or Buddha, is usually a public and outdoor affair, attended with festal hilarity. Furnaces, bellows, casting-pots, tools, and appliances are brought to, or prepared at, the spot, and the details are watched by holiday crowds. In the picture by Ozawa we have the ordinary process of melting and pouring the bronze which is to be finished for modern articles of export. For the fusing of larger masses, and in more ambitious projects, a form of bellows that suggests old-fashioned suction fire-engines is used. Then from four to twenty men oscillate the see-saw air-box that drives a furious blast through the single or triple *tuyères*.



A Jeweler's Shop.

For the finer statue, or bas-relief work, a mould of clay and wax is made, dried, and heated to melt the wax and leave space. On pouring in the fused alloy, what remains of the wax is melted, fired, and lost (*cire perdu*). The picture on p. 117 introduces us to the finishing room, where the burrs left on the casting are removed, the filing is done, and the surfaces are polished, or made ready for silvering, fire-gilding, inlaying, or coloring. Turning on the lathe is deftly done, though in its use half the power applied is lost. A glance at this rude wooden machine will show that the man who turns the shaft with a strap pulls both backward and forward, so that the brass-turner holding the chisel must actually wait during every alternate revolution for the article set on the chuck to come round again right side up. Yet despite this crude form of lathe, in which fifty per cent. of power is lost, and but few revolutions made per minute, superb work is turned off. The Western handicraftsman will note that the pump-drill, and possibly other tools supposed to be European in origin, are common to his Nipponese brother.

Of late years decoration, the archaic patterns of Corean and Chinese traditional origin, and casts in the mould, have gone much out of fashion, while inlaying, niello, and *zo-gan*, or gold and silver raised work, are more in vogue. Ten years ago no fewer than half a million

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Japanese men and boys wore, as articles of daily dress no more to be dispensed with in public than a coat, a long and a short sword. On the hilts, handles, and scabbards were embedded or encrusted from two to twenty ornaments, all of which were wrought in precious metals, and in the highest art of the metallurgist and jeweller. When after a few months' gradual disuse, and the sudden issue of an imperial edict, "like perspiration, never to go back," swords disappeared, the market was glutted at once with an amazing stock of *kingin*, or sword jewels. By a happy thought these gems of art were applied to bronzes, and the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia saw some of the best of those first made. Yet these exquisite pieces of jewelry, as well as those now turned out in forms more suited to Western tastes, by the goldsmiths of Tōkiō, are made in a space and with appliances that seem ridiculous. With the floor for a seat, at low benches, and with home-made tools, the raw material is melted, the sheet metal planished, annealed, or soldered, and the chains and ornaments are filed or polished. Instead of a draw-bench for wire-making, the floor, the hands and feet, a pair of pincers, and perforated plate constitute the machinery; while the coloring, plating, and acid processes are carried on in a few pots and jars, and the fire-gilding is done without hood or covering, often to the detriment of the health of the workmen.

Panoply of Yoshitsuné.

The boys seen in nearly all the places of skilled labor suggest what is the fact, that apprentices begin to learn their trades usually much earlier than in our country, so that when majority is attained the mastery of the craft is thorough. Another striking feature of the Japanese system is that of heredity. Skill runs in family lines. Not a few of the famous artisans of the present decade are descendants in the ninth, tenth, and even twentieth generation, of the founder of the establishment. I once employed a carpenter in Fukui, who was proud of his ancestry of wood-workers through twenty-seven generations; and the temple records show such boasting to be true, though often adoption interrupts the actual blood line. At a paper-maker's establishment in Awotabi, in Echizen, I dined with the proprietor, whose fathers first established the industry a millennium ago, the national history showing also that the Coreans, before the ninth century of our era, visited the place.

Next to Buddhism, the mother and nurse of fine arts, feudalism was the special patron and stimulus of the Japanese higher artisan. A glance at the arms and armor of a captain of old Ja-

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pan's chivalry, such as Minamoto Yoshitsuné, shows how his full equipment summoned most of the fine arts to the service of the soldier. The harness of hide and chain armor, silk and steel, brocade and lacquer; the helmet and breast-plate of chased gold and silver; the dragon-insignia of cast and chiselled metal; the silken banner, woven, embroidered, or painted with the ancestral blazon; the polished triumphs of the quiver and arrow maker's art, the doublet bow of wood and cane; the sword-rack from the gold-lacquerer's hand; the bear-skin shoes and tiger skin-sheath, the shark-hide grip, and curiously wrought dirk scabbard made a panoply to which the masters of many arts contributed, when they laid all forms of animal and vegetable life and mineral products under tribute. Crowning all other crafts was that most noble and most honored of the sword-maker, who, by the help of the gods, presided over the birth of "the samurai's soul"—the bright unsullied blade of Yamato.

Now, though the old motive and environment have gone, and Japan is becoming modern, civilized, and commercial, may we not hope that the hereditary manual skill, physical adaptation, and real artistic impulse to translate beauty into art may for centuries yet be regnant in Everlasting Great Japan.

LIFE DISCROWNED.

By E. Cavazza.

As if a king, dethroned and fallen from place,
  In his own city, poorly clad, should stand,
  And in the hollow of his pleading hand
Take alms of coin whose image was his face,
From his own people passing through the ways
  Superb with palaces and shrines he planned—
  So Life, having lost Joy's empery and command,
Begs little pleasures from the grudging days
And counts them one by one, the piteous pence!
  And for his need must lay them up and keep—
    He that had countless treasure of fine gold—
While Memory, mocking his sad indigence,
  Cries to him, "Lo thou art fallen, and well mayst weep
    That hast so little of all thine own to hold!"

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A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE past is all of one texture—whether feigned or suffered—whether acted out in three dimensions, or only witnessed in that small theatre of the brain which we keep brightly lighted all night long, after the jets are down, and darkness and sleep reign undisturbed in the remainder of the body. There is no distinction on the face of our experiences; one is vivid indeed, and one dull, and one pleasant, and another agonizing to remember; but which of them is what we call true, and which a dream, there is not one hair to prove. The past stands on a precarious footing; another straw split in the field of metaphysic, and behold us robbed of it. There is scarce a family that can count four generations but lays a claim to some dormant title or some castle and estate: a claim not prosecutable in any court of law, but flattering to the fancy and a great alleviation of idle hours. A man's claim to his own past is yet less valid. A paper might turn up (in proper story-book fashion) in the secret drawer of an old ebony secretary, and restore your family to its ancient honors, and reinstate mine in a certain West Indian islet (not far from St. Kitt's, as beloved tradition hummed in my young ears) which was once ours, and is now unjustly someone else's, and for that matter (in the state of the sugar trade) is not worth anything to anybody. I do not say that these revolutions are likely; only no man can deny that they are possible; and the past, on the other hand, is lost forever: our old days and deeds, our old selves, too, and the very world in which these scenes were acted, all brought down to the same faint residuum as a last night's dream, to some incontinuous images, and an echo in the chambers of the brain. Not an hour, not a mood, not a glance of the eye, can we revoke; it is all gone, past conjuring. And yet conceive us robbed of it, conceive that little thread of memory that we trail behind us broken at the pocket's edge; and in what naked nullity should we be left! for we only guide ourselves, and only know ourselves, by these air-painted pictures of the past.

Upon these grounds, there are some among us who claim to have lived longer and more richly than their neighbors; when they lay asleep they claim they were still active; and among the treasures of memory that all men review for their amusement, these count in no second place the harvests of their dreams. There is one of this kind whom I have in my eye, and whose case is perhaps unusual enough to be described. He was from a child an ardent and uncomfortable dreamer. When he had a touch of fever at night, and the room swelled and shrank, and his clothes, hanging on a nail, now loomed up instant to the bigness of a church, and

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now drew away into a horror of infinite distance and infinite littleness, the poor soul was very well aware of what must follow, and struggled hard against the approaches of that slumber which was the beginning of sorrows. But his struggles were in vain; sooner or later the night-hag would have him by the throat, and pluck him, strangling and screaming, from his sleep. His dreams were at times commonplace enough, at times very strange: at times they were almost formless, he would be haunted, for instance, by nothing more definite than a certain hue of brown, which he did not mind in the least while he was awake, but feared and loathed while he was dreaming; at times, again, they took on every detail of circumstance, as when once he supposed he must swallow the populous world, and awoke screaming with the horror of the thought. The two chief troubles of his very narrow existence—the practical and every-day trouble of school tasks and the ultimate and airy one of hell and judgment—were often confounded together into one appalling nightmare. He seemed to himself to stand before the Great White Throne; he was called on, poor little devil, to recite some form of words, on which his destiny depended; his tongue stuck, his memory was blank, hell gaped for him; and he would awake, clinging to the curtain-rod with his knees to his chin.

These were extremely poor experiences, on the whole; and at that time of life my dreamer would have very willingly parted with his power of dreams. But presently, in the course of his growth, the cries and physical contortions passed away, seemingly forever; his visions were still for the most part miserable, but they were more constantly supported; and he would awake with no more extreme symptom than a flying heart, a freezing scalp, cold sweats, and the speechless midnight fear. His dreams, too, as befitted a mind better stocked with particulars, became more circumstantial, and had more the air and continuity of life. The look of the world beginning to take hold on his attention, scenery came to play a part in his sleeping as well as in his waking thoughts, so that he would take long, uneventful journeys and see strange towns and beautiful places as he lay in bed. And, what is more significant, an odd taste that he had for the Georgian costume and for stories laid in that period of English history, began to rule the features of his dreams; so that he masqueraded there in a three-cornered hat, and was much engaged with Jacobite conspiracy between the hour for bed and that for breakfast. About the same time, he began to read in his dreams—tales, for the most part, and for the most part after the manner of G. P. R. James, but so incredibly more vivid and moving than any printed book, that he has ever since been malcontent with literature.

And then, while he was yet a student, there came to him a dream-adventure which he has no anxiety to repeat; he began, that is to say, to dream in sequence and thus to lead a double life—one of the day, one of the night—one that he had every reason to believe was the true one, another that he had no means of proving to be false. I should have said he studied, or was by way of studying, at Edinburgh College, which (it may be supposed) was how I came to know him. Well, in his dream-life, he passed a long day in the surgical theatre, his heart in his mouth, his teeth on edge, seeing monstrous malformations and the abhorred dexterity of surgeons. In a heavy, rainy, foggy evening he came forth into the South Bridge, turned up the High Street, and entered the door of a tall *land*, at the top of which he supposed himself to lodge. All night long, in his wet clothes, he climbed the stairs, stair after stair in endless series, and at every second flight a flaring lamp with a reflector. All night long, he brushed by single persons passing downward—beggarly women of the street, great, weary, muddy laborers, poor scarecrows of men, pale parodies of women—but all drowsy and weary like himself, and all single, and all brushing against him as they passed. In the end, out of a northern window, he would see day beginning to whiten over the Firth, give up the ascent, turn to descend, and in a breath be back again upon the streets, in his wet clothes, in the wet, haggard dawn, trudging to another day of monstrosities and operations. Time went quicker in the life of dreams,

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some seven hours (as near as he can guess) to one; and it went, besides, more intensely, so that the gloom of these fancied experiences clouded the day, and he had not shaken off their shadow ere it was time to lie down and to renew them. I cannot tell how long it was that he endured this discipline; but it was long enough to leave a great black blot upon his memory, long enough to send him, trembling for his reason, to the doors of a certain doctor; whereupon with a simple draught he was restored to the common lot of man.

The poor gentleman has since been troubled by nothing of the sort; indeed, his nights were for some while like other men's, now blank, now checkered with dreams, and these sometimes charming, sometimes appalling, but except for an occasional vividness, of no extraordinary kind. I will just note one of these occasions, ere I pass on to what makes my dreamer truly interesting. It seemed to him that he was in the first floor of a rough hill-farm. The room showed some poor efforts at gentility, a carpet on the floor, a piano, I think, against the wall; but, for all these refinements, there was no mistaking he was in a moorland place, among hill-side people, and set in miles of heather. He looked down from the window upon a bare farm-yard, that seemed to have been long disused. A great, uneasy stillness lay upon the world. There was no sign of the farm folk or of any live stock, save for an old, brown, curly dog of the retriever breed, who sat close in against the wall of the house and seemed to be dozing. Something about this dog disquieted the dreamer; it was quite a nameless feeling, for the beast looked right enough—indeed, he was so old and dull and dusty and broken-down, that he should rather have awakened pity; and yet the conviction came and grew upon the dreamer that this was no proper dog at all, but something hellish. A great many dozing summer flies hummed about the yard; and presently the dog thrust forth his paw, caught a fly in his open palm, carried it to his mouth like an ape, and looking suddenly up at the dreamer in the window, winked to him with one eye. The dream went on, it matters not how it went; it was a good dream as dreams go; but there was nothing in the sequel worthy of that devilish brown dog. And the point of interest for me lies partly in that very fact: that having found so singular an incident, my imperfect dreamer should prove unable to carry the tale to a fit end and fall back on indescribable noises and indiscriminate horrors. It would be different now; he knows his business better!

For, to approach at last the point: This honest fellow had long been in the custom of setting himself to sleep with tales, and so had his father before him; but these were irresponsible inventions, told for the teller's pleasure, with no eye to the crass public or the thwart reviewer: Tales where a thread might be dropped, or one adventure quitted for another, on fancy's least suggestion. So that the little people who manage man's internal theatre had not as yet received a very rigorous training; and played upon their stage like children who should have slipped into the house and found it empty, rather than like drilled actors performing a set piece to a huge hall of faces. But presently my dreamer began to turn his former amusement of story-telling to (what is called) account; by which I mean that he began to write and sell his tales. Here was he, and here were the little people who did that part of his business, in quite new conditions. The stories must now be trimmed and pared and set upon all fours, they must run from a beginning to an end and fit (after a manner) with the laws of life; the pleasure, in one word, had become a business; and that not only for the dreamer, but for the little people of his theatre. These understood the change as well as he. When he lay down to prepare himself for sleep, he no longer sought amusement, but printable and profitable tales; and after he had dozed off in his box-seat, his little people continued their evolutions with the same mercantile design. All other forms of dream deserted him but two: he still occasionally reads the most delightful books, he still visits at times the most delightful places; and it is perhaps worthy of note that to these same places, and to one in particular, he returns at intervals of months and years, finding new field-paths, visiting new neighbors, beholding that happy valley under new ef-

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fects of noon and dawn and sunset. But all the rest of the family of visions is quite lost to him: the common, mangled version of yesterday's affairs, the raw-head-and-bloody-bones nightmare, rumored to be the child of toasted cheese—these and their like are gone; and, for the most part, whether awake or asleep, he is simply occupied—he or his little people—in consciously making stories for the market. This dreamer (like many other persons) has encountered some trifling vicissitudes of fortune. When the bank begins to send letters and the butcher to linger at the back gate, he sets to belaboring his brains after a story, for that is his readiest money-winner; and, behold! at once the little people begin to bestir themselves in the same quest, and labor all night long, and all night long set before him truncheons of tales upon their lighted theatre. No fear of his being frightened now; the flying heart and the frozen scalp are things bygone; applause, growing applause, growing interest, growing exultation in his own cleverness (for he takes all the credit) and at last a jubilant leap to wakefulness, with the cry, "I have it, that'll do!" upon his lips: with such and similar emotions he sits at these nocturnal dramas, with such outbreaks, like Claudius in the play, he scatters the performance in the midst. Often enough the waking is a disappointment: he has been too deep asleep, as I explain the thing; drowsiness has gained his little people, they have gone stumbling and maundering through their parts; and the play, to the awakened mind, is seen to be a tissue of absurdities. And yet how often have these sleepless Brownies done him honest service, and given him, as he sat idly taking his pleasure in the boxes, better tales than he could fashion for himself.

Here is one, exactly as it came to him. It seemed he was the son of a very rich and wicked man, the owner of broad acres and a most damnable temper. The dreamer (and that was the son) had lived much abroad, on purpose to avoid his parent; and when at length he returned to England, it was to find him married again to a young wife, who was supposed to suffer cruelly and to loathe her yoke. Because of this marriage (as the dreamer indistinctly understood) it was desirable for father and son to have a meeting; and yet both being proud and both angry, neither would condescend upon a visit. Meet they did accordingly, in a desolate, sandy country by the sea; and there they quarrelled, and the son, stung by some intolerable insult, struck down the father dead. No suspicion was aroused; the dead man was found and buried, and the dreamer succeeded to the broad estates, and found himself installed under the same roof with his father's widow, for whom no provision had been made. These two lived very much alone, as people may after a bereavement, sat down to table together, shared the long evenings, and grew daily better friends; until it seemed to him of a sudden that she was prying about dangerous matters, that she had conceived a notion of his guilt, that she watched him and tried him with questions. He drew back from her company as men draw back from a precipice suddenly discovered; and yet so strong was the attraction that he would drift again and again into the old intimacy, and again and again be startled back by some suggestive question or some inexplicable meaning in her eye. So they lived at cross purposes, a life full of broken dialogue, challenging glances, and suppressed passion; until, one day, he saw the woman slipping from the house in a veil, followed her to the station, followed her in the train to the seaside country, and out over the sandhills to the very place where the murder was done. There she began to grope among the bents, he watching her, flat upon his face; and presently she had something in her hand—I cannot remember what it was, but it was deadly evidence against the dreamer—and as she held it up to look at it, perhaps from the shock of the discovery, her foot slipped, and she hung at some peril on the brink of the tall sand-wreaths. He had no thought but to spring up and rescue her; and there they stood face to face, she with that deadly matter openly in her hand—his very presence on the spot another link of proof. It was plain she was about to speak, but this was more than he could bear—he could bear to be lost, but not to talk of it with his destroyer; and he cut her short with trivial conversation.

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Arm in arm, they returned together to the train, talking he knew not what, made the journey back in the same carriage, sat down to dinner, and passed the evening in the drawing-room as in the past. But suspense and fear drummed in the dreamer's bosom. "She has not denounced me yet"—so his thoughts ran—"when will she denounce me? Will it be to-morrow?" And it was not to-morrow, nor the next day, nor the next; and their life settled back on the old terms, only that she seemed kinder than before, and that, as for him, the burthen of his suspense and wonder grew daily more unbearable, so that he wasted away like a man with a disease. Once, indeed, he broke all bounds of decency, seized an occasion when she was abroad, ransacked her room, and at last, hidden away among her jewels, found the damning evidence. There he stood, holding this thing, which was his life, in the hollow of his hand, and marvelling at her inconsequent behavior, that she should seek, and keep, and yet not use it; and then the door opened, and behold herself. So, once more, they stood, eye to eye, with the evidence between them; and once more she raised to him a face brimming with some communication; and once more he shied away from speech and cut her off. But before he left the room, which he had turned upside down, he laid back his death-warrant where he had found it; and at that, her face lighted up. The next thing he heard, she was explaining to her maid, with some ingenious falsehood, the disorder of her things. Flesh and blood would bear the strain no longer; and I think it was the next morning (though chronology is always hazy in the theatre of the mind) that he burst from his reserve. They had been breakfasting together in one corner of a great, parquetted, sparely furnished room of many windows; all the time of the meal she had tortured him with sly allusions; and no sooner were the servants gone, and these two protagonists alone together, than he leaped to his feet. She too sprang up, with a pale face; with a pale face, she heard him as he raved out his complaint: Why did she torture him so? she knew all, she knew he was no enemy to her; why did she not denounce him at once? what signified her whole behavior? why did she torture him? and yet again, why did she torture him? And when he had done, she fell upon her knees, and with outstretched hands: "Do you not understand?" she cried. "I love you!"

Hereupon, with a pang of wonder and mercantile delight, the dreamer awoke. His mercantile delight was not of long endurance; for it soon became plain that in this spirited tale there were unmarketable elements; which is just the reason why you have it here so briefly told. But his wonder has still kept growing; and I think the reader's will also, if he consider it ripely. For now he sees why I speak of the little people as of substantive inventors and performers. To the end they had kept their secret. I will go bail for the dreamer (having excellent grounds for valuing his candor) that he had no guess whatever at the motive of the woman—the hinge of the whole well-invented plot—until the instant of that highly dramatic declaration. It was not his tale; it was the little people's! That he seemed himself to play a part in it, to be and suffer in the person of the hero, is but an oddity of this particular dream; at which, indeed, I wonder a little, and which I seek to explain by analogy. In reading a plain tale, burthened with no psychology, and movingly and truthfully told, we are sometimes deceived for a moment, and take the emotions of the hero for our own. It is our testimony to the spirit and truth of the performance. So, perhaps, was this illusion of the dreamer's; and as he was asleep, he was doubtless the more easily and the more perfectly deceived. But observe: not only was the secret kept, the story was told with really guileful craftsmanship. The conduct of both actors is (in the cant phrase) psychologically correct, and the emotion aptly graduated up to the surprising climax. I am awake now, and I know this trade; and yet I cannot better it. I am awake, and I live by this business; and yet I could not outdo—could not even equal—that crafty artifice (as of some old, experienced carpenter of plays, some Dennery or Sardou) by which the same situation is

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twice presented and the two actors twice brought face to face over the evidence, only once it is in her hand, once in his—and these in their due order, the least dramatic first. The more I think of it, the more I am moved to press upon the world my question: Who are the Little People? They are near connections of the dreamer's, beyond doubt; they share in his financial worries and have an eye to the bank-book; they share plainly in his training; they have plainly learned like him to build the scheme of a considerate story and to arrange emotion in progressive order; only I think they have more talent; and one thing is beyond doubt, they can tell him a story piece by piece, like a serial, and keep him all the while in ignorance of where they aim. Who are they, then? and who is the dreamer?

Well, as regards the dreamer, I can answer that, for he is no less a person than myself;—as I might have told you from the beginning, only that the critics murmur over my consistent egotism;—and as I am positively forced to tell you now, or I could advance but little further with my story. And for the Little People, what shall I say they are but just my Brownies, God bless them! who do one-half my work for me while I am fast asleep, and in all human likelihood, do the rest for me as well, when I am wide awake and fondly suppose I do it for myself. That part which is done while I am sleeping is the Brownies' part beyond contention; but that which is done when I am up and about is by no means necessarily mine, since all goes to show the Brownies have a hand in it even then. Here is a doubt that much concerns my conscience. For myself—what I call I, my conscious ego, the denizen of the pineal gland unless he has changed his residence since Descartes, the man with the conscience and the variable bank-account, the man with the hat and the boots, and the privilege of voting and not carrying his candidate at the general elections—I am sometimes tempted to suppose he is no story-teller at all, but a creature as matter of fact as any cheesemonger or any cheese, and a realist bemired up to the ears in actuality; so that, by that account, the whole of my published fiction should be the single-handed product of some Brownie, some Familiar, some unseen collaborator, whom I keep locked in a back garret, while I get all the praise and he but a share (which I cannot prevent him getting) of the pudding. I am an excellent adviser, something like Molière's servant; I pull back and I cut down; and I dress the whole in the best words and sentences that I can find and make; I hold the pen, too; and I do the sitting at the table, which is about the worst of it; and when all is done, I make up the manuscript and pay for the registration; so that, on the whole, I have some claim to share, though not so largely as I do, in the profits of our common enterprise.

I can but give an instance or so of what part is done sleeping and what part awake, and leave the reader to share what laurels there are, at his own nod, between myself and my collaborators; and to do this I will first take a book that a number of persons have been polite enough to read, the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* I had long been trying to write a story on this subject, to find a body, a vehicle, for that strong sense of man's double being which must at times come in upon and overwhelm the mind of every thinking creature. I had even written one, *The Travelling Companion*, which was returned by an editor on the plea that it was a work of genius and indecent, and which I burned the other day on the ground that it was not a work of genius, and that *Jekyll* had supplanted it. Then came one of those financial fluctuations to which (with an elegant modesty) I have hitherto referred in the third person. For two days I went about racking my brains for a plot of any sort; and on the second night I dreamed the scene at the window, and a scene afterward split in two, in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. All the rest was made awake, and consciously, although I think I can trace in much of it the manner of my Brownies. The meaning of the tale is therefore mine, and had long pre-existed in my garden of Adonis, and tried one body after another in vain; indeed, I do most of the morality, worse

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luck! and my Brownies have not a rudiment of what we call a conscience. Mine, too, is the setting, mine the characters. All that was given me was the matter of three scenes, and the central idea of a voluntary change becoming involuntary. Will it be thought ungenerous, after I have been so liberally ladling out praise to my unseen collaborators, if I here toss them over, bound hand and foot, into the arena of the critics? For the business of the powders, which so many have censured, is, I am relieved to say, not mine at all but the Brownies'. Of another tale, in case the reader should have glanced at it, I may say a word: the not very defensible story of *Olalla*. Here the court, the mother, the mother's niche, Olalla, Olalla's chamber, the meetings on the stair, the broken window, the ugly scene of the bite, were all given me in bulk and detail as I have tried to write them; to this I added only the external scenery (for in my dream I never was beyond the court), the portrait, the characters of Felipe and the priest, the moral, such as it is, and the last pages, such as, alas! they are. And I may even say that in this case the moral itself was given me; for it arose immediately on a comparison of the mother and the daughter, and from the hideous trick of atavism in the first. Sometimes a parabolic sense is still more undeniably present in a dream; sometimes I cannot but suppose my Brownies have been aping Bunyan, and yet in no case with what would possibly be called a moral in a tract; never with the ethical narrowness; conveying hints instead of life's larger limitations and that sort of sense which we seem to perceive in the arabesque of time and space.

For the most part, it will be seen, my Brownies are somewhat fantastic, like their stories hot and hot, full of passion and the picturesque, alive with animating incident; and they have no prejudice against the supernatural. But the other day they gave me a surprise, entertaining me with a love-story, a little April comedy, which I ought certainly to hand over to the author of *A Chance Acquaintance*, for he could write it as it should be written, and I am sure (although I mean to try) that I cannot. —But who would have supposed that a Brownie of mine should invent a tale for Mr. Howells?

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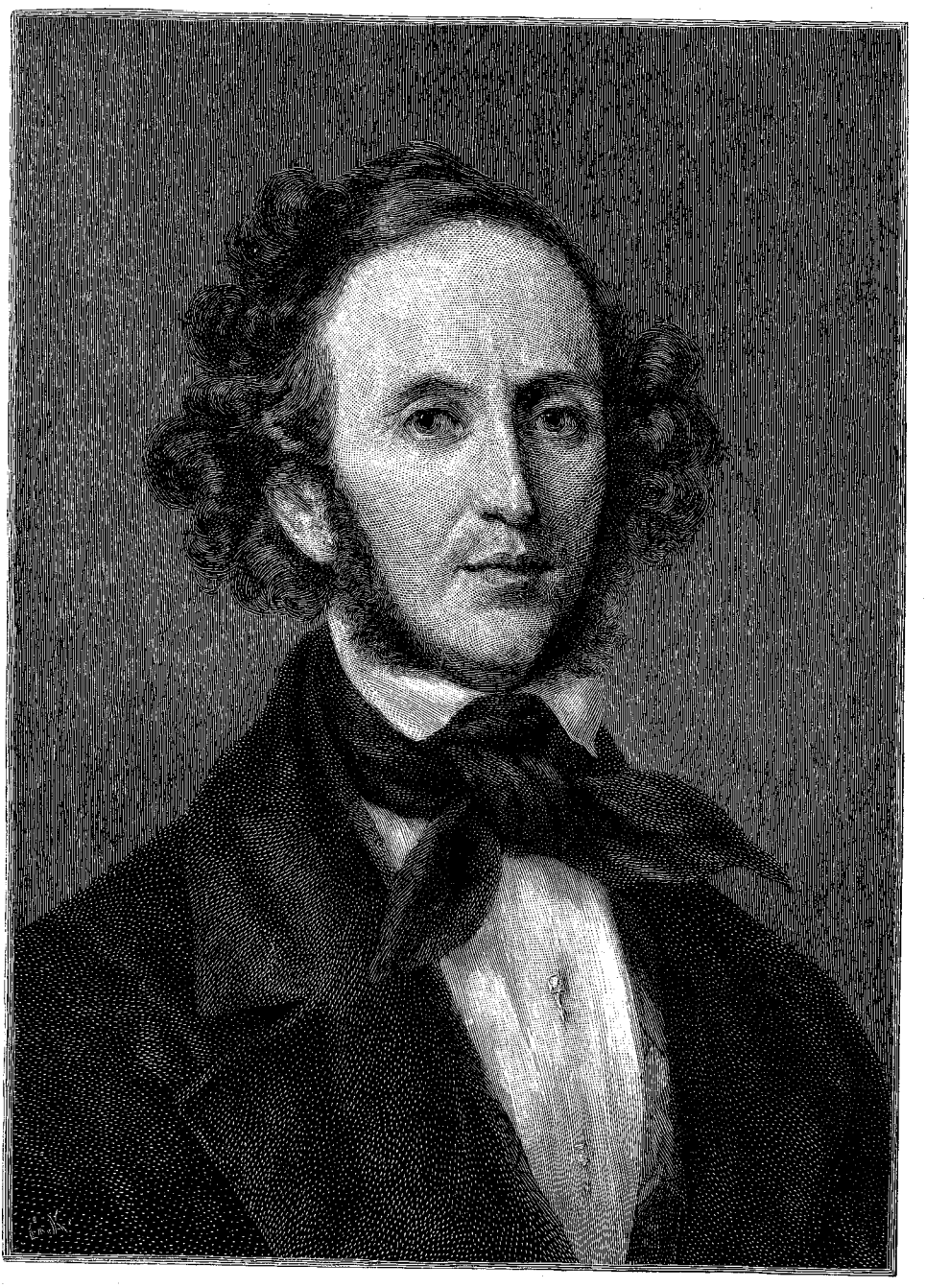

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

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